

Boys
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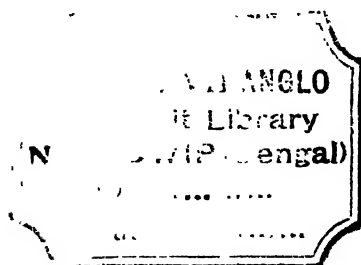
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Boys 14

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BY

F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS"

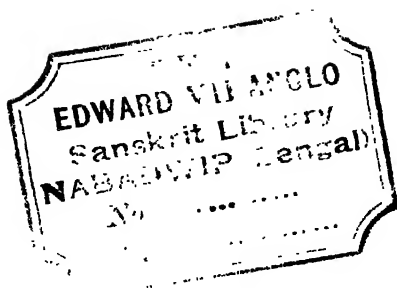
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NEW EDITION

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA

1912

"I think something can be done by drawing the attention of (Indian) teachers to the work now being done in England by such a body as the Moral Education League. It seems to me that from the Syllabus and books published by this League, teachers who are disposed to attend to this matter may derive many hints and considerable assistance. What I wish is that some Indian teachers would look at these books, not for the purpose of quoting from them slavishly, but to see the method followed, that they may adapt it to the needs of their own schools."—The Hon. W. H. Sharp, Director of Public Instruction at Bombay, in presiding on the second day of a Conference at Bombay on "Moral and Religious Instruction," 7 April, 1910, as reported in "The Bombay Gazette," 8 April, 1910.



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PREFATORY NOTE.

It would appear to be fitting to make some brief reference to the circumstances which have induced the Moral Education League to undertake the present publication.

As is well known, education in Government schools in British India is purely secular, and no provision whatever is made in these schools for religious instruction. Confronted by the many forms of religious faith, and being under the necessity of maintaining a strict impartiality toward them all, the Government decided to restrict instruction in State schools to the ordinary secular subjects.

As early as 1883, however, there was a disquieting feeling that the absence of any definite religious and moral instruction in State schools might prove to be a serious omission, and, in that year, an Education Commission sat and considered the question. As regards primary schools the Commission reported that there was "a widespread feeling, especially in the Punjab, that something should be done to promote the development of the sense of right and wrong in the minds of scholars of all grades". As regards colleges, it reported that "the great majority of the witnesses . . . expressed a strong desire that definite moral instruction should form a part of the college course". However, the recommendations of the Commission were not very definite,

and little of tangible result appears to have issued from the inquiry.

In various Quinquennial Reports on Education in India issued by the Directors of Public Instruction reference is made from time to time to the need of moral education, but no practical reform in this direction was effected. The Native State of Mysore, however, toward the close of 1908, introduced religious and moral instruction into its Government schools, the first thirty minutes of each school day being devoted to it. On three of the days a moral discourse is to be given "common to pupils of all persuasions," and "based on a text taken from some religious, moral, historical, or literary book". On the other two days specific religious instruction is to be provided. All the moral-lesson textbooks issued and recommended by the Moral Education League were "approved for adoption" in the schools on the recommendation of the Inspector-General of Education of Mysore. The teachers were also directed to other suitable literature which would aid them in this important work.

This action taken by the State of Mysore was to a large extent the direct result of the propaganda of the Moral Education League. And, having been instrumental in starting so interesting an experiment, the League was eager for its successful development in that State, and to do something to promote the introduction of similar reform throughout India. It came to the conclusion that the best assistance it could render in this direction was to prepare a Book of Moral Lessons adapted for Indian children, and deriving its material impartially from a wide variety of mainly Eastern sources. Mr. F. J. Gould, now the League's Official Demonstrator, undertook to write the book. At this stage the Hon. Treasurer of the League, Mr. St. George Lane Fox Pitt,

procured valuable advice, and assisted the author in obtaining the literary information and facilities which freed the enterprise from many initial difficulties. Thus the author was fortunate enough to secure the encouragement and counsel of the late Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E., and of the Rt. Hon. Ameer Ali, P.C., C.I.E., who, together with a considerable number of other Indians, have rendered him real assistance. To Mr. H. J. Bhabha (late Inspector-General of Education in Mysore) a special indebtedness is due, and to Mr. Subrahmanya Iyer, Head Master of the Tumkur High School, Mysore, for testing in his school a number of the lessons now embodied in the book. The League is also greatly indebted to Prof. T. W. Arnold, when Assistant Librarian of the India Office Library (now Educational Adviser to Indian Students, and Professor of Arabic at University College, London), for his counsel in regard to books which were likely to prove of the greatest service.

A booklet of six specimen chapters of this work was issued in the early summer of 1910. About 1000 copies were circulated among educationists throughout India with the request that suggestions and counsel in regard to the undertaking would be welcomed, and should be addressed to the Executive Committee of the League. As a result a considerable and valuable correspondence has been received from Indians of a wide diversity of opinions, and a warm interest in the work has been evinced on all hands.

It will be seen that no pains have been spared in the endeavour to make the book acceptable to all classes, and of real service to the cause of moral education in India. The author of the book and the Moral Education League, under whose auspices it is published, offer it, however, to the educational world merely as an earnest

attempt toward the solution of a great problem, and they are well aware of the need of further study and experiment on the part of Indians themselves.

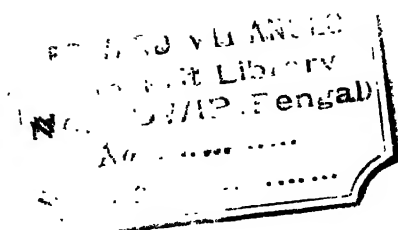
Signed on behalf of the Executive Committee,

HARROLD JOHNSON,

Secretary,

Moral Education League.

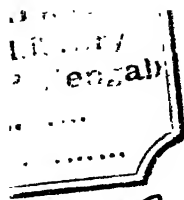
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INTRODUCTION.

IN estimating the practical worth of the course of moral and civic lessons contained in this volume, it is of importance to bear in mind the following considerations :—

1. The ages of the pupils whom I have sought to instruct in these pages are 10 or 11 years to 14; though parents and teachers might relate some of the stories with useful effect to children still younger, and a few of the chapters, such as those on Government, Progress, Peace, etc., might be fitted to older pupils.

2. The material has been impartially drawn from a variety of Indian and kindred sources—Hindu, Muhammadan, Buddhist, Parsi, Persian, Arabian, etc. It has been my earnest endeavour to treat every religious faith and every form of religious practice, whether Asiatic or European, with equal respect. The book has been submitted to the examination of educationists familiar with Indian life and manners; some of the typical lessons were tested in a High School in Mysore; and on one occasion I delivered a lesson to a class of English children, in London, in the presence of a number of Indian ladies and gentlemen, Sir M. M. Bhowmaggree, K.C.I.E., presiding. This lesson was composed of Hindu and Moslem illustrations, and, on its conclusion, I begged the audience to tell me if, in tone or language, I had given any offence to Indian sentiment. They were good enough to assure me that my instruction was

free from any such suspicion. The lesson was extracted from the present volume.

3. It is eminently desirable that teachers should observe the synthetic view embodied in this book, and retain a due combination of Hindu, Muhammadan, Buddhist, and other elements, rather than select only those which appeal to their denominational faith and taste. The unity of the moral life under diversity of beliefs and forms was a central conception in the preparation of the lessons, and is itself one of the most vital truths which can be conveyed to the mind of youth. "The same heart beats in every human breast," says a Western poet (Matthew Arnold), and to render this sublime fact clear to his scholars should be the cherished aim of the conscientious teacher.

4. A similar problem is arising all over the civilized world, namely, how to find a common moral basis of character-training acceptable to all schools of religious and philosophical thought, while freely leaving specific religions and philosophies to press their claims upon human love and reason. Teachers may everywhere assist in this noble enterprise, undaunted by its difficulties, inspired by the prospect of ultimate success, and, at the same time, never allowing any expression to escape their lips which might be construed into disrespect towards the religious convictions associated with the families of their pupils.

In every moral lesson, even though it should only be a thirty minutes' instruction (and it ought not usually to last longer), the teacher should let his illustrations converge towards one simple and comprehensible idea, such as affectionate obedience to parents, truthfulness in speech or business-dealing, benevolence towards the infirm, sincerity of motive, justice, conscientiousness in work, and so on. The lessons provided in the present

volume should not be read to the class. They should be delivered in the teacher's own words, and adapted to the special circumstances. Many of the lessons might be conveniently divided into two, or even three conversations, so as to allow of more extended explanations, and of simple question and answer; and teachers should add or substitute illustrations noticed in the course of their own reading and experience. My chapters are to be regarded as suggestions and types, and not as a fixed code to be rigidly followed. But, in any case, the course of instruction should be systematic. The subject of self-control, for example, should be pursued, day by day, or week by week, until many aspects (courage, forbearance, prudence, common sense, moderation, patience, persistence, fortitude, modesty, etc.), have been dealt with in as exhaustive a measure as the intelligence of the children permits. Speaking generally, I think the topics should follow in some such order as is indicated in this book; that is to say, first, personal conduct, then conduct in the family and the relations of friendship, then conduct in the larger fields of justice, industry, and social duty, and, lastly, conduct in the civic spheres of country and humanity. But this succession of topics should not be mechanical, for the child can be taught from a quite early stage that, even in the personal virtues of cleanliness, temperance, courage, modesty, and the like, there are social implications of the utmost importance. I trust it will be seen that I have always based my lessons on this principle, and pointed to the wider world of society even while speaking of good qualities that are specially self-regarding. Moral instruction, indeed, is a training of the child's feeling, imagination, reasoning, and will, so as to fit him for a useful and honourable life as a man, a member of the family, a worker, a citizen, and a servant

of the common weal. The purpose of true education is to enable us to live for others, while developing our own self-reliance and self-direction.

Moral instruction should rest on concrete illustration : that is, illustration through stories, histories, biographies, poetical legends, dramatic sketches, and folk-lore, as well as passing incidents chronicled in the world's press, or experienced in the daily round of household, village, and city. This method is in harmony with the great Oriental traditions. The East has, from time immemorial, couched its religious and moral teachings in the form of the tale or the emblem ; and Europe has borrowed from Asia great masses of religious poetry and legend, and the germs of much of its folk-lore and fairy-tale literature. But the ancient narrative is often encumbered with motives and details which are unnecessary to the effectiveness of the recital, and out of accord with modern ethics. In presenting such material to the young mind, therefore, some process of selection is indispensable. Oriental taste is now so far in agreement with the best European standards that the Indian reader is probably as often impatient of prolix narrative, and as often dissatisfied with grotesqueness of incident, as the critical Western student. I venture to hope that the treatment of Indian traditions suggested in my book will meet the approval of Indians on the score of its effort towards conciseness and simplicity. Conciseness and simplicity are peculiarly important in moral instruction, because there is a danger lest, in the multitude of details and episodes, the ethical value of a story may be obscured from the view of the young pupil.

I desire to insist upon the power of positive instruction as compared with negative. A glance at the contents of this volume will show that no chapter deals entirely with the subject of a vice or a defect. Vices

and defects are, of course, common features of human nature, but genuine moral instruction does not consist in warning young people against transgressions and sins. It consists, rather, in making the moral life appear intrinsically worthy and admirable. You do not win youth to the Noble Path by condemnation of evil, but by exalting the good, and by rendering the Path itself attractive to the imagination and commendable to the judgment. As civilization grows in complexity, the moral life develops a larger content, presents deeper problems, and involves graver issues of duty. These contents, these problems, these issues must be displayed and discussed; and the soul of youth must be stimulated to play a dignified part on so broad a stage and in so supreme a drama. Such a stimulus can never be imparted by rebuke and censure. These are necessary according to time and occasion, but the main body of moral instruction should be inviting, encouraging and positive in its aim and character.

So far as possible, the class teacher should make liberal use of the blackboard. The story of Yudhishthira's ascent to Meru will lose no imaginative value, and may impress itself all the more clearly upon the memory, if a map of India accompanies the recital, and the line of the Himalaya mountains is lightly traced. Indeed, the maps which are so frequently placed before the eyes of pupils in the modern school, and which perhaps are not always suggestive of pleasant associations, will receive a new charm if the places marked on them are connected with the glories of old-time sainthood and heroic traditions. Similarly, if the teacher has a capacity (and not much is required) to sketch a costume, a piece of ancient armour, a house, a temple, a ship, etc., which may be mentioned in the course of a narrative, the attention of the scholars will be in-

creased, and the eye will reinforce the ear in understanding and retaining the illustration and the instruction. It would be a mistake to suppose that elaborate drawing aids such illustration. The simpler the outline the better. One or two curves may represent a human figure or animal; a few strokes may indicate a hill, a river, a road, etc. Further, the principal ideas inculcated in the lesson may be summed up in a written sentence, or a maxim, or a typical word. By such devices the teacher helps the child's thoughts to concentrate upon a definite moral conception. Clear thought is a precious aid to good feeling.

The children should be encouraged to take an active share in the lesson, and the teacher should frequently question as to the meaning of expressions which he uses, and the significance of a story. Their replies should be treated with respect. This indeed is a rule applying to every subject, but with particular force to that of morality. Problems of conduct are intensely important, often delicate, and often difficult. A broken and imperfect answer, even a silence, should be accepted with goodwill and good humour, and judged rather by its evident feeling than by its intellectual import. A stern or morose manner is a grave drawback in the moral teacher; and there is no reason why he should not, from time to time, relieve the seriousness of the lesson by an excursion into humour. A smile on the faces of the children is a happy token of trustful relation between the pupils and the instructor.

The stories should be assisted by look and gesture. The tone of the voice will vary as the teacher repeats the words of Rama, or Sita, or Ravan, or Muhammad, or Buddha. A tale of courage will be accompanied by a bold and cheerful glance, and the bent head and downcast eye will suggest shame or sorrow. These hints

apply especially to the case of younger children, who need the appeal of dramatic action more than the elder. As a rule, a short story is more effective than a long one, and it will be found that children take a pleasure in tracing a line of ethical thought through a series of briefly-told examples. The emphasis I have placed on stories, however, does not imply any depreciation of the maxims and aphorisms so abundant in Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and Parsi literature. But it appeared to me that Indian teachers could, without any assistance, discover all they needed in this direction. Excellent effect is added to a lesson when its essence is expressed in a proverb or a poetic verse.

It should never be forgotten that the moral life is a unity. We are accustomed to speak of virtues such as family affection, sincerity, temperance, honour, etc., but, in the exercise of any of these so-called virtues, the whole soul, and not a part of it, should be directed towards a special kind of Being and Doing. It is not a particular faculty of the soul which is acting. And therefore, the teacher should not speak of kindness, or veracity, or patriotism, as if they were distinct and separate powers. The truthful man can only be truthful in the best sense when his motive is kind. The kind man can only be kind in the best sense when he observes the rules of truthfulness, and so on. Every lesson should be built on the conception of the unity of the good life. The beautiful Oriental emblem of the Wheel of the Law expresses this synthesis and completeness. In the wheel, there is no projection of one part over the rest. All the spokes converge to a centre; and the whole is bound by the tire, which is without beginning and without end.

And so the teacher must beware of giving undue prominence to any one good quality, such as tenderness, or

loyalty, or self-reliance. It is a custom of some writers, both Indian and English, to insist that Eastern races are deficient in practical energy and self-help, and sometimes, but not often, they add the remark that Western peoples, in turn, are deficient in serenity and spiritual poise. Both East and West should assuredly reflect upon their peculiar faults of character, and each should be willing to learn from the other. But such reflections should not so obtrude themselves on the mind of the Indian teacher as to lead him to give disproportionate stress to the admirable qualities of self-reliance and self-direction, and neglect the qualities of reverence and tenderness. Nevertheless, it would be wise for the Indian teacher to consider that, just as Europe has for ages been a pupil at the feet of Eastern religious teachers, and with excellent results, so Asia may profitably study those elements of Western history and biography which illustrate the value of enterprise, courageous inquiry and exploration, and the spirit of experiment and progress in the spheres of science, art, industry, and civics. Yet these valiant qualities need to be checked by the principles of restraint and reverence which are so finely expressed in the religious life and literature of the East.

As already observed, the lessons collected in this volume are not intended to be delivered in the precise form here given. Teachers will find a considerable amount of other material in the works issued or recommended by the Moral Education League.¹ It should hardly be necessary to say that, in Indian and kindred literatures, there is a vast mass of illustration from which my selection has only drawn some of the salient excellencies. In Eastern poetry and biography, the Indian teacher will discover much more treasure, and

¹ See list of books at the end of this volume.

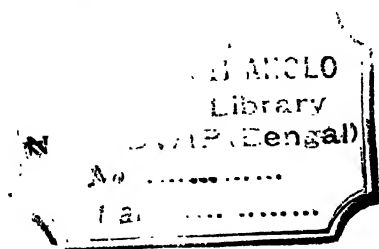
it should be his joy and pride to draw from these sources new instruction for the soul of youth.

Nor have I included any systematic presentation of political and industrial facts and statistics, such as may be derived from gazetteers, almanacs, and current periodicals. I have dealt with the moral foundations of citizenship, but not with the merely external features of the civic life; and I have left to the individual teacher the task of illustrating lessons on duty and social service by reference to local manners and customs, and local industry and administration.

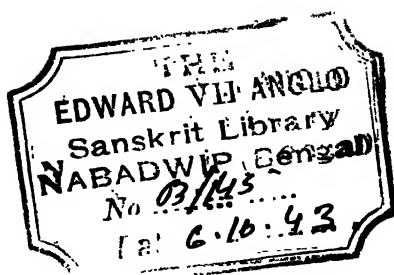
Though the preparation of this volume has occupied much of my time during two years, and though I have devoted much anxious thought to the illustration of the themes here dealt with, I am yet profoundly conscious of the tentative character of the work, and of the immense field that still awaits the careful study of the moral instructor of Indian childhood and youth. Educationists will improve upon my imperfect achievement. But I venture to say that none will approach the task with more sympathy for Indian traditions, literature, and ideals, or more earnest hope for the material welfare and spiritual development of the Indian people.

F. J. GOULD.

MORAL EDUCATION LEAGUE,
6 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI,
LONDON, *January, 1911.*



Though specially written for, and addressed to Indian children, the ample store of Oriental stories in this book will furnish many illustrative aids to English teachers of children aged 10 to 15, or 16.



I.

GUARDING AND DESTROYING.

THE warrior, sword in hand, goes forth to destroy.

Such a warrior was Timur, the chief of the Tartars, and he slew hosts of men, and heaped up their skulls in a vast pile.

The builder makes a plan of a house, and marks out the ground, and digs the foundation, and the busy hands of men rear a cottage for a peasant, or a grand palace for a prince, or a stately tomb for a beloved wife, like the Taj Mahal at Agra.

Is destroying always a wrong thing? If you, children of India, have strong arms and hands, shall you only build? Shall you ever destroy? and if so, what shall you destroy?

A baby lay among a grove of Ilupay trees. You would have thought it would be sure to die, for its mother had left it there, and had gone never to return. But drops of honey fell from the flowers of the Ilupay trees, and on these sweet drops the babe fed till it was seen by a good woman who came to worship Siva in the temple near the grove. When she saw the babe her heart moved with pity, and she picked up the outcast and carried it to her husband. He was glad to see the babe, for he and his wife had no son; and now this boy from the Ilupay grove would be their own chosen child.

It is true they did not keep on nursing him. Neighbours sneered at their taking care of a babe who was an outcast. So they feared to go against the ideas of the neighbours, and they put the babe in a cot that swung from a beam in a cowshed; and they paid a Pariah family to tend him.

And when the lad was grown to the age of five and was strong in body and bright in mind, he bade farewell to the folk who had shown him kindness, and set out to travel; but he sat awhile under a palmyra tree. And lo! the tree seemed to love him and take care of him even as the woman who had found him in the Ilupay grove; for though the tree had a tall stem, and the shadow of the leaves could not be expected to rest on the boy all day, yet the story says the shadow did indeed keep still and hold its cool shelter over him all the day.

Why should the woman guard the boy, and why should the shadow of the palmyra tree be a shield to him from the heat of the sun? Because his life was of value. And why was it of value? Because this child was to grow up into the noble man Tiru-Valluvar, the Tamil poet who made the sweet verses of the Cural.

Thus there are things which we should preserve because they give messages to the world. We should be glad to have strong arms, so that we may put our arms about the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, and guard them from death and harm.

But we who guard should also destroy.

Tiru-Valluvar, who gave the people golden words and taught them things that helped their life, could fight and kill. Whom did he fight and kill? He killed the demon of Caveri-pakam. At Caveri-pakam dwelt a farmer who had a thousand yoke of cattle, and land on which he grew corn. But a demon caused terror to all folk in that place, and tore the crops from the soil, and slew cattle and men; and the hearts of the people of Caveri-pakam were sad.

"I will give a house and land and money to the hero who will rid us of the demon," said the rich farmer.

For a long time no hero came, and the farmer asked the Wise Teachers who lived on the mountain what he should do.

"Go to Tiru-Valluvar," said the Wise Men of the hill.

And so he went before the young poet and besought his aid. And Tiru-Valluvar took ashes and spread them on the palm of his hand, and wrote on his palm the five sacred

letters, and said holy mantras, and then flung the ashes into the air; and the power of the letters and the mantras fell upon the demon so that he died, and the people of Caveripakam were filled with joy.

Now when Tiru-Valluvar came to the city of Madura, many people gathered together to hear him say the lovely lines of his poem, the Cural; and they were charmed by the verses of the child of the Ilupay grove:—

'Tis hard in either world to find
A greater good than being kind,

and so forth. But on a bench near a tank where fair lotuses lay on the smooth water sat a row of learned poets. These men on the bench had no mind to give place to a low-born poet, and for a long time they tried to outwit him by their questions, and catch his tongue in some mistake. At last they said: "Oh, Pariah, put your poem on this bench, and if it is in truth a work of beauty the bench will hold none but the Cural".

Tiru-Valluvar placed the poem on the bench. At once (so the tale goes) the seat shrank to a size just large enough, and no more, to hold the poem. There was no room for the proud and jealous poets of Madura, and they all fell into the tank! Yes, forty-nine jealous men fell into the lotus tank! They scrambled out all wet and feeling humble; and ever since that day when the forty-nine men of Madura fell into the tank the people who speak the Tamil tongue have loved the Cural with much love.

And was it right to slay the demon? Yes, it was right. And was it well that the forty-nine men of Madura should fall into the tank? Yes, it was well; for the forty-nine did wrong in priding themselves on the quality of their birth, and in scorning men of low caste. In this world there are things good and things evil; and we must try to cherish and guard the good, and kill or put to shame the evil. Tiru-Valluvar, the noble poet, could do this; and it can also be done by folk who have no skill to write poems of beauty or wisdom.¹

¹ T. J. Robinson's *Tales and Poems of South India*.

As Tiru-Valluvar divided the evil from the good, so did his sister, Ouvay.

One day she sat on the ground in the street of Uraygur. Three men passed by ; one was a king and two were poets.

As the king approached, Ouvay drew in one foot to show her respect.

As the first poet approached, Ouvay drew in the other foot , to show respect.

As the second poet approached, however, she thrust out both feet.

The act seemed rude, but she had a reason. She knew the second poet was a man of pretence. He gave himself out to be a man of skill, but he was not. So when he looked vexed, and asked her why she had treated him in that way, she said, "Come, make me a verse in which the word wit (mathi) shall occur three times". All he could do was to make a verse in which the word occurred twice.

"Where then," laughed Ouvay, "is your other wit?"

And so she put the pretender to shame.

Do you suppose she took pleasure in being rude? Not at all ; but she had a dislike of pretence. Let us then walk with pleasure at the side of the noble and turn away from the company of the base. Ouvay said :—

Good folk go with the good, even as the swan's nature leads it to the lake where the lotus blooms ; and the evil seek the fellowship of the evil, just as the vulture, smelling the corpse, flies to its dreadful food.¹

What then, brave children of India, are the evil things which you and the other brave children of the world should fight and put to shame ?

Let man make war on wild beasts that hurt and kill human beings, poisonous reptiles and plague-spreading rats and mosquitoes.

¹ *Tales and Poems of South India.* The quotation is from the 23rd Precept of Ouvay's *Thirty Aphorisms*.

Let him keep down the power of the flood—building proud bridges over the raging stream, and banks along the swelling river.

Let him make strong ships that shall sail or steam over the sea, and conquer the wrath of the waves and the force of the wind.

Let him drain off the deadly waters of the swamp, and slay the demon of fever and rheumatism that hides in its dampness.

Let him send out skilful doctors to heal the sick and drive everything that is foul and unwholesome from the dwellings of mankind.

Let him try to thrust from the land—even every land in the world—the poverty that causes hunger and tears, and makes the mother grieve over her ill-fed child.

On the other hand, what things shall man guard and cherish ?

Let him guard human life ; for every child that comes into the world is precious.

Let him guard the wholesomeness of food and the purity of water.

Let him guard the houses wherein the people dwell, so that the walls and roof may be strong to shelter from storm and sun and danger.

Let him guard the tree and the flower and all the plants that give nourishment and joy.

Let him guard the stately buildings and fine statues and lovely pictures and fair vases and brodered carpets and happy songs and poems, for these things make us glad with their beauty.

Let him guard the useful animals of his country ; the faithful servants that give us milk and plough the soil and carry the loads.

And best of all, O children of India and the world, let men guard the heart that loves, the mind that thinks right thoughts, and the hand that does just deeds.

II.

COURAGE (1).

You fall into the water. The great moist mass does not daunt you. You strike out arms and legs—thanks to the teacher who taught you to swim. You breast the wave. You escape. You were brave.

You are asleep. Fire! The cry of alarm has awakened you. You rise from your bed, and see the red glare of the flames. You are not struck with deadly fear. You spring through smoke, through sparks, through flames, and you escape: this is courage.

I went into an infant school the other day. The little English children were aged three to seven. There were girls and boys. They were knitting, drawing, listening to tales, and singing. The teacher said to me:—

“We will try the fire alarm. Of course, there is no fire, but they have been taught to start up and make haste out at the sound of the alarm.”

She blew a shrill whistle. At once the children threw down their books, pencils, and knitting needles, stood up, and at a signal from the teacher they filed out, one behind the other, into the open air. In a few minutes the schoolroom was empty. These little children had learned to face the danger of fire and be brave.

For whose sake did you swim? Your own.

For whose sake did you confront the flames? Your own.

For whose sake did the children face the danger of fire? Their own.

In each case the courage shown was shown for the sake of

self. Was this wrong? Certainly not. It is right to take care of your life and be brave in defending it.

Let me tell you the tale of Madhava as it is written in the grand old play by Bhavabhuti.

He kneels outside a temple and hears a cry of distress.

He finds a way in, and looks into the chamber of the goddess Chamunda.

A victim is waiting to be slain in honour of the awful goddess. It is poor Malati. The girl has been carried off while she slept. She is alone except for the priestess and the priest; and the priest raises his knife just as Malati thinks of Madhava whom she loves—

Ah, Madhava!

Lord of my heart. Oh, may I after death

Live in thy memory. (They do not die

Whom love embalms in long and fond remembrance.)

With a shout the brave Madhava leaps into the chamber of sacrifice. A fierce war of words follows, and then Madhava and the priest engage in deadly combat. Malati is saved.

Now for whose sake did Madhava show courage? Did he fight for himself? Yes, he fought for himself. Was that the only reason for his courage? No, he fought for another's sake. He had heard a cry of distress, and it had touched the brave heart in his breast.

And if you will reflect you will remember deeds you have yourself seen done. You have seen some man or woman or child helped by another human being who came at the cry of distress.

You will also have read in newspapers and in history of such brave acts. They are called "Golden Deeds".¹ You will hear of firemen who save people from burning houses; of miners who go down into the deep shafts and draw up fellow-miners from the peril of flood or fire or poison-gas; of

¹ An admirable collection of such examples is Charlotte Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*.

men who venture into houses that are shattered by earthquake, and in spite of the danger of falling walls, pick up and carry out the helpless folk who might otherwise stay in the ruins to die; and of citizens, who, for the sake of their dear city and their motherland, face the enemy and endure wounds, hunger, thirst, or death.

Thus we have seen—

1. The courage for one's own sake.

2. The courage that helps a neighbour.

I will relate to you the story of the hero Vibhishan. He faced a danger, but it was more than a danger of death. He faced the wrath of a king, and he spoke brave advice to the king, which others dared not do.

The Demon King of Lanka (Ceylon) was Ravan of the Ten Heads. Now Ravan had taken the Lady Sita away from her husband and carried her in his chariot to his palace in Ceylon. Rich was the palace, and fair was the garden in which he placed the Princess Sita. Yet she was unhappy, and every day she shed tears, not knowing if she would see her Lord Rama again.

Glorious Rama heard from Hanuman, the monkey hero, where his wife Sita was kept captive; and he set out with the noble Lakshman, his brother, and a great host of heroes to rescue the prisoner.

When Ravan the Demon heard of the coming of Rama, his heart trembled for fear.

And he received two kinds of advice. A crowd of courtiers gathered about his throne and said:—

“All is well. Be at ease. O Ravan, you have conquered gods and demons. You will have no trouble in conquering Rama and his comrades the monkey-folk of Hanuman.”

When these noisy advisers had gone from his presence there entered his brother Vibhishan. After Vibhishan had knelt and clasped the king's feet, he rose and sat on the right hand of the throne and said:—

“If, O brother, you desire to live happily, and to keep the throne of this fair isle of Lanka, give back the lovely Sita.

For she is the wife of another. Go to Rama and ask his forgiveness, and he will not turn his face away. Be not proud and foolhardy."

A wise man, Malyavan, heard these words and he was glad, and cried to the King of the Demons:—

"Take your brother's speech to heart for he has told truth."

"You are both evil-minded," replied the king, "for you take the side of my foes."

So angrily glared the eyes of his ten heads that Malyavan was in terror, and he fled from the chamber. But Vibhishan stayed in the bravery of his soul. ✓

"Sire," he said, "in the heart of every man is wisdom and unwisdom. If wisdom dwells in his breast, life goes well with him: if unwisdom, life goes ill. I fear that unwisdom has lodged in your breast, O brother, for you give ear to men that give no good counsel. They are not your true friends."

He stooped and clasped the feet of the king.

"Wretch," cried the king. "You, too, are one of my foes. Talk no more fool's words to me. Talk to hermits in the woods and not to a man who is victor over every enemy that he fights!"

So shouting, he kicked his brave brother Vibhishan.

Then, with a sad spirit, the brother rose and left the king's house. Knowing no fear, he had said plain words to the King Ravan, and since the ten-headed one would not listen, Vibhishan must depart.¹

This was the courage of the body, for he was ready to endure blows. It was also courage of the mind, for he was ready to speak words that other courtiers—as brave as he in bravery of the body—would not let fall from their lips. We speak of this courage of the mind as *Moral Courage*.

These, then, are the three steps of courage we have studied—

¹*Ramayana*, by Tulsi Das, trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. IV, pp. 37-41.

1. The courage for oneself.
 2. The courage to help a neighbour in distress ; to help our city and our country.
 3. The moral courage that faces the wrongdoer, and speaks what one believes to be the true and right word.
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III.

COURAGE (2).

THE Raja of Almora needed some men to beat off the invaders who were attacking his hill-country.

A number of men enrolled in a new regiment, and each one given a good sword.

"March," commanded the Raja.

As soon as they started marching, the men drew the swords from their sheaths with a great clash, and flourished the weapons in the air.

"Why do you do this?" he asked.

"Sir," they said, "we mean to be ready for the enemy."

"You are of no use to me, you nervous and fidgety men," he answered; "go home, all of you."¹

You will see that the Raja took no account of the waving of swords and the noise. He knew that real courage does not need a blare, and a clash, and a thunder.

In the following story of the steamship "Pericles," you will notice how quietly the people behaved, and yet how brave they were in the face of the deadly peril of the sea:—

At the end of March, 1910, a Scottish vessel was carrying passengers from Australia to the Cape of Good Hope. No cloud stained the sky, and the sea was blue and peaceful.

The ship struck on a rock six miles from the West Australian coast.

For a short time there was noise—men running to and fro to see what had happened and the blowing of whistles. But

¹ *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun*, by G. D. Upreti, p. 89.

this was not the noise of terror or panic. Soon the cry rang out:—

“Man the boats.”

People put on life-belts which would help them to float in the water.

A blind man and his servant walked across the deck. Everybody gave way, and let him pass first. He was weak, and therefore he had a right to be thought of before the strong.

In half an hour all the folk had got off clear from the ship, and the “Pericles” was sinking.

The boats started for the shore, and a woman began singing. A big wave struck the boat, and she paused; but soon her voice was heard again singing:—

Pull for the shore, sailors,
Pull for the shore.

And her song put spirit into the arms of the oarsmen.

There was a lighthouse on the shore. The lighthouse keepers had seen the wreck, and had lit a fire.

As the boats neared the beach, men leaped into the water and carried the women and other passengers dry-shod to the shore.

The captain's boat came last.

Four houses and the lighthouse took the shipwrecked people into their shelter for two or three days.

Four hundred and fifty souls had been saved. Not one had been lost. Quiet courage had preserved their lives.

Let me talk further of this quiet courage, which does useful and noble things, without striking a blow, or sounding a trumpet, or clashing a weapon.

A deep river ran past a village of five hundred houses.

The people of this village had not heard the good teachings of the Lord Buddha, and the Blessed One resolved to go and speak to them and tell them of the NOBLE PATH.

He sat down beneath a large tree that spread its branches over the edge of the river, and the villagers came to the bank

on the other side of the river, and he lifted up his voice and preached to them the message of love and purity.

His words were carried sweetly over the running water.

Nevertheless, the folk of that village did not wish to accept the good words, and they murmured, and refused to believe him.

But one honest man desired to know more of the good message. He longed to come close to the Blessed One. There was no bridge and no ferry-boat. But (so the ancient story goes) he was strong in his courage, and he walked over the deep stream, and came near to the Master and saluted him, and listened to his teaching with joy.

Perhaps, indeed, he swam across the river.

In any case, he was brave to follow the path that led him to self-improvement. And the other villagers, seeing his example, now paid heed to the words of Buddha, and their spirits were touched to nobler thoughts.¹

Here, then, was courage to swim a river, courage to learn the Law of Righteousness. But courage is needed to keep in the Good Way as well as to begin it. Listen to the parable of the hen and chickens:—

Buddha the Blessed One bade his disciples do their best, and then have faith that the best would bear fruit:—

“Just,” he said, “as when a hen has laid eight or ten or twelve eggs, and brooded over them, and sat on them, and need not ask in fear, ‘Oh, will my little chickens break the shells with the points of their claws or beaks and come forth into the light?’—so if you go on the Right Way, you need not be afraid, for you will come forth into the light also.”²

That, also, is courage, to go along the Right Way, and to meet the storm, and the dark, and the pain, and to trudge on towards the light.

A good Moslem book tells of a poet and his brave heart:—

The poet's friends heard that he was ill of a fever. One day they went to inquire after his health, and his son met

* ¹ Carus' *Gospel of Buddha*, pp. 189-90.

² *Buddhist Suttas*, in *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XI, p. 233.

them at the door of the house and smiled, for the patient was better.

They entered, and sat in the sick man's chamber, and were glad to find that he could chat in his usual cheery way. He fell asleep, and, in the heat of the day, they also fell asleep.

All woke towards evening, and Abu Said (for so the poet was named) bade his son hand round refreshments to the visitors, and then light up the incense to spread a perfume round the room.

"This has been a wonderful day," said the friends; "it began in gloom, it ends in light."

Abu Said knelt in prayer a while, and then rose and repeated a little poem of his own making:—

Despair not in trouble, for a glad hour shall take your sorrow
away:

The hot sirocco may blow, but it may change to a gentle breeze;
A dark cloud rises, but it passes away and drops no flood;
Wood may smoulder and smoke, and yet not burst into flame;
Grief arises, but it also sets;
So be patient when fear comes, for time is the father of wonders;
And from the peace of God you should hope for many blessings.

And they all went home, rejoicing at their friend's recovery, and his hopeful poem.¹

The friends helped the poet, and the poet's song helped the friends. Men can give courage to one another, just as we may light a candle or lamp from another candle or lamp. Animal or man—we are all helped by the good word that encourages.

In the old days, when Brahmadata was King of Benares, a man trained an elephant for the king's enemy.

War was declared. This splendid elephant carried the king, its master, towards the gate of the city.

Soldiers on the walls of Benares cast boiling mud down, and flung stones from slings, and the elephant retreated before the terrible rain of stones and hot mud.

¹ *Assemblies of Al-Hariri*, trans. by T. Chenery, Vol. I., pp. 217-9.

Then the trainer ran up, and cried :—

“O elephant, you are a hero! Act like a hero! Beat down the gates!”

The great creature, encouraged by the trainer's words, charged at the gates, and burst through, and bore his king to victory.¹

And so may you, brave girl or brave boy—whoever may hear these stories—be a child of courage yourself, and encourage your neighbour. ✕

¹ *The Jatakas*, Vol. II, Story 182.

IV.

CHEERFULNESS.

ONE evening in an English town I saw seven or eight carriages coming along the street, each full of children with one or two grown-up folk here and there to take care of them. The English sky is often very dull, and the rain may fall any day of the year. On this day the children had been taken out into the country to play in green meadows. The weather, however, was wet nearly all the time, and the party was riding home in the rain.

But they were singing, and they waved their hands to passers-by.

In the midst of the dull weather they kept a cheerful spirit. If some of the children felt unhappy, the songs of the others cheered them, and often the people that walked in the street felt the brighter when they heard the music of the children.

Amr was Prince of Khorasan, and grand in his mode of living. When he went on a campaign three hundred camels carried the pots, pans, and dishes needed to cook his meals.

He was taken prisoner by the Caliph Ismail. Even in the midst of misfortunes men feel hunger, and Amr, seeing his chief cook near him, asked the good man to prepare something to eat.

The cook had a little meat, and this he put into a pot over the fire, and then went in search of leeks to add a relish to the stew.

A dog passed that way, smelt the meat and put his nose into the pot, and then, feeling the heat of the fire, suddenly drew back. But so small was the mouth of the pot that it

clung to the dog's head, and the animal ran off wearing the pot like a hat.

Amr burst out laughing at the sight.

"Why," said the officer who guarded him, "do you laugh when one would expect you to grieve?"

Amr pointed to the dog which was rushing away from the camp. "Because," he replied, "I am thinking that this very morning it took three hundred camels to carry my kitchen, and now it is being all borne away by one dog!"¹

Amr was cheerful only for his own sake. He was not seeking to give cheerfulness to other people. Still, one admires his bright spirit, and it makes us feel that if he could smile when he was in such great trouble, it may not be so hard for us to smile amid lesser troubles.

A woman in Persia sold honey. She had a very pleasant manner. Customers crowded to her stall. The poet who tells the story says that, even if she had sold poison, people would almost have been ready to buy it for honey.

A sour-tempered man saw what a big trade she drove in her sweet wares, so he thought he would set up in the same trade. He sat at his stall behind his stock of honey pots; and his face was like vinegar. He had a very gruff manner towards the folk who came near.

"Nobody bought at his stall. 'Not a fly sat on his honey,'" says the poet. At evening he had made no gain.

A woman noticed what happened, and she said to her husband: "The honey of one who has a bitter face is bitter".²

It may be that the woman who sold honey only smiled in order to draw customers to her. But I rather think she smiled out of good nature. We are not in the world simply to buy or sell. We are here to be comrades to one another. The woman's customers felt that she was a tradeswoman and something more. She was a cheerful citizen of the world.

In the next case of which I will tell you, the smile has nothing to do with customers and the getting of gain. The

¹ D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, Tome IV, pp. 459-60.

² Sa'di's *Bustan*, trans. by Clarke, pp. 232-3.

joyful spirit bubbles up like water from a sweet spring. And the person I speak of was a very famous person. He was the glorious Rama.

Rama slew the ten-headed and twenty-handed demon king Ravan. It had been the most terrible of all battles. Monkeys and bears had died in countless numbers for Rama's sake. Demons were piled in heaps, the demon king was slain, but how hard he died! Time after time Rama cut off the ten heads and the twenty hands, which all grew at once again and were cut off again, till the sky seemed to rain down heads and arms.

At last the great fight was ended. The monkeys and the bears that were slain were brought to life again, and all stood in a vast host awaiting the commands of the victor, the glorious Rama!

Rama, calm and easy in his manner after the battle, looked with pleasure upon his faithful friends.

Vibhishan, the king who reigned in the dead Ravan's place, brought out a chariot-load of rich jewels and dresses to give to the warriors who had fought so well.

"Hearken, friend Vibhishan," said Rama, "rise high in the air and drop your gifts."

The king did so. From his chariot in mid-air he dropped down glittering jewels and gay dresses, and the bears and monkeys tumbled over each other as they clutched at the falling treasures.

And Rama laughed heartily, and his wife, the lady Sita, laughed, and his brother, Lakshman, laughed.

The great-hearted are cheerful in their great-heartedness.¹

In this history of Rama, you see that the smile kindles on the face of a very great hero. Rama was hearty in his war. He was hearty in his laughter. The French word for heart is "cœur"; and the word "courage" is formed from the word "cœur," a heart. So the word "courage" means heartiness or strength of heart. And cheerfulness is a hearty spirit,

¹ *Ramayana*, by Tulsi Das, trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, p. 150.

and it is really a kind of courage. The children who sang in the "brakes" were brave. The honey-seller was a brave woman, for no doubt trade was sometimes dull; customers were sometimes rude; and she sometimes (I suspect) had troubles and sorrows at home. And Rama is known all over India as a person of courage.

Still, you can be cheerful and encourage others without actually laughing.

Varro did not laugh and yet he made the folk of the city of Rome cheerful. Their army had been beaten by a great and terrible captain from Africa. Fifty thousand Romans had been slain. The general of the beaten army was Varro. He did not weep. Proud was his spirit, stern his manner, as he went back to the city. The people met him at the gates.

"Romans," he said, "all is not lost. I have returned to do what I can for Rome."

And though the people were grieved for the many dead, yet they were cheered by Varro's brave behaviour. And the elders of the city said to him: "Varro, we praise you because you do not despair of the fortunes of Rome".¹

The cheerful mother makes her children glad.

The cheerful nurse helps the sick to get well sooner.

The cheerful master gives joy to his servants.

The cheerful worker makes the heart of his fellow-workers merry.

The cheerful traveller aids his fellow-travellers on their hard journey.

The cheerful citizen keeps hope alive in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

And you—cheerful girl, cheerful boy—what can you do?

¹ Plutarch's *Lives of the Greeks and Romans*. There is a version adapted for young readers by the author of *YOUTH'S NOBLE PATH*.

V.

SELF-RELIANCE.

AMONG the ancient Arabs Hatim Tai had a great name for lavish gifts and alms.

"Have you ever known anyone more excellent than yourself?" his friends once asked him.

"Yes," said Hatim Tai.

"Who was that?"

"One day I had sacrificed forty camels, and I went out into the desert with the chiefs of the Arabs, and we saw a wood-cutter who had cut a bundle of thorns. Such was his manner of livelihood. And I asked him why he did not go to Hatim Tai's feast. He said that they who earned their own living did not need the bounty of Hatim Tai."¹

You will observe that Hatim Tai said the wood-cutter was a more generous man than he himself was. He meant that it was a finer thing to work and provide for one's needs—to give gifts to oneself—than to lean on the bounty of others. Of course, friends give gifts to friends; and generous hands and devout hands to the contemplative sage. But a healthy and active man would sooner labour with his own hands than hold them out for alms. So far, then, we may esteem the spirit of the wood-cutter.

Yet his toil was not so noble as that of Gushtasp in the following tale. Hear the tale, and then see how the Persian

¹ Sa'di's *Gulistan*, trans. by Eastwick, p. 126.

prince had a yet finer spirit than the wood-cutter, or than Hatim Tai.

In ancient days a Persian prince named Gushtasp was much vexed because his father did not treat him as heir to the throne, and he left his native land and wandered to the West.

All alone, and hungry, he felt he must obtain work so as to obtain food. So he went to the sovereign of the Western land and said :—

“I am a skilled writer, and I should be glad of employment as a scribe.”

He was told to wait a few days, as no scribe was wanted just at that moment. But he was too hungry to wait, and he journeyed on till he met some camel drivers; and he asked for work as a driver. They had no need of an extra driver; but, seeing his dire need, they gave him a meal.

Gushtasp paused at the open door of a blacksmith's forge, and asked the master for work.

The blacksmith said he might do some hammering for him, and he placed the hammer in Gushtasp's hands.

Now the prince had great strength, and, when he had lifted the big hammer, and smitten the anvil, he broke the anvil to pieces! The blacksmith was very angry, and turned the young man out, and Gushtasp wandered away in deep distress.

Whichever way he turned, he seemed to find nothing at which he might prove his usefulness.

At length he met a husbandman at work in a field of corn, and this husbandman took pity on the youth, and gave him food and shelter. And poor as the husbandman was, Gushtasp found that he, like himself, was descended from the noble Faridun, ancestor of the Kings of Persia.

One day news came that the daughter of the King of Rum was now of an age to marry, and all youths of princely family were invited to attend a royal banquet. Gushtasp sat at the table with the others. The Princess Kitabun saw him and loved him, and gave him a bunch of roses as the mark of her favour. The king took a violent dislike to the moneyless

Gushtasp, but dared not forbid his daughter to marry him. However, he drove the newly married couple from the palace, and they lived in a hut in the forest. ✓

Gushtasp was a great hunter. Each day he crossed the river, caught an elk or a wild ass, gave half to the boatman who ferried him across the river, and took the rest home to his wife.

The ferryman brought a young man named Mabrin to see Gushtasp.

"Sir," said Mabrin, "I wish to marry the king's second daughter, your wife's sister, but I may not do so unless I destroy the wolf which wastes the king's lands; and I know not how to bring about the wolf's death."

"I will do it for you," said Gushtasp, the elk-slayer.

Gushtasp sought out the wolf in the wilderness, shot two arrows into the dreadful monster, and, with his sword, divided it into two. The king came to see the dead beast, and joyfully gave his second daughter to Mabrin for wife.

Sometime afterwards the ferryman brought another youth, named Ahrun, to Gushtasp. Ahrun wished to marry the king's third daughter, but must needs first slay a dragon. This deed also did Gushtasp promise to perform.

He fastened a number of knives together like a ball of bristles, and sallied out, and met the dragon which breathed fire. He shot many arrows into the dragon's body, leaping from side to side to evade the monster's claws. Then he fixed the ball of knives on a spear, and thrust it into the dragon's throat, and the dragon bit it, and fell, and was then slain by the prince's sword. Then Ahrun wedded the king's third daughter.

You will not wonder that, in course of time, so brave a prince should become King of Persia in his father's stead. It was in the reign of Gushtasp that the holy prophet Zerdusht, or Zoroaster, taught the Persians faith in Ormuzd, Lord of Light and Sun and Fire, and of Righteousness and Justice.

Yet you see Gushtasp did not at once find his true place and work in the world. He tried this and that, and failed;

and even drew on himself the anger of the honest blacksmith. At length, however, he gained his right station in life, as a helper of his fellow-men and as a wise ruler.¹ ✓

As a helper of his fellow-men, I said. And there you see how he was better than the wood-cutter in the story who (so far as we know from the tale) only worked to help himself. Then if we turn again to Hatim Tai, we shall of course agree that his heart was generous in giving, but he bestowed gifts out of the abundance of his wealth. But the Persian prince gave the strength of his arm and even risked his life for the sake of other people.

Hindus honour the name of the Guru Sankara. He was a man of spirit and energy, not only in his work of teaching as he went about the country explaining his ideas and philosophy, but in the dangers and duties of daily life. When his dear mother died, his kinsmen would not help him remove the dead body. Sankara was not the man to sit down and lament. He resolved to perform the rites himself. Straining every muscle, he lifted the beloved body and carried it to the court behind the house, and there he built a pyre of dried sticks, and with his own hands prepared a fire and cremated her who had watched over him with affection all his life.²

We have studied :—

1. The man who helps himself; the man who is self-reliant.

2. The man who, while self-reliant, helps his neighbour as well, or performs a sacred duty.

We respect :—

1. The father who cuts wood, or hammers iron, or guides the plough, or keeps a shop, or invents a machine, or explores a strange land, or does anything else in order to earn a livelihood, and who also gives freely of his goods for the comfort and support of his wife, and children, and kinsfolk, and neighbours.

¹ Firdausi's *Shah-Namah*, trans. by J. Atkinson, pp. 370-85.

² *Sri Sankaracharya: his life and times*, by C. N. Krishnasamy Aiyar, pp. 73, 74.

2. The scholar at school who gives his mind to the tasks set by the teacher, and climbs up the steps of knowledge till he has gained a good name for industry; and who also is ready to help a fellow-scholar less quick at learning than himself.

3. The workers who join in a society or co-partnership for carrying on a dairy farm, or a shoe factory, or a printing works, or who join together to build houses which shall belong to the society, and in which they can dwell in comfort and order under their own roofs. Thus, in Ireland, country-folk join together in co-operative dairies, placing their money in a common fund, all working in the trade of poultry-rearing, butter-making, etc., and all sharing the profits.

4. The village folk in India and in Ireland and other countries (such as Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Austria) who join their savings together in co-operative banks, and from these banks lend to farmers and others who need money to carry on their business. The Credit Society Banks were opened in India in 1898 and the raiyats then had £300 (5000 rupees) saved in these funds. The idea spread, and in 1908 the village workers had saved in about 2000 banks as much as £420,000, in order to buy seed, machines, and in other ways prepare for the future need.¹

5. The workers who join together in a trade union, so that they may be a strong body, and if they ask their employers for better pay, or better treatment at their work, their voice will not be the voice of one praying on his own behalf, but the voice of many asking for one and all. The trade unions also help members who are sick, or out of work. Thus the men help themselves and each other. English people call this spirit "self-help". In fairy-tales we read of spirits or genies who come when a lamp is rubbed or a spell is muttered, and carry men through the air, or build palaces in a moment of time, or cause an army of men and elephants to spring from the ground. But they are not so wonderful

¹ Statement by Lord MacDonnell in the House of Lords, 26 April, 1910.

as the brave spirit of self-help, which tills the ground, and tames wild beasts, and fells timber, and builds tanks, and lays railways, and grows corn and cotton and indigo, and makes flying-machines, and governs villages and cities, and helps a neighbour in need.



VI.

SELF-CONTROL.

WE do not put a bridle on a tiger. The tiger takes the lives of other animals, and of men, women, and children. Why, then, do we not tame the tiger, as we tame the horse, and lead or drive him with a bridle in his mouth ?

We cannot. There is a wild spirit in the tiger which forbids.

We bridle the horse because, though he may be unwilling at first to submit to us, he does at last learn to obey us, and even to love us, and so he yields to the will of man, and lets the bridle be fastened on his head, and the bit between his teeth.

Think, then, of this story of Husain. You will find that there was something in him that needed a bridle ; something that was ready to act wildly, but something that he ruled.

Husain was the grandson of the prophet Muhammad. His home was fine ; his purse well filled. Whoever offended him offended a rich man. A rich man's wrath is heavy.

Now one day a slave carried a dish of very hot water past Husain as he sat at dinner. By some mischance the scalding water was spilt over the prophet's grandson. A loud shout told that Husain felt a great deal of pain.

The slave was ready of wit. He fell on his knees, thinking of a verse in the Koran—

“ Paradise is for those who bridle their anger, and for those who forgive men, for God loves the beneficent.”

He said first :—

“ Paradise is for those who bridle their anger.”

"I am not angry," said Husain, who was touched by the words.

"And for those who forgive men," the slave went on. *edw*

"I forgive you," said Husain.

"For God loves the beneficent," added the slave.

By this time, having put down his anger, and having spoken his forgiveness, Husain's heart was quite softened, and he answered :—

"You are no longer a slave. You are free, and here—take these 400 pieces of silver."¹

You will agree that there was something noble in Husain's temper. It required a bridle, but it was not a cruel and vicious spirit. If, therefore, your parent or your teacher bids you rule your temper, they do not mean that your quick and eager spirit must be a bad spirit; but that, like a fine horse, it must be kept in control.

Which is the better place to live in—a dirty hovel or a palace?

A palace; at any rate, it is better to dwell in a clean, wholesome, well-furnished house than in a foul, badly-built one in a noisy quarter of the town.

Now, it is said that when the Muhammad visited Paradise he saw grand palaces that stood on the height and overlooked all the country.

"O Gabriel," said Muhammad to the angel who showed him the scene, "for whom are these palaces?"

"For those," he answered, "who keep down their anger, and pardon insults."²

Yes, but the quiet mind which forgives is already a palace. The angry mind is foul and noisy. Our mind is a house which can be made into a sweet, clean dwelling, where sounds are pleasant and musical, or a vile and noisome den, where sounds are harsh and painful.

A man named Al-Kasai angrily broke his bow. Why did he break it? Listen.

¹ Syed Ameer Ali's *Ethics of Islam*, pp. 6, 7.

² *Al-Mostataf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, p. 578.

Al-Kasai was an Arab of the desert, and famed as a poet.

He found a fine naba tree, and out of its wood made arrows and a bow for himself, and one night he went out to shoot wild asses.

He heard the trampling of a herd, and he shot. So strongly did he shoot that the arrow went through the body of one of the animals and hit a rock. Hearing the sound, he thought he had missed his aim.

Another troop came by, and he shot again, and again the arrow pierced the ass and struck a rock, and again Al-Kasai thought he had failed.

Five times this happened. At the fifth, Al-Kasai was so angry that he broke his bow.

When morning dawned he saw five dead asses.¹

If he had had more patience, if he had waited till the light fell on the scene, he would have kept his temper calm, and his bow unbroken.

But we do not bridle wooden horses, except with toy bridles! The very bridle shows that there is an active spirit in the creature that is kept in check. It is good to have a brave, eager spirit. We do not want people to be spiritless. It is slaves who show no spirit, and who are over-patient. Perhaps Abu Othman al-Hiri was too ready to bear an affront.

Abu Othman al-Hiri was invited to a feast. When he arrived at the door of the house to which he had been asked, the host appeared, and said:—

“Sir, I cannot ask you in; so please go away, and may Allah have mercy on you.”

Abu Othman went home.

No sooner was he indoors than the friend followed him and again invited him to a feast.

Abu Othman went with him. But again the man halted at the door, and begged to be excused; and again Abu Othman

¹ *Assemblies of Al-Hariri*, trans. by T. Chenery, Vol. I, p. 351.

retired without a murmur of complaint, for he was known through all the city as a man of patience and calm temper.

' A third time the same thing occurred ; and even a fourth time. But after that the friend said :—

“ Abu Otman, I have acted thus in order to put your temper to the proof, and I admire your patience.”

“ Praise me not,” replied Abu Othman, “ for dogs can practise the same virtue ; they come when they are called, and retire when we chase them away.”

That is true ; but Abu Othman was a man, not a dog ; and though we may admire his patience, it was not wise to let the friend take a mean advantage of him so many times.¹

A nation can be patient ; a nation can bridle its spirit. A nation often becomes angry, and, just as in the case of a man, it needs to rule its passion, and guide it into a noble steadiness. For instance :—

In the year 1904, when Russia and Japan were at war, a fleet of Russian war-vessels steamed across the sea, west of Europe, on its way to the coast of Asia.

At night the bright search-lights from the Russian men-of-war flashed over the waves on all sides of the giant ships.

Then it was that the eyes of Russian watchmen caught sight of some small vessels which they believed to be Japanese torpedo boats.

They felt sure these enemies meant to throw torpedoes under the Russian ships, so as to cause explosions and do fearful damage.

The Russian admiral ordered that guns should be fired.

Alas ! the boats fired at were only harmless fishing-boats. The men in them had only come out to sea to catch fish, and so earn a livelihood for their families.

Two fishermen were slain. Others were hurt by the shots.

In a few hours all England heard the news. But the people made no great outcry. They felt surprised. They were grieved at the sudden killing of the fishermen in the

¹ *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, p. 373.

night. But they said not a word about going to war with Russia, or pursuing the Russian fleet across the sea. They put a bridle on their hot spirits. :

A Commission, a meeting of judges, was held in Paris—a city right away from England. Five thoughtful men sat in this Court—five admirals; a Russian, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Austrian, an American. They heard witnesses; they reflected; they judged; and it was agreed that Russia should pay £65,000 to the injured fishermen, and the families of the two slain sailors. Thus a whole nation ruled its passion, and controlled its anger.

A young Brahmacharin, twenty years of age, was clever, and he knew he was clever; and he wished to learn more and more, so that people might praise his cleverness. So he travelled from country to country.

He saw a fletcher making arrows; and the Brahmacharin also learned to make arrows.

In another country he learned ship-building.

In another country he learned house-building.

Thus he passed through sixteen countries.

He came home and asked proudly:—

“What man on earth is so clever as I?”

The Lord Buddha saw him and desired to teach a nobler art than any he had yet learned. Taking the shape of an old Shraman, he stood before the young man, with a begging-bowl in his hand.

“Who are you?” asked the Brahmacharin.

“I am a man able to rule his body.”

“What do you mean?”

“The fletcher,” answered Buddha, “makes bows; the pilot manages the ship; the builder hews beams; the Wise Man controls himself.”

“In what way?”

“If people praise him his mind is at ease. If people blame him his mind is at ease. He loves the good law of Conduct, and is at peace.”¹

¹ *Dhammapada*, trans. by Beal, Section XIV.

VII.

ORDER.

It is the glory of man to make order and find order.

The astronomer lifts his eyes to the heavens, and he makes a map of the stars, and calls them by names, and he studies the motions of the planets which roll round the sun (Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, etc.); and he can calculate when the dark moon will come between the sun and the earth, and so cause the shadow which we call an eclipse of the sun. All this orderly knowledge is the science of astronomy.

In arithmetic, again, we have the spirit of order. Even a little child takes delight in saying numbers in the right order. It soon finds out that there is no sense in saying—one, five, three, ten, two, when it counts fingers, or toes, or balls, or stones. It admires order, and counts—one, two, three, four, five, and so on. And all the work of arithmetic has to be done in the same spirit of order, whether in the child's school sums, or in the business of the office, the shop, the balance-sheet of income and expenditure, etc.

What would become of music without order? There are eight notes in the scale—*Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do*. In these eight beautiful steps you have the foundation of all music, whether of instruments or of human voices. Notes have to be sounded together in a certain way in order to make sweet sound, or harmony. For instance, if on a piano you strike *do, re, mi, fa* together, the four notes

would crash out a very unpleasant noise. But if you strike the four notes, *do, mi, sol, do*, the four notes emit a happy union of sounds, called a "chord," and this means an agreement.

Suppose you were to go into two houses, and in one house found the furniture scattered about in wrong places, and dust and dirt covering the objects in the room, you would say "what a scene of disorder!" You would not blame the furniture, you would blame the human master or mistress of it, whose mind is so dull to the sense of order. In the other house, you might see all the furniture clean, neat, and rightly arranged. You would say, "The master or mistress of this house has the beautiful sense of order".

In school one scholar may keep books, papers, maps, etc., clean and tidy; another allows the things to become dusty and ragged, or puts them in the wrong places.

How could a railway be worked without order? The porters, guards, drivers, stationmasters, clerks, and all the other officers must be at their posts, and must be there to time. On the walls of stations you see "time-tables," and a time-table is a very beautiful mirror in which you can see the work of the great railway reflected. It shows how one train starts at 10 a.m., another at noon, another at 6.45 p.m.; and how one train arrives at 9.15 a.m., a second at 1.55 p.m., a third at midnight, and so on. If by chance, or through the carelessness of drivers, or guards, and other servants of the railway, the trains do not start to time, or arrive to time, the order of business and of homes is disturbed. Friends cannot meet at the hour agreed upon; the doctor is not able to reach his patient just at the moment he is needed; supplies of food and clothing are not brought into a village or town when required; and in many other ways, which you will think of, the plans of the day will be disarranged.

What would become of an army without order? Suppose the soldiers obeyed the officers sometimes, and at other times

not. Suppose some of the soldiers obeyed, and others did not. Suppose some dressed in uniform and others did not. Suppose some rose at the sound of the bugle, and others did not. Suppose the general gave one order, and the captains under him gave different orders. Do you think such an army would be admired? Would it ever do its work? Would it ever gain a victory over riot and disorder? Would the soldiers even respect themselves? Would they feel pride in belonging to such a rabble? Would they not fall away, and desert the colours?

The government of a country is the keeping of order. The emperor, or king, or president is in the highest place, and the lowest rank of governors is that of the policeman, who watches the conduct of the people in the street and road; but each has his orderly work to perform, and each may help in the noble building up of a strong, law-abiding land.

The clock that tells the time is a most charming example of order. If it does not do its business in an orderly way, it is of no use at all. It only upsets the household or the place of business. It must be put right, or else got rid of like a drunken or troublesome man who interferes with his neighbours. And so with all kinds of machines—sewing-machines, engines, ships, flying-machines, telegraph instruments, and the rest. It is a glorious sight to see a machine do its work—each wheel, or lever, or strap acting out its proper duty; just as it is a glorious sight to see the field produce crops, the river watering the land, the garden adorning the space about the houses, and the bird building its nest.

At first it may cost us some pain and trouble to learn order. You do not with ease learn the rules of arithmetic, or spelling, or grammar, or music; you do not without trouble learn to row, to swim, to drill; and so, in all kinds of learning and duty.

But after a time the order becomes part of our nature. We do the orderly thing without any feeling of pain. We rather feel pain at the disorder. When you first learned to walk under

the care of your mother, you made many mistakes ; you fell ; you were bruised ; you wept. But to-day you walk and run in the right manner, and it gives you pleasure to perform these beautiful motions ; for walking and running are splendid examples of orderly exercise of nerve and limb. Thus the order becomes a *habit*.

Suppose you wanted to cut in brass the picture of a man, a bird, etc. An English workman would first draw the picture on the brass, and then cut it in with some tool. But I believe the brass-workers of Benares are so clever that they do not need to draw the picture first. The ideas—the thoughts—the memories—are so fixed in their brains that they engrave as they go along, without the aid of drawings. They hold a brass plate or cup between their feet to keep it steady, and with a graver in the left hand and a hammer in the right, they tap, tap, tap—cut, cut, cut—and make the pictures in brass of Rama, and Sita, and Krishna, and all the noble gods and heroes of Indian story.¹

The spirit of orderly work and art lives in the very hands of the artist. And you may be an artist also—working in brass, or wood, or leather, or in the tilling of the soil, or the governing of a household, or the arranging of a shop or office, or the direction of persons who serve under you ; and you may do your duty with a feeling of joy in its order and usefulness.

PUNCTUALITY: A SATIRICAL ANECDOTE.

An Arab mistress had a servant-man, and sent him to fetch a lighted brand from a neighbour's house in order to renew the fire on the hearth.

He met a caravan going down to Egypt, and talked with the people, and resolved to go with them. And he was away for a whole year.

On his return, he went to the neighbour's house for the lighted brand ! But as he carried it, he stumbled and fell,

¹ *Art Manufactures of India*, by T. N. Mukharji, p. 193.

and dropped the brand, and the fire went out ; and he exclaimed :—

“ What a bad thing it is to hurry ! ” ¹ X

¹ *Assemblies of Al-Hariri*, trans. by R. Steingass, Vol. II, p. 291.

VIII.

PATIENCE AND PERSISTENCE.

SUPPOSE I ask you to stand still and bear a heavy weight ; and suppose you are willing to do so.

You are patient.

Observe ; you do not have to go forward ; you are not asked to push your way along a road ; you are just requested to carry the burden and stand still.

The patient man stands quietly under shelter, waiting for the rain to cease. His impatient neighbour growls and fidgets.

The patient woman waits till her angry husband is tired of his anger. Her impatient neighbour would have answered back, and made things worse.

Patient Job was a chief who lived in Syria or Arabia many hundred years ago. He had seven sons and three daughters. He had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, 500 she-asses, and very many slaves. Job was the greatest man in that region.

Now one day there ran to him a messenger in wild alarm.

"Sir," he shouted, "a dreadful thing has happened to your cattle. The oxen were ploughing in the fields, the asses fed beside them ; and the robbers of the wilderness came and drove them all away, and slew your servants with the sword ; and I only have escaped to tell you."

A second man ran in :—

"Sir, bad news ! bad news ! The lightning of heaven shot down upon your sheep and consumed them all, and killed all the shepherds, except me ! "

A third messenger arrived in hot haste :—

“Alas, O Job! I am the bearer of sad tidings. The Chaldean robbers have driven off your camels, and slain all the drivers but me!”

A fourth rushed in :—

“Woe, woe!” he cried. “Your seven sons and three daughters were feasting merrily in yonder house, and a whirlwind smote the building and it fell with a crash, and lo! all that were therein were crushed to death except me!”

Then Job arose and tore his mantle in token of grief, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and said :—

“Naked was I as a babe, and naked shall I leave the world, holding no wealth in my hands. God gave me my goods, and God has taken them away. Blessed be His name.”

And after that other evils befell Job, for he was smitten with a disease that covered him from head to foot. And he sat down on a couch of ashes, and when his wife bade him cry out in anger at God, he replied :—

“From God we receive good, and why not also sorrow?”

This was the *patience* of Job. This was how he bore the burden of grief, and was still.¹

Say the folk of the Punjab :—

Sadā nā bāgīn būlbūl bole,
Sadā nā bāg bāhārān ;
Sadā nā rāj kūshi de honde,
Sadā nā majlis yārān !

In English :—

The bulbul is not always singing in the garden,
The garden is not always in bloom,
Kings are not always reigning in happiness,
Lovers are not always together.²

And the meaning is that since we cannot expect always to be merry and full of enjoyment, we should be ready at times to bear the troubles that come to each and all.

¹ Book of Job (in the Bible).

² *Romantic Tales from the Punjab*, trans. by C. Swynnerton, p. 461.

But now suppose I asked you not only to bear the weight in patience, but to march along a road with it. And suppose you became tired, but were willing to carry the burden still in order to please me. This is patience; but it is more than patience; it is patience that marches; patience that goes towards an end; it is *Persistence*.

The Romans began as a small nation with a small city. People often say, "Rome was not built in a day," meaning that step by step the Romans built up their power, and conquered one land after another, until they were masters of all the plains and mountains round about the Mediterranean Sea. They persisted.

The noble Italian sailor, Columbus, sailed from Spain to the west across unknown waters, and still to the west, though his companions murmured at the danger of this new sea, and still to the west until he beheld the shores of islands that belonged to America. Thus he had found a New World. He persisted.

In America the white people formed the country of the United States. They made negroes work in their cotton fields, not as free labourers but as slaves. A few white people said this was wrong. The number of these friends of the negro race grew larger. Year after year they kept saying, "It is not right". A great war took place, and at last the Northern States won the victory; and they set all negroes in the United States free. The men and women who worked for negro freedom had never lost hope. They persisted.

Lastly, we will turn to India for our examples.

The famous sage, Sankara, whose name casts a glory on the Malabar land in which he was born some 1200 years ago, had, even as a boy, set his heart on becoming a Sanyasi. His mother was for a long time unwilling that he should join that holy order, even though she knew his desire was noble.

One day mother and son went to bathe in a river which was then in flood. Sankara dived, and at once felt his foot caught by a crocodile. Death seemed close at hand. Even

in that dreadful moment, however, the brave Indian lad clung to his great purpose, and he shouted :—

“I am gone, dear mother! A crocodile is dragging me down. But let me die a Sanyasi!”

“Yes, yes, my son,” shrieked the mother.

Sankara wrenched his foot free from the reptile and escaped, and grew up to be a Guru who remained loyal to his great work of teaching philosophy to the very end of his wonderful life.¹

All who love India know the grand poem of the “Mahabharata”.

Many hundred years ago it was written in the Sanskrit tongue.

But when I, an Englishman, wished to read the “Mahabharata,” a Sanskrit copy was of no use to me, for I did not understand that language. I needed a copy in English.

A friend lent such a copy to me. It was in eleven volumes. At the beginning of the last volume I found a photograph of a fine-looking man, wearing a striped turban, a cotton gown, and his left hand clasps a book on his left knee; and another volume lies on the table at his right. Below the photograph is his name :—

BABU PROTAP CHANDRA RAI.

In his picture he does not look at all old. His eyes have a steady gaze, as of a man who sees a point in the far distance that he means to reach, and will let no bar stand in the way.

This point that he meant to reach was the publishing (that is, printing and giving out to the world) of an English version of the “Mahabharata”.

And it was issued!

Protap Chandra Rai found an Indian friend, namely Kisari Mohan Ganguli, to change the Sanskrit into English words, and the book was sent out in 100 parts.

¹ *Sri Sankaracharya: his life and times*, by C. N. Krishnasamy Aryar, pp. 24, 25.

Alas! when the ninety-fourth part appeared, and readers were able to con the story of the horse-sacrifice, the noble Protap Chandra Rai was dead:

For twelve years he had laboured to make this English book. He had gone to and fro in various parts of India to ask help from all who were willing to give. Money was given him by peasants, by princes, by the learned and unlearned, by friends in Europe and America.

Protap Chandra Rai caught a fever on one of these journeys. He was not rich. He had been a bookseller, and had spent his money in paying for this English translation.

When he lay in bed during his last illness in 1895, his thoughts were still in the great task that he had set himself. He could only speak in whispers.

"Let the book be finished," he said to his dear wife. "Do not spend money on my Shraddha ceremony if the money is needed for the printing. Live in as simple a way as you can, so as to save money for the 'Mahabharata'."

He died, loving India, and loving India's great poem to the last beat of his heart.

His widow, Sundari Bala Rai, was loyal to his wish. The translator, Ganguli, kept faithful to the work till the last English word was written, and the last of the parts was marked with the date, July, 1896.

And now any Englishman or Englishwoman can read the eighteen "parvas" of the noble epic of old India—the story of the five brothers and the tremendous battle of Kurukshetra and Yudhishtira's ascent to heaven. And as they read they will respect and admire the power and the skill of the poets of ancient times who wrote the wonderful "Mahabharata"; and the labours of Protap Chandra Rai bear fruit.¹

Protap Chandra Rai persisted.

So we have heard of patient Job.

We have heard how the Romans persisted.

¹ The particulars of P. C. Rai's work are taken from the prefaces and notes by the widow and translator, in the last volume of his "Mahabharata".

We have heard how Columbus persisted.

We have heard how the friends of the negroes persisted.

We have heard how Sankara, even in a moment of peril, persisted.

We have heard how Protap Chandra Rai persisted.

And will not you, brave child, join the grand army of the men and women who persist in the doing of good?

Look about you, and think in what good works—at home, at school, or in the broad world—you can persist.

IX.

THE SIMPLE LIFE (1).

THE prophet Muhammad, who gave his life to teaching the people, and had no care for ease and riches, once slept on a hard mat; and when he arose, his skin was marked by the fibres and knots of the couch.

And a friend said :—

“O Messenger of God! this was too hard a bed for you; and, if you had ordered, I would gladly have spread a soft couch for you to rest on.”

The prophet answered :—

“A soft bed is not for me. I have work to do in the world. I take rest when the body demands rest, but only as a horseman who reins up his horse for a little while under the shadow of a tree, that so he may take a little shelter from the heat of the sun; but soon he passes on his way.”¹

“I have work to do in the world,” said the prophet.

That was why his simple life was noble. He had a mission to carry out. He desired to teach his religion to the people of Arabia. Therefore, he had no care for things of luxury, such as soft beds and rich furniture. His heart was set on higher thoughts.

The following Arabian story shows how, to a healthy soul, the simple life yields more pleasure than the life of a rich mansion.

The girl Maisun was the daughter of the tribe of Kalb, and had spent her earliest years in the tent and the desert,

¹ *The Sayings of Muhammad*, by Abdullah-al-Mamun, pp. 90-1.

amid scenes of the palm-tree, the camel, the horse, and the scattered pastures of Arabia.

She had been married to the Caliph Muawiyah, but, though he was rich and had many slaves, she had no peace of mind amid the luxury of his house and estate. And oft-times, as she sat alone, she would softly sing to herself some Arabian verses which she had herself composed.

"The red-brown garments of camel's hair," she said, "are fairer in my eyes than the robes of a queen.

"The tent of the desert is lovelier to dwell in than the grand chambers of a palace.

"The lively colts that run about the Arab camp are prettier to me than the mules that glitter in costly harness.

"The watch-dog that barks when a stranger comes near his master's hut gives forth a sweeter sound than the trumpet of the palace guard."

These words were heard by her husband, and he banished her from his court. The poetess went back to her tribe, and saw the grand mansion of the Caliph no more.¹

It is a good thing that so many people in Europe, America, and elsewhere have, during recent years, come to see how much more pleasant and sensible is the simple life than one which is given over to much spending, much show, and much vanity. Men and women who have money enough to buy expensive things will forbear from wasting their substance in this way. They take delight in good, plain food rather than rich food; and in adorning their rooms with a few strong, useful and pretty pieces of furniture than with a heap of gaudy, useless things meant only for display before the eyes of neighbours. Both in India and in England, some of the hardest workers for the common weal and the best servants of the public live in a frugal, quiet manner which keeps them in better health, and enables them to take more active part in the world's work. At the same time, they put to shame the people who expend treasure on proud pomp in clothes,

¹ Clouston's *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*, p. 105.

furniture, servants, etc. Whoever spends too much on such purposes is wasting stores which might be used for the feeding, clothing, and maintaining of his poorer neighbours.

Saint Francis, a holy man much revered by Christian people, was a preacher of the Good Life in Italy and France; but he did not teach folk in order to gain money. He was content with very simple fare so long as he felt he was helping the people by his preaching; and he begged his food from house to house.

One day he and his comrade, Brother Masseo, came to a town and Francis went down one street and Brother Masseo down another. Now Francis was a small man and mean to look at, and Masseo was handsome and tall; and people gave but few scraps of food to Francis, and plenty to Brother Masseo. They met again outside the gate of the town, at a spot where a clear brook ran, and they sat on a large flat stone by the waterside, and on the stone put the broken bread which the people had given them.

"O Brother Masseo," cried Saint Francis, with a joyful face, "we are not worthy of so vast a treasure."

"Indeed," said Masseo, "but I see naught in this broken bread that can be called a treasure. We have no cloth, no knife, no plate, no bowl, no table, no servant."

"But," replied the Saint, "we have bread to eat, a good table to place it on, and sweet water to drink from this stream."

Such was the brave heart of Francis. The story does not mean that poor folk must always rest content with very mean fare. Rather it shows us how beautiful is the courage of great souls who go on with their good work in spite of scant support.¹

We have learned that:—

Great heroes, like the prophet Muhammad, can teach mankind while living a simple life.

Ordinary folk, like the girl Maisun, can find happiness in the simple life.

¹ *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis*, trans. by T. W. Arnold, ch.

Holy souls, like St. Francis, can sustain a cheerful spirit in the service of their fellow-men, while possessing only such gifts as the simple life can give them.

We should bear in mind that those who spend much on things that go beyond the simple life are really taking away the bread and the treasure that might bestow comfort on their neighbours.

X.

THE SIMPLE LIFE (2).

IN the days of the famous Emperor Akbar there lived at Agra a Jain saint named Banarsi Dass. The emperor called the saint to his palace, and said :—

“Ask of me what you will, and, because of your holy life, your need shall be satisfied.”

“God has given me more than I need,” answered the saint.

“But do ask,” said Akbar.

“Then, sire, I will ask that you summon me not again to your palace, for I desire to give my time to God.”

“Be it so,” said Akbar. “But now, in my turn, I have a boon to ask.”

“Speak, sire.”

“Give me some good counsel which I may bear in mind and act upon.”

Banarsi Dass thought for a while, and then spoke :—

“See that your food be pure and clean, and look with care at your meat or drink, and especially at night.”

“I promise to follow your advice,” said the emperor.

And, in truth, the advice was good ; for pure food and drink make a pure body, and a pure body is like a holy temple for a pure life and thought to dwell in.

Now it so fell out that the day of the saint's visit was a yearly fast-day, and Akbar would take no meal till several hours past midnight. The cooks of the palace had prepared the food during the evening, and placed it in gold and silver dishes, and so let it wait till the time of fasting was over.

Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, Akbar asked

for meat and drink. He was about to take and eat in haste when he called to mind the words of Banarsi Dass. He paused, examined the dish closely, and found that the food was covered with brown ants. Though the golden dish was polished bright, and the vessel had been kept in a splendid chamber, the ants had crept in and spoiled the emperor's meal.

Akbar sent the dishes away, and remembered Banarsi Dass with gratitude.¹

You will, of course, understand that Banarsi Dass did not simply wish to guard against the spoiling of food by brown ants. He meant that it was a matter of very great importance to make sure that we sustained our body with what was wholesome and free from taint. Many diseases follow the eating of impure food. All civilized nations now give close attention to the people's food, and many cities employ a public officer, called an analyst, to watch the sale of food in shop, market, and bazaar, in order to prevent the purchase of bad meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, etc. He who knowingly sends to the market any kind of bread or fruit or other food which is not quite wholesome is a bad citizen, for he is striking at the people's health. But food may be bought good in the market, and yet it may be so carelessly kept and handled in the house that it becomes unwholesome or even poisonous. Therefore we should all look, as the Emperor Akbar looked, into the dish before we eat; that is to say, we should neither eat, nor sell, nor give to others to eat any meat or vegetable that is not likely to make pure blood.

Banarsi Dass also told Akbar to examine his drink, though the story does not tell of any harmful thing found in the emperor's cup.

But there is a cup that looks bright to the eye, and which seems to contain a sweet and cheering draught, and yet brings danger and death to the race of man. It is the cup that contains the spirit alcohol, whether in the form of wine, beer, brandy, arrack, and so forth.

¹ Adapted from a paper sent to the author by Mr. Musaddu Lall, Jaini.

Is it wrong to drink alcoholic drinks? It is quite certain that many good men and women all over the world think it a lawful thing to drink wine and other such liquors. We must therefore respect their views. At the same time, those persons would never say it was wrong to leave alcohol alone. So now we observe that :—

1. Some persons think it wrong to drink alcoholic liquors.
2. Some think it right.
3. Nobody thinks it wrong to go without.

In England children often join a young people's company, known as a Band of Hope, and they encourage one another by cheerful singing, and other entertainments, and listening to lectures, to keep true to their pledge or promise to abstain from alcoholic drink. Many thousands of grown-up people, in England and the United States, and elsewhere, declare their resolve never to touch the dangerous liquor. In some places shopkeepers are forbidden to sell it. It is said that in India, which for ages had so good a name for temperance in drinking, the habit of taking alcohol has increased of late years. Hence, societies to spread temperance are growing up in many parts of India, like trees that bear wholesome fruit, or like fortresses that protect from peril. This peril of alcohol is more deadly than any Raksha of the old Indian stories. While the demons in the ancient tales wounded or slew the body, this spirit of alcohol injures the thinking-powers and the character. The evil done by alcohol is four-fold :—

1. It hurts the body.
2. It hurts the mind.
3. It hurts the children of parents who drink too much.
4. It hurts the servant. Each one of us is a servant of humanity ; and if we injure our health and thought by over-much drinking, we make ourselves bad servants, like soldiers who carry broken weapons to war ; like sailors who take a leaky ship to sea ; like messengers who ride lame horses ; like nurses who fall asleep by the bedside of the patient. And do you not de-

sire to be a noble and useful servant of India and humanity?

The Roman poet Virgil loved to spend time in the field and farm. He admired the strong bullock that drew the plough, that cut the furrows, that received the seed, that yielded the food for men and animal. Huge is the bullock's body; mighty are its muscles; heavy its labour, year in and year out. Yet, says Virgil:—

The bullocks never hurt themselves by the drinking of wine, or the eating of rich feasts. They feed on simple herbs; the crystal springs and running rivers are their drink; and no care breaks their healthful slumber.

And the same could be said of other animals which can out-pass man in strength and health.

Be strong.

How hurt and offended you would be if your parent or teacher asked you to "Be weak". How willing you are to be strong.

Now the temperate man or woman is strong; or, if not strong, they can best preserve such strength as they have.

Remember the advice of Banarsi Dass.

Look into the dish.

Look into the cup.

XI.

PRUDENCE.

"WELL shot!" cried the crowd, as a young Indian bowman aimed an arrow so truly at a small bird that it fell at once with a flutter to the ground.

"Yes," said a man, "but the sun shines. The archer could see clearly what he shot at. He is not so clever as Dasa-ratha."

"What can Dasa-ratha do?"

"He is a sabda-bedhi."

"What is that?"

"He shoots by sound."

"What do you mean?"

"He can shoot and kill in the dark. He goes to the jungle, and listens, and having judged by the sound of a step, or a wing where the wild creature is, he lets an arrow fly and brings the game down as surely as if he shot by day."

Thus the fame of Dasa-ratha, the prince of the city of Ayodhya, was noised abroad; and he was proud of his skill as a sabda-bedhi, and pleased with the praise of the people.

He would ride out in his car at dusk, and go alone into the forest and crouch and listen.

Perhaps he would hear the tread of a buffalo or an elephant coming to the river to drink.

Perhaps a light-footed deer or a stealthy tiger.

One night he lay amid the bushes, waiting for a rustle or a splash.

Yes, he caught the sound of a movement in the water. It was surely an elephant. Naught could he see in the gloom, but the sound was enough. Dasa-ratha was a sabda-bedhi.

He shot.

Then came a cry that startled him.

"O help, help, help! I am wounded by an arrow! Some one has shot me!"

The bow fell from Dasa-ratha's hand, and his head swam with the faintness of terror.

What had he done? Had he struck a human being instead of a wild beast?

He hurried through the jungle, and reached the shore of the pool, and there saw a youth lying in his blood, his hair wildly spread; and a pitcher was in his hand.

"O sir," he moaned, "was it you who shot the fatal arrow? What evil have I done to you that you should treat me thus? I am a hermit's son. My aged parents are blind, and I wait upon them and provide for their wants. I came hither to draw water from the pool. And now I shall care for them no more. Go and tell them what has happened; but, ere you depart for the cottage on yonder path, take the shaft from my breast, for it hurts me much."

Dasa-ratha plucked the arrow from the young man's breast. The hermit's son gave a last sigh, and died.

Then the prince filled the pitcher with water, and walked the way the dying youth had pointed.

As he came near the cottage door, the father called out:—

"My son, why have you tarried so long? Have you stopped to bathe in the pool? We feared lest some evil have befallen you. Why do you not answer?"

The voice of Dasa-ratha trembled as he spoke:—

"I am not your son, O holy hermit. I am a Kshatriya—a warrior that was proud of his skill in archery. To-night I lay in wait for wild beasts, and, deeming by the sound that a jungle elephant was drinking, I shot. Alas! I slew your son. O tell me, sir, what I may do to atone for the wrong."

Then the old man and the old woman lifted up their voices in grief and wept. They bade the prince lead them to the place where lay their dead son—their only son. Over his

body they said the sacred hymns, and they poured the funeral water, and then the father said :—

“Hear me, O Dasa-ratha ! You have caused us to shed tears for a dear son. You also shall weep for a son beloved. Not yet. Many a year shall pass. But the punishment shall surely come.”

They made a pile, and their son was burned in the flames, and they also leapt upon the pyre, and died !

Time passed. Dasa-ratha became King of Ayodhya, and married the Lady Kausalya, and their son was the glorious Rama.

Rama was a youth beloved by all the city, except by the Queen Kaikeyi and her humpbacked maid ; and these two women set their hearts to work the ruin of the noble Rama ; and through them it was that Rama was sent into exile for fourteen years.

Thus Dasa-ratha wept for his son, as the old parents in the jungle wept for the lad who died at the edge of the pool by midnight.

Well would it have been if Dasa-ratha had shot only by day, and not foolishly trusted to his skill as a sabda-bedhi.¹

Proud of his skill, he did not look forward, and think of the risk he ran of hurting some one in the darkness. Dasa-ratha meant no harm, but he was imprudent.

The vultures in the following story even meant to do good, but they nearly got their friend into serious trouble.

Two old vultures were poor and miserable, and their son tried to feed and protect them.

A merchant of the city of Benares saw the three vultures and took pity on them, and put them in a dry place, and lit a fire, and supplied them with flesh from the place where the dead cattle were burned.

When rain fell heavily, the vultures flew away to the hills. They were now strong and well.

¹ R. C. Dutt's version of the *Ramayana*, p. 58.

So grateful were they to the merchant of Benares that they resolved to pick up all the clothes they saw lying anywhere about, and give them to their kind friend. They flew from house to house, and village to village, and snatched up garments which they saw drying in the open air, and carried them to the merchant's house.

He understood their goodwill, but he did not sell or make any use of the stolen garments. He simply laid them aside.

People set traps for the vultures, and caught the young one, and took it to the king.

"Why do you rob my folk?" asked the king.

"A merchant saved the lives of myself and parents, and we desired to repay our debt, and collected the clothes for him."

When the merchant was fetched to the royal presence, the king questioned him.

"Yes, sir," said the merchant. "The vultures have indeed brought me many garments, but I have laid them all aside, and am ready to restore them to their owners."¹

This was a case of what is called mistaken kindness. The vultures were properly grateful to the merchant, but they were very unwise in the way they tried to prove their gratitude.

The Japanese people express their idea of prudence in this way: they have, in one of their temples, a figure of Buddha meditating on a lotus; and in front of the Lord are three little apes. One has its hand on its eyes; the second has its hand on its ear; the third has its hand on its mouth.

What do the three apes mean?

The first teaches:—

"I see no bad or foolish thing."

The second teaches:—

"I hear no bad or foolish thing."

The third teaches:—

"I say no bad or foolish thing."

If we wrote on a board a list of the prudent person's habits, it would run something like this—the Prudent Person—

¹ The *Jatakas*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 164.

Is careful in what he says.

Is careful in what he hears.

Is careful in what he sees.

Is careful in his eating, drinking, clothing, etc.

Looks where he goes.

Thinks of the morrow, and beyond the morrow.

Tries to imagine what will follow after his action or word ; ,
that is to say, he thinks of the *consequences*.

XII.

RIGHT SPEECH.

A LION, fox, and wolf went out hunting together, and they pursued and caught three animals—an ass, a gazelle, and a hare. The three hunters stood round the three dead creatures, and the lion said to the wolf :—

“Now, friend wolf, will you please say how our three hunters are to divide the game we have caught.”

The wolf replied :—

“We need not divide, that is to say, we need not cut the meat up; you take the ass, let the fox take the hare, and I will have the gazelle.”

Roar !

The lion struck the wolf a violent blow on the head, and killed him. That was the wolf's payment for his advice. So then the lion turned to the fox and said :—

“Now, my dear friend, what do you suggest?”

“Oh, sir,” answered the fox, with a low salaam, “the case is very simple. You should have the ass for your morning meal, the gazelle for your evening meal, and then you can eat the hare as a light refreshment in between.”

“Very well,” said the lion, who was well pleased to have the whole of the game for himself. “And who taught you such wisdom and justice?”

“I learnt wisdom from yonder dead wolf,” said the fox slyly.¹

Did the fox please the lion? Yes. Did the fox speak his

¹ Ad-Dimiri's *Hayat al-Hayawan*, pp. 380, 381,

real mind? No. Was his speech right and pure? No. And why not? Because he spoke in fear. The lion would call the fox's words "right speech"; but the lion loved meat, not truth.

A Moslem writer, Abu Abbas, has told us about the glory of King Solomon, who reigned in Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Jews. In his royal hall were placed 600 chairs, on some of which sat wise men and on others sat the "jinn" or genies who helped Solomon with their magic and their power. At a word from Solomon birds would come and spread their wings over the 600 persons of the council to shade them, and at a word from Solomon a wind came and lifted up the house each morning and each evening and carried it and the council a month's journey, so that they might see and govern distant lands.

When David, Solomon's father, died, Solomon had a throne made—the most wonderful ever made by kings in real life or in fairy tales. And the reason that he made it just as he did was, that no man would dare to tell an untruth in its presence. The throne was made of elephant ivory inlaid with pearls, rubies, and emeralds, and surrounded by date-palms made of gold, the dates being made of red rubies and green emeralds. On the top of two of the palms were golden peacocks, and on two others were golden vultures. And at each side of the throne were two gold lions between two pillars of emerald; and round the stems of the palm-trees were clustered grape-leaves of gold and grapes of rubies. The elders of Israel sat on Solomon's right, and their chairs were of gold; and the genies sat on his left, and their chairs were of silver. The people came before the king and he held his Court of Justice. Now, when any man stepped forward to bear witness for his neighbour or against his neighbour, a wonderful thing happened. At least Abu Abbas tells us so. Abu Abbas says that the throne spun round, king, lions, peacocks, palm-tree, and all; and then the two lions spread out their paws and struck the ground with their tails, and the vultures and peacocks stretched out their

wings. At the sight of these things the witness would tremble, and he would not dare to tell a falsehood.¹

Now, do you think that a man who loved right speech would need to be kept in the right path by the wonders of Solomon's throne? The throne of truth is in the good man's heart, and out of the rightness of his soul arises right speech. He speaks the truth, not because he fears a teacher, a master, a magistrate, or a ruler, but because truthfulness is manly; it is the mark of a true man's nature.

We love the truth in figures. Two and two equal four, and we do not believe any person who says two and two are five. And when we have once learned such a table as this :—

$$12 \times 1 = 12$$

$$12 \times 2 = 24$$

$$12 \times 3 = 36$$

$$12 \times 4 = 48$$

$$12 \times 5 = 60$$

$$12 \times 6 = 72$$

and so on, we desire to fix the truth in our mind, and we are rightly vexed with the man who asserts that 12×6 are 75, or 12×2 are 20.

We love the truth in our science of the heavenly bodies. Wise men long ago found the length of the year was 365½ days, and we should be startled and confused if we ever observed that the earth seemed to go round the sun in 300 days or 400 days. We should say that the earth had been untrue to its path. We should not know how to arrange our weeks, months, holy days, and festivals.

As we love truth in figures, or in the motion of the earth, or the moon, or planets, so we should love truth in men. He who often says a thing that is not true is an enemy to his fellow-men. They know not when to accept his word. To him and to them blue is not blue, and a rupee is not a rupee, and a cow is not a cow, and twelve times three are not thirty-

¹ Ad-Dimiri's *Hayat al-Hayawan*, pp. 495, 496.

six, and the promise, "I will do this or that," means something else. There can be no order in the village or the city where there is no truthfulness in speech.

In the *Ramayana* we read how the holy man Dadhichi gave his promise to the gods and how he kept it. The mighty lord Indra fought against the demon Vritra, and great gods stood at his side to help. Yet the power of Vritra was so great that the divine princes were hard pressed.

"Gods," said Vishnu, "I have thought of a plan."

"Tell us, O Vishnu."

"In the forest of Naimesha the noble saint Dadhichi lives the holy life. And I think, O gods, if the saint would let us have his bones, they could be made into darts that would strike death into our foes."

"Go and ask him if he will aid us."

So Vishnu went down to the forest. "Would you," he said, "help the good gods against the bad demon?"

"I would."

"Would you be willing to give up what is very dear to you?"

"I would."

"Will you do what the gods ask you?"

"I will."

"Then, Dadhichi, give me your bones."

The saint kept his word, he bowed beneath the sword of death. And his bones were fashioned into thunderbolts, and with these bolts Indra and Vishnu and their divine brethren gained the victory over the demon Vritra.¹

Thus the demon was conquered by the right speech of the saint. But I do not think that keeping a promise is always a good deed like the action of the saint Dadhichi. I will tell you of an evil promise and how it was kept.

Glad was the heart of Dasa-ratha at the dusk of day, when he had done the work of the State, and the hour was come when he might see his queen. But he found her not in her room of repose.

¹ *Ramayana*, trans. by F. S. Growse from Tulsi Das, Bk. II, p. 19.

"Where is the queen?" he asked the maids.

"She is in the Chamber of Wrath," they said.

When the king heard that the Queen Kaikeyi was in the Chamber of Wrath his heart was sad, for he knew that some evil had befallen her. Lo, he saw her lying on the ground. Her clothing was old and poor. No pearls glittered on her head or hands. She seemed as a widow who grieved for her dead husband. "Why are you angry, Joy of my Soul?" he asked.

She flung his hands away from her.

"Tell me," he begged again, "tell me what ails you, and I will give you whatever you need to console you. I swear by the name of my glorious son Rama."

At that name she rose up and smiled, and put on her royal robes and her jewels.

"To-day," he went on, "all the folk in the city of Ayodhya rejoice, because to-morrow my glorious son Rama will take my place as king. Be ready, lady, for the feast, when Rama, son of the fair Queen Kasalya, shall sit on my throne. You will join in the joy, I am sure, and be as happy as if your very own son Bharat (who is my son also) were to be crowned king."

Ah, the plan in Queen Kaikeyi's mind was to put Rama aside and put her own son Bharat in his place.

"You swore by Rama the glorious," she said, "to give me what I asked."

"I did."

"Then I ask two boons. First, make my son Bharat king. *Second, banish Rama from the land for fourteen years."

As the partridge trembles when the falcon hovers overhead, so the king trembled. As a palm-tree struck by the lightning, so the king fell to the floor. He clasped his hands upon his brow, and shut his eyes in sore grief, and he moaned:—

"My fruitful tree is withered, and the Queen Kaikeyi has made the city of Ayodhya desolate, and laid it in ruins."

And he cried again and again, "O Rama, Rama, Rama!"

And so Rama was driven from the land for fourteen years, because the king would not take back his pledge.

What shall we say to this painful story ?

1. Dasa-ratha ought not to have made such a promise without knowing what it meant.

2. The queen, of course, ought not to have used his promise for such an evil purpose.

3. It would have been better if he had said to her : " My promise was foolish ; I can only keep it by being cruel and unjust to Rama ; and therefore I must refuse to be bound by your wicked wish." ¹

We will agree, then, that there are mad and foolish promises that ought not to be kept.

We will also agree that—

He who speaks in fear may be tempted to speak falsely.

Truthfulness gives order to figures, so that we can trust them.

Truthfulness gives order to sun and planets.

Truthfulness is an orderly and noble thing in—

The child's right speech to the parent, teacher, or play-fellow.

The grown-up person's right speech to a child.

The right speech of neighbours to one another.

The right speech of merchants and buyers and sellers.

The right speech of citizens, speaking in households, or newspapers, or books, or in public councils.

¹ Mr. V. Subramanya Iyer, of Tumkur, has suggested that many Hindus will not assent to the breaking of a promise under any condition. Where this difficulty is felt by the teacher, he can do no harm by a frank discussion with the pupils ; and whatever decision is arrived at, the discussion will at least have emphasized the need of caution in making promises that involve serious consequences to the life and comfort of one's neighbour or oneself.

XIII.

SINCERITY.

AT Amroha a certain kind of earthenware is made which looks very pretty. It is adorned with silvery patterns. People look at the vessels and say :—

“How nice it would be to have such a jar, or pot, to carry any sort of liquor,” etc.

But when you pick up one of these “Kagazi” pots, you notice it is very light in weight. You will very likely break it if you handle it as you would any other earthen vessel. It is too delicate for use. It is a sort of pretender. It seems to be a vessel that can carry ; and the thing that it can most easily do is to break.¹

The “Kagazi” pot is not a good, true vessel.

Some men are not good, true men. They say what they do not mean. They say : “I should be glad to help you,” and they do not mean it. They say : “I shall fight at your side,” and they do not mean it. They are “Kagazi” pots—easily broken.

In an old fairy tale told in Southern India we hear of a prince who was called the Jessamine King. Whenever he laughed the land around for miles was made sweet with the scent of jessamine flowers. But the laugh must always come from his heart. It must be a true laugh. It must be natural. If ever people asked him to laugh just to observe what his laughter was like, not a sound of Ha, ha ! came. But when his spirit

¹ *Art Manufactures in India*, by T. N. Mukharji, p. 285. The remark is not intended to call in question the beauty of the Amroha earthenware.

was really merry, then the laughter rolled out "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" like a rushing stream.¹

The laughter of the Jessamine King was *sincere*.

Very rich was the display on the tables in the hall of Duryodhana's palace. The vessels were of gold and silver, adorned with red rubies, green emeralds, and diamonds that shot many colours. The lord Krishna was asked to the feast, but did not go.

Now Krishna was asked to go to another repast, and this was made ready by a poor Sudra. The vessels were poor and the food was very plain.

Which of these two meals pleased the lord Krishna the more?

The second; the feast given by the Sudra. And why?

Because it was given in love, whereas the banquet spread by King Duryodhana was given only in pride.

In like manner, the glorious Rama was once asked to sit at the board of a very humble woman, whose husband was a bird-catcher, or fowler. All she could place before the famous hero was a few half-eaten fruits, but these he ate with great pleasure, and he was happy in the company of her honest soul.²

The bird-catcher's wife was sincere. She gave the best she had. Rama prized the gift because of the giver.

Jalal was a wise and famous teacher. To him once there came two Turks, who desired to hear him teach, and they brought him a gift. Being poor their gift was small. It was but a handful of lentils. Some of his disciples looked with scorn upon the offering. Then spake Jalal:—

"The Prophet Muhammad needed treasure, and he bade his followers bring to him as much as they could afford. Some brought half their property. Some brought a third part. Abu-Bakr brought all his goods. Then Muhammad had a store of beasts and weapons. There came also a poor woman who gave the prophet three dates and a cake of bread,

¹ *Folklore of Southern India*, by Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri, p. 342.

² R. S. Pandiyaji's *Aryan Anecdotes*, pp. 19, 20.

for this was all she had. Now when his disciples smiled, the prophet told them he had in a vision seen the angels take the gifts of the people and put them into a great pair of scales; and the poor woman's three dates and loaf were in one scale, and weighed down all the things in the other scale. A little gift which was given with all the heart was as much in value as the most rich offering."

At this tale the souls of the two Turks rejoiced.¹

In the Hindu story of the glorious Rama and the bird-catcher's wife, we saw how beautiful was the sincere gift.

In the Muhammadan story of the poor woman who gave the prophet three dates and a cake of bread, we saw another example of a sincere giver.

In one of the plays of the great English poet Shakespeare, we see on the stage an old king named Lear. According to a tale of far-back times this king was King of Britain. He had three daughters whom I will call the Eldest, the Second, and the Third, Cordelia. Now it befell that on a day he talked with his daughters, and the husband of the Eldest, and the husband of the Second.

"It is time," he said, "for me to give up the cares of my kingdom. I only need a hundred knights to attend me. My armies, my lands, my all I will divide among you, my children; and I will come to each of your homes in turn, and find a happy lodging with each of my dear ones."

They were pleased at the idea.

"And now," King Lear went on, "as I am about to do so much for you, I would like to know how your hearts feel towards me. Tell me how deeply you love me."

The Eldest said: "Father, I love you more than words can tell. You are dearer to me than my eyes, my liberty. Beyond all other things do I love you."

"You speak well, my daughter," answered Lear, "and to you and your husband I grant a third part of my land."

The Second said: "I love you, my father, as my sister has

¹ The *Masnevi*, trans. by J. W. Redhouse, pp. 76-7.

spoken ; only she hardly spoke enough. I despise everything that might give me pleasure, because I have so much pleasure in serving you."

Then said Cordelia : " I love your majesty as I ought to love ; not more, not less. If my sisters love none but you, they should not have married husbands. When I am married I shall have love for my husband, and give him half my affection. The other half shall be yours."

At this reply King Lear was much vexed. He did not stop to think whether the elder sisters had meant sincerely every word they uttered. They were but "Kagazi" pots, and seemed strong in love and yet were weak.

The king in his anger declared that Cordelia should have no land at all.

"Go out of my sight," he cried to his youngest daughter.

A good nobleman begged him not to treat Cordelia so unkindly, but Lear would not listen to reason.

Perhaps, indeed Cordelia might have answered her father in a still more tender manner. But she scorned to put on pretence as her sisters did, and hence her words seemed much colder than she meant.

Time passed on. The "Kagazi" pots were broken. When Lear went to his Eldest daughter's house, she would not take him in ; neither would the Second daughter. Only one was good to him, and that was Cordelia.

One of the scenes in the play shows us poor Lear lying in a chair very ill and weak, and almost out of his mind. But he just knows his youngest daughter, and he has enough sense to see that she is true to him. She had not spoken loud words of love, but the little that she did say was sincere ; and now she nursed him and watched over him in his sore distress, when his other children had cast him out.

Alas ! the story goes on to say how Cordelia loses her life ; and then what can the poor old king do ? The king is past eighty years old. He is mad. He carries the body of his beloved daughter on to the stage, and he cries to his companions as one in great pain :—

Howl, howl, howl, howl ! O, you are men of stone ;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That Heaven's vault should crack.

That is, he would lift up his voice so loudly as to break the heaven. But all his cries cannot bring the dead woman back to life. He kneels beside Cordelia, and tells his friends to look at her lips. . . .

"Look there, look there !" and so saying he dies.

He knew before he died how real and true was the heart of his daughter. He and she lay close together in death.

In the last story which I shall tell you in this lesson you will find that the honest and sincere man, Vashishtha, suffered for his frankness, though, happily, not unto death.

Vishvamitra, a rich and mighty king, wished to attain more greatness still by the practice of self-denial—"tapasya," and so changed his caste from that of Kshatriya to that of a Brahman. He did all that he thought was needed, and was most austere in his life, and people said he had indeed earned the title of Brahman.

Not so the Brahman Vashishtha. He saw that the king had acted in a vain spirit. The tapasya was not pure. He would not call him Brahman.

In anger the King Vishvamitra slew a hundred children in Vashishtha's family; yet for all this sorrow Vashishtha would not say what he did not think was true. Then the king resolved to slay the truth-teller, and one evening went to the Brahman's hut to carry out his evil purpose. He paused outside for he heard the Brahman and his wife talking.

"Bright shines the moon," said the wife, "and whose tapasya, O Vashishtha, do you think as bright as the moon?"

"Vishvamitra's," was the answer.

The king was touched to the very heart. He threw aside his weapons, and went and bowed low before the hermit.

"Bramharshi," said Vashishtha, in kind welcome; for he saw the king's heart had a nobler spirit.

"Why," said the king humbly, "did you not acknowledge my tapasya before?"

"Because," said Vashishtha, "you claimed the title of Brahman by the proud power of your warrior's sword; but now you come in a Brahman's true spirit."¹

Thus had Vashishtha spoken the truth without fear or favour.

Sincere was the laughter of the Jessamine King.

Sincere was the offering of the bird-catcher's wife.

Sincere was the gift of the three dates and the cake of bread to the prophet Muhammad.

Sincere was the love of Cordelia to her father.

Sincere was the Brahman Vashishtha.

¹ From an address by the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

XIV.

REAL AND FALSE.

SHOULD you say it was right to steal on our way by night, so that none should see us? Would you not think we loved darkness rather than light? But the real reason might be different. The lord Rama once hid under cover of darkness.

Truly, we ought to let the sun shine on our steps, so that all men may see our deeds. But sometimes, in kindness of heart, we may hide.

Heroic Prince Rama was sent from his native land into exile, and the people of the city of Ayodhya were so unhappy at his leaving them that they followed in his path. He halted for the night, and the citizens also halted. They lay on the ground, and, worn out with the tramp, they fell asleep.

Rama did not slumber. In the middle of the night he said to one of his companions:—

“We must escape so that the people do not know whether we are gone. Do you drive the chariot here and there, this way and that, forwards and backwards, even as one who wishes to deceive.”

And he did so—Rama and his wife Sita and his brother Lakshman sitting in the car.

Then towards the morn they drove clear away, and had ridden many miles by the time the people woke, and the sun had risen.

They ran, some this way, some that, but could not make out the true track of the chariot. They called:—

“Rama! Rama!”

But none could tell the right road, and so they must needs go home, as Rama had planned they should.¹

The man who seems to like the darkness may really have a good purpose.

On the other hand, a man may seem to be wise and learned, and yet be false.

A Brahman sent his son to Benares to study under a Pandit.

After twelve years the young man returned home, and people came to see him, thinking he must be a very deep scholar; and they placed before him a book written in the Sanskrit tongue, and said:—

“Explain the doctrine to us, O honourable Pandit.”

He stared at the book. In truth, he understood not a word. He had done nothing at Benares but learn his alphabet, and the letters had been marked on a board very large, so that day after day he might look at and get them into his head! Further than that he could not go!

He was silent for a time, and his eyes seemed about to let tears fall.

“O Pandit,” said the visitors, “something has touched your heart. Do tell us what you have found in the book.”

“The letters,” he replied, “used to be big at Benares, and now they are small!”

As, of course, they were, in the book!²

The story I have just told you comes from Kumaun, in the region of the Himalaya mountains. I will add another from the same country.

The King of Kumaun was hunting on the hill of Almora, which was then covered thickly with trees. A hare sprang from the bushes. He rode swiftly after it. It suddenly changed itself (so people say!) into a tiger, and then vanished from his sight.

The Wise Men were assembled at the palace, and the king asked them what this strange sign might mean.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, p. 50.

² *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun*, by P. G. D. Upreti, p. 108.

"It means," they said, "that on the spot where you lost sight of the tiger you should build a new city."

He agreed, and workmen were chosen to build. But first of all, a thick iron rod was driven into the soil.

"Stop!" cried the Wise Men, "it need go no further. The point of it has pierced the body of the world-serpent, Seshnág."

"If that is so," replied the king, "I must see the proof."

And the tale goes on to relate that the point was found reddened with Seshnág's blood! The Wise Men were angry with the king and declared that his race could only last a few generations longer.

Well, but as a matter of fact, the real reason that made the spot good to build the city on was the fertile soil, and the abundance of water. Six hundred years the city of Almora has stood on the hill, and the ground still yields plenty of water, and still bears fine crops of corn.¹

The Wise Men were not so wise after all. "Time proves all things," says a proverb. And, in this case, time has proved that the Wise Men's reason for choosing the site of Almora was not the true one, and that the real reason was the natural goodness of the soil.

No doubt the Wise Men of Kumaun thought their reason right; and we may speak of them with respect.

But there are people who only pretend. They know they are false. They are hypocrites. And how do we feel towards them?

Hear the tale of the wolf.

A wolf had his den among the rocks on the banks of the River Ganges. When the stream was in flood the water rose higher and higher and surrounded the rock on which the wolf lived, and so he could get no food.

"Oh, well," he said, "now as I can get no food, I will keep holy day and proclaim a fast."

Therefore, he lay on the rock, and looked very solemn, and kept holy day.

¹ *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun*, by P. G. D. Upreti; Introduction.

But a wild goat leaped from rock to rock in the stream, and reached the rock where lay the wolf.

"Oho!" cried the wolf. "Here's something to eat."

He jumped towards the goat, and missed him; and jumped again, and missed him; and, at last, the goat got clear away.

"Oh, well," said the wolf, "I will not be so wicked as to eat goat's flesh on a holy day. No; no goat's flesh for me on a fast day."¹

What do we think of this wolf? We smile at his deceit. We know his respect for the holy day was not real. We despise his pretence. He gained no goat's flesh. Neither does he gain our respect.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRUTHFULNESS.

I.

In the Koran there is a chapter called the Night-journey, for it speaks in the first line of Muhammad's journey by night to the City of Jerusalem. And in this Night-journey chapter there are two verses that shine as stars in the night. One is—

Perform your covenant.

The other is—

Truth is come, and falsehood is vanished; for falsehood lasts but a short time.²

II.

It is a joy to turn a mistake into true knowledge.

The teacher feels pleasure in correcting, and in opening the eyes of the scholars to see facts and truth.

The monkeys and bears in Hanuman's army fought with the famous lord Rama against the ten-headed and twenty-handed demon Ravan. When Ravan was near his end, and the warriors of Hanuman pressed upon all sides, and the great Rama and the noble Lakshman were watching the awful contest, he tried the power of magic.

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 300.

² *Al-Koran*, ch. xvii.

All of a sudden, by the demon's spell, there appeared among the demons on his own side many Ramas and many Lakshmans. They were indeed but shows and shams. To the monkeys and bears, however, they seemed real persons, and the poor fellows knew not what to do. How could they attack? How could they fling mountains and trees at Rama and Lakshman, their beloved captains? They paused in dismay, and Ravan the Demon smiled in cruel glee.

Rama also smiled. It was his delight to slay error and delusion, and to unveil the truth. He fitted an arrow to his mighty bow, and shot. The shaft whizzed through the air, among the false shadows, and they were gone in a moment; and the monkey host saw clearly, and took courage.¹

III.

Four princes of Benares—all brothers—said to their charioteer:—

“We want to see a Kimsuka tree.”

“Certainly,” he answered; and he invited the eldest to go for a ride.

In the jungle he showed the prince a Kimsuka. It was the time of the year when there were no young sprouts, no leaves, no flowers; just a bare trunk of dark wood.

Some weeks later the second prince went for a ride with the charioteer, and saw the Kimsuka. It had leaves in plenty.

The third saw it a little later in the season, and it had pink flowers.

The fourth beheld it when the fruit had ripened.

One day the four princes sat together, and somebody asked a question:—

“What is the Kimsuka tree like?”

First prince—“A burned stump!”

Second prince—“A spreading banyan tree!”

Third prince—“A piece of pink and red meat!”

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, p. 126.

Fourth prince—"An acacia tree with fruit!"

Since they disagreed, they went to their father the king to decide. Having heard when and how each had seen the Kimsuka, he smiled and said:—

"Each is right, but you have each forgotten to ask as to what happens at other times than when you saw the tree." Each had got one fact right, but he overlooked other facts.¹

IV.

About the year 1830 the Emperor of Delhi sat on his throne one morning, and gave marks of honour to such as he deemed worthy. When he had given most of the gifts away, he noticed that a youth who had been commanded to appear in his presence had not arrived. The youth was Syed Ahmed.

The emperor left the throne, and got into the sedan-chair in which he used to be carried from one part of the palace to another.

Just then Syed Ahmed hurried in.

"Syed Ahmed!" called the chamberlain.

"Your son is late," said the emperor to his friend, who was Syed's father.

The chair was borne a few steps into the chamber of pictures, when the emperor bade the bearers halt, and sent for the youth. Taking him by the hand he asked why he came late.

"Sire," replied the youth, "I overslept myself. My horse is a Deccani animal, thirty years old. Old as he is, however, I feared he might run away with me if I urged him to go fast, for he is a steed of much mettle. Riding slowly, sire, I came late to your gracious presence."

The courtiers looked at the youth in surprise. They expected that he would conceal the true reason. It was surely too bold of him to tell the emperor that he had no better excuse than oversleeping himself. They tried to check him

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 248.

in his speech. But Syed Ahmed loved the truth, and spoke it to all men, high or low.

The emperor was pleased with the youth's frankness, and gave him the usual necklace of pearls, and the jewel of honour for his head.

It was this youth who was afterwards known as Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, and who was the chief founder of the College for Muhammadan students at Aligarh.¹

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Graham's *Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan*, pp. 4-6.

XV.

JUDGING OTHERS.

IF you put a straight stick half-way into the water, the stick will appear bent in the middle. But is it really crooked? If you slide your finger down it into the water, you will find there is no bend in it; and, of course, if you take it out, you will find the crookedness has vanished. So that if you had said, "The stick is crooked," your judgment would have been wrong.

Very often we form a judgment about a thing or a person, and our judgment is too hasty. We do not think enough. We do not look at it long enough, so as to see all that it is, and all that it means, or all that the person is, and all that the person means.

It was said of a certain Arabian gentleman that he was rude to the guests who called at his house, and made them uncomfortable.

"I will go and prove it for myself," said a man, who always liked to be sure of the facts.

So he presented himself at the door of this gentleman, and saluted him.

"Pray, come in," said the master of the house.

When the guest was invited to sit on the best seat in the reception-room, he did so.

When the guest had a soft cushion given him, he made himself comfortable on it.

When the guest was asked to play at chess, he joined in the game.

When the guest had food placed before him, he ate with pleasure.

When a basin and ewer were brought for the washing of hands, he washed.

When the guest had his sandals given back to him, and he was invited to walk in the garden, he readily went.

"Sir," said the guest to the master, "there is one thing I should like to ask you".

"Pray, what is it?"

"People have told me you were in the habit of making them uncomfortable, for you wanted one thing and they wanted another."

"Ah," he said, "I think I know what you mean. A man would come to my house. I would offer him a seat, and he would decline. I would offer him food, and he would say, 'No, thank you'. I would invite him to play chess, and he would refuse. How can you get on happily with cross-grained persons of that sort? People who meet friends should try and fall in with their ways."¹

It seems, then, that the people who reported this Arabian gentleman's character were wrong. They did not wait to understand him, and to see the reason of his actions. They were hasty in their judgment. But while this is true, we may perhaps confess that the master of the house might have been a little more ready to give way to the ideas of his guests. He may not always have understood them, just as they judged him wrongly.

If a wall surrounded your house and garden, and a man were to catch hold of a bough of a garden tree, and swing himself over the wall by it into your enclosure, you would take it as a piece of rudeness, would you not?

Well, listen.

The Shah Ismail Sefevi, of Persia, conquered the land of Khorassan, and returned to his native land. Passing the dwelling-place of the poet Hatifi, the thought entered his mind that he would like to visit the poet. So eager was he to see this famous man that he could not wait for the gate to be

¹ *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, p. 572.

opened. He seized the bough of a tree that overhung the wall, swung himself over, and met the poet in the garden.

Hatifi understood. He took no offence, but invited the Shah into his house, heard the king's account of his wars, and promised to recite the story in a new poem. And he kept his promise.¹

Let me pause in the midst of my serious talk about hasty judgment to make you smile.

An Indian religious mendicant, clothed in a leather robe, was going across the country in quest of alms. In a meadow he met a ram.

The fierce animal prepared to butt at the mendicant, and, in order to do so, it went back a few paces, and bent its head.

"Ah!" said the mendicant, "this is a good creature. He knows I am a man of worth, and he bows!"

Just then, the ram rushed forward, and knocked the worthy man to the earth.²

In this case, the stick seemed nice and straight, and as a matter of fact, it was crooked and unpleasant!

You will see a good many crooked sticks in the home, the school, the workshop, the office, the town.

The quiet, silent boy may seem dull and slow, and he may turn out the cleverest in the school.

The teacher who seems to be very strict and hard may love you, and desire to train you in the best way.

The person who seems so backward in making friends may after all be the best friend you have.

Yes, and the man who seems to be evil in his thoughts and deeds may have a spot of goodness in his heart—like the wolf of the city of Agobio. You may be pleased to hear this strange legend from Europe.

A great wolf caused much fear in the woods and fields near the city of Agobio in Italy, so that people dared not go along the road near his den. The monster had slain both animals and men.

¹ Ouseley's *Notices of Persian Poets*, p. 144.

² *The Jataka*, Vol. III, trans. by Francis and Neil; Story 324.

At length St. Francis, the loving servant of Christ and the Virgin Mary, said he would go forth and face this dreadful creature, and many citizens of Agobio followed.

The wolf sprang at the saint with wide-open jaws, but Francis made the sign of the Christian Cross, and the wolf made no more threat, but lay down like a meek lamb.

"Brother wolf," said Francis, "you have done much harm in this place, and you deserve death as a murderer, and all men hate you. But I would gladly make peace between you and my friends of Agobio."

The wolf bent his head and wagged his tail.

"Brother wolf," Francis went on to say, "I promise you that, if you will keep the peace with the people, they will behave kindly to you, and give you your daily food. So will you promise to do no more hurt?"

Thereupon the wolf bowed his head, and placed his right paw in the hand of the saint, and they pledged each other in good faith.

So then Francis led the wolf to the market-place of Agobio, and in the midst of the crowd of citizens he spake again all that he had said before, and again the wolf put his paw in the hand of the saint by way of promise of right behaviour in the future.

Now the wolf lived for two years in the city, and he harmed neither man, woman, nor babe; and the people gave him day by day such food as he needed; and after that, being old, he died; and there was much sorrow at his death. For evil as he appeared to be, there was real tenderness in his heart, though, indeed, none found the tenderness till Francis came and saw in the horrid monster a fellow-creature, and even a brother. The old tale is not, of course, true, just as it stands; but you can see its beautiful meaning, and you will bear in mind that folk who seem naught but evil may have the seeds of good hidden in their hearts.¹

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, trans. by T. W. Arnold, ch. xxi.

XVI.

MODESTY (1).

Who is this that comes to the front door of a Japanese house?

It is the flower-artist; the man who has skill in arranging flowers.

The master of the house brings a tray on which are flowers, a pair of scissors, a knife, a little saw, and a fine vase.

The artist shakes his head.

"Sir," he says, "I cannot produce a nosegay beautiful enough for so beautiful a vase."

"I believe you can," says the master politely, as he leaves the room.

Left alone the artist sets to work, cutting, snipping, twisting, tying, until a lovely bunch of flowers rests in the vase—a joy for all eyes to behold.

The master and his friends enter the room. The artist stands on one side and murmurs:—

"My nosegay is too poor; let it be taken away."

"No," says the master, "it is good."

And on the table lying beside the vase the artist has left the pair of scissors. By this he means that if any fault is seen in his bunch of flowers, some hand may take up the pair of scissors and cut away anything that displeases the eye.

The artist has done fine work, but he does not call out about its merits. He admits it may have faults. He is modest.

Perhaps the Japanese artist really thinks that his work

deserves praise. I cannot tell his thoughts. But at any rate he does not boast, and his behaviour is pleasing.

On the other hand, we smile at the vain person.

Sulaiman, Caliph of Damascus, was vain. One Friday he came out of his hot bath, dressed himself in green clothes, put on a green turban, sat on a green bed, and the carpet around was green. Then looking into a glass and being pleased with himself, he said :—

“The prophet Muhammad was an apostle, Ali Bakr a faithful witness to truth, Umar knew truth from falsehood, Uthman was modest, Ali brave, Muawiyah merciful, Yazid patient, Abd-ul-Malik a good governor, Walid a powerful master, but I am young and handsome.”¹

The flowers in the vase are beautifully arranged, and our eyes are delighted. But it is for us to speak the praise, not the artist.

Sulaiman is handsome. There is, it is true, no harm in his knowing that. But we laugh at his vanity when he gazes at himself in the glass, and keeps telling himself that his good looks make him a finer man than truthful Umar or patient Yazid.

Still more absurd was the vanity of the man who thought that the earth was not large enough for his glory, but that he must soar into regions beyond.

This is the story.

A King of Persia, named Kai Kaus, had waged many wars and won many battles. So rich was he through the spoiling of his foes that he built two palaces in the mountain Alberz, and the gold and silver in the chambers were so plentiful that the glory of the polished metal was like to the light of day.

Kai Kaus was filled with pride; he was the greatest king on earth.

Now the evil spirit, Iblis, observed the conceit of the king's heart, and resolved to ensnare him. He sent a demon,

¹ Ad-Dimiri's *Hayat-al-Hayawan*, pp. 136-7.

disguised as a servant, into the palace with a nosegay of flowers to present to the king.

The servant kissed the earth before Kai Kaus and said :—

“Sir, no king in the world is like unto you. But yet one realm remains for you to conquer—the world above—the kingdom of sun, moon, and planets, and the secret corners of the heavens. Follow the birds, O king, and ascend to the sky.”

“But how can I ascend without wings?” asked the king.

“Your Wise Men will tell you, sir.”

So King Kai Kaus asked his astrologers, or star-gazers, how he might fly to the realms above, and they invented a new plan.

They took four young eagles from a nest, and fed and reared them till they were big and strong.

They made a square wooden frame, at each corner of which was fixed a staff, and in the staff a piece of goat's flesh—four staves in all. To each corner was tied one of the eagles. *

The king's throne was set on the frame or platform. A jar of wine was placed at the side of the throne. The king took his seat. The four eagles tried to reach the goat's flesh, and in doing so they flew upwards. Thus the platform rose in the air amid the wonder of the multitude of people. Still upwards, nearer the moon, rose the eagles, the goat's flesh, and king. Still upwards, nearer the moon above the clouds. Then the eagles wearied of the flight; they ceased to flap their wings, and the whole platform, king, wine-jar, and throne and all fell with a crash into the wilderness of China. All alone the king lay, bruised, wretched, hungry, and thirsty, until messengers came and carried him home.

The king himself saw now how stupid and vain he had been. He made up his mind to try no more flights beyond his powers. He settled down to the work of his kingdom, and ruled in so just a manner that all men gave him praise.¹

So he came down from the high places of vanity to the modesty of the good, firm earth.

¹ Firdausi's *Shah-Namah*, trans. by J. Atkinson, pp. 170-3.

Iblis laughed at the king's folly. We also laugh.

Sometimes we cannot laugh. We may feel disdain for the vain person who not only admires himself too much, but boasts. Nobody loves the boaster. Even boasters dislike boasters.

Ravan, the terrible, was the foe of Rama. Ravan it was who did the hateful deed of stealing away the lady Sita. We do not feel surprise that such a monster should boast.

In the last great battle between Rama and the demons of Lanka (Ceylon), the glorious lord stood in his chariot face to face with the Demon-King Ravan, who also rode in a chariot. It was to be a single combat. The demon's army and the array of monkeys and bears (Rama's faithful followers) watched the contest.

Then with an awful voice cried Ravan, the King of Lanka :—

"To-day, O Rama, there shall be an end of this war; unless, indeed, you save yourself by flying from the field. To-day, wretch, I will give you over to death. It is with Ravan that you have to deal."

Rama calmly smiled. He knew that Ravan's doom was near. And he said :—

"Yes, I have heard of all your might, O Ravan, but now I want to see as well as hear. I would beg you to remember that in this world there are three kinds of men, like to three trees, namely the dhak, the mango, and the bread-fruit.

"The dhak has flowers. It is like men who only talk.

"The mango has flowers and fruit. It is like men who talk and act.

"The bread-fruit tree has only fruit. It is like the men who talk not, but act."

The demon laughed at these wise words. But ere long his boasting tongue was silent for ever.¹

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, pp. 126-7.

XVII.

MODESTY (2).

You have heard of the great Solomon, King of the Jews many years ago. Many are the stories in the Bible, and in other books, of his glory and his majesty. I will give you one from the Bible.¹

He was very rich. He had a throne of ivory, overlaid with the finest gold, and the figures of two lions guarded the seat, and six lions on each side of the steps that led up to the throne. All Solomon's cups and basins were of gold, and silver was as common as stones in the City of Jerusalem. And merchants brought him gold, silver, ivory, peacocks, apes, fine raiment, armour, spices, horses, and mules. It was this King Solomon who built a splendid temple in honour of the God of his fathers and his nation.

But before the temple was built, and while the timber for it was still growing in the form of cedar-trees on the mountains, Solomon had a dream in which God appeared to him, and said :—

“Ask what you would desire me to give you.”

Solomon answered :—

“My father David was a man who was upright and truthful, and I have come to his throne. And the work that lies before me is great. I feel I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or come in. I know not how to rule this people over whom I am set as king. Therefore my desire is for wisdom, so that I may know good from evil.”

And God said :—

¹ First Book of *Kings*, chs. iii.-x.

"Because you have not asked for long life, nor for riches, but have desired wisdom, and a heart that can divide justice from injustice, I will give you this wise mind, so that none shall surpass you in understanding; and long life and riches shall be yours also."

You will notice what modest words the young king used: "I am but a little child".

Do you think less of Solomon because he spoke humbly of himself?

What pleasure it gives us to see greatness that is modest.

I will relate to you three short stories of the meekness of the prophet Muhammad.

First Story.—Of Muhammad, the prophet of Islam, it is told that he was always willing to ride on an ass, while prouder men were only content with a horse. And he would sometimes invite another person to ride behind him. He would say:—

"I sit at meals as a servant does, and I eat like a servant, for I really am a servant."¹

Second Story.—As the prophet Muhammad was conversing with the chief man from a tribe of Quraish, a blind man, Abdallah, not knowing that some one was with the prophet, broke in on the talk, and asked to hear the words of the Koran.

The prophet spoke very roughly to Abdallah and bade him be silent.

Afterwards he felt sorry that he had been so harsh, and from that time forward treated him with much respect. And twice he made him Governor of the City of Medina.²

Third Story.—Muhammad the prophet was in a place of meeting where many were gathered together, and there was not much room to sit in. So he sat upon his legs drawn up and doubled.

An Arab of the desert was present, and knowing that

¹ Muir's *Life of Muhammad*, Vol. II, p. 326.

² *Assemblies of Al-Hariri*, trans. by R. Steingass, Vol. II, p. 292.

Muhammad was a great leader, he wondered that the prophet did not sit like a lord upon a throne.

"Is this the way to sit?" he asked in scorn.

"Verily," said Muhammad, "God has made me a humble slave, and not a proud king."¹

Having seen the modesty of the king and the modesty of the prophet, let us hear of a very famous Englishman, the man of science, Sir Isaac Newton.

Many a man, woman, and child go into the grand London temple known as Westminster Abbey, and pause before the tomb of Newton. They think of his great powers as a thinker, just as they think of the powers of Charles Darwin, who also lies buried in the Abbey.

Sir Isaac Newton was born in 1642, and died in 1727. In the course of his long life he studied nature; the force of attraction in all things, which is called the force of gravitation; the way in which the tides of the sea are caused by sun and moon; the light of the sun, and how this white light consists of different rays which are seen in the seven colours of the rainbow; and so forth. All England was proud of this wise man who was so skilled in reading the works and wonders of nature.

One day a lady spoke to Newton of his learning and wisdom, and he replied:—

"Alas! I am only like a child picking up pebbles on the shore of the giant ocean of truth."

You will understand the "ocean of truth" means the laws of nature, of which even the most learned man, does not, after all, know much. A little child picks up stones on the shore of the sea. But how much greater is the sea than the child thinks. And how much greater is nature than our small thoughts!

And do we think less of Newton because he compared himself with a little child? Not at all. We honour him for his modesty.

¹ *The Sayings of Muhammad*, by Abdullah al Mamun Sohrawardy, p. 64.

A good many years ago an English actress, named Catherine Stephens, sang in the opera at the theatre in London and other cities, and great crowds of people would assemble to hear her beautiful songs. Many lips uttered her name; and writers in newspapers praised her voice and the sweetness of her notes; for she sang like a nightingale.

Now it happened one day that Miss Stephens went to a party where folk were gathered for entertainment. A little girl, who had a beautiful voice, was asked to sing. The piece she was ready to sing was a duet—that is, a piece of music for two voices; the upper voice is the soprano, and the lower voice is the alto or second. But who would sing the alto? It was thought too mean a thing for any grown-up person to sing the alto part to a child.

There was a pause. No one in the room offered to take the second.

Miss Stephens then said:—

“I will take the alto if I am wanted.”

And she did so. The duet was sung to the listening people, the voice of the little girl rising high and clear, and the voice of the woman—one of the most famous singers in England—following in the alto part, and both together blending in lovely harmony.

Noble was the music.

Noble was the modest heart of the lady, who was willing to give her service to a child.

ADDITIONAL STORIES OF MODESTY.

I. VIDYASAGAR.

In 1844 the Sanskrit College at Calcutta needed a teacher of grammar, and the post was offered to Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar. He was then earning fifty rupees a month, and in the new place could have ninety. But no! He thought that his friend Tarkavachaspati was a better teacher of grammar than himself, and he said so; and it was decided that his friend should take the post. Vidyasagar was very glad. He walked

some distance from Calcutta to find his friend, and tell him the news.

Tarkavachaspati was struck by the noble modesty of the man. He cried: "You are not a man, Vidyasagar, but a god in human form".¹

II. THE CONCEITED GLOW-WORM.

A man looked up at the glorious sun and said:—

"How bright!"

"Like the rest of us shining ones," responded a voice.

He gazed around, and, in the shade of a bush, saw a little glow-worm.

"Was it you who spoke?"

"Yes," replied the glow-worm. "I said the sun and I were shining ones!"

"The sun and you, indeed!"

"Yes, the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and I myself."²

III. ST. FRANCIS.

Four men were climbing a mountain in Italy. The four men were friars. He that led the way was St. Francis, the servant of Jesus Christ, and with him were three brothers of his Order. Woods clothed the side of the hill, and at the top was an open, flat space, where St. Francis desired to pray, and where he hoped to have a vision of things Divine. The saint was a famous man, and rich lords and poor villagers did him honour.

The day was hot and the path steep, and Francis was too weary to walk; therefore one of the monks went to a peasant and begged that he would lend his ass for Francis to ride.

To this the peasant agreed right willingly, and the saint mounted the ass, and the monks walked at his side, and the peasant behind.

"Tell me," said the peasant, "are you Brother Francis?"

"Yes," he replied.

¹ S. C. Mitra's *Life of Vidyasagar*, Introduction.

² *Indian Fables*, by Ramaswami Raju, p. 27.

"Then," said the peasant, "try to be as good as folk think you to be, that so men may keep their faith in you."

At this St. Francis felt no sort of wrath, for he would as soon take counsel from a poor peasant as from a prince. He got off the ass, and kneeled before the countryman, and kissed his feet, and thanked him for his advice.¹

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, trans. by T. W. Arnold, chapter on the "Stigmata".

XVIII.

CONQUEST OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE great Rishi, Bhrigu, shining in splendour, sat on the top of the Kailasa mountain and Bharadwadja asked him questions.

Who made the world ?

How wide is the sky ?

How did water come into being ?

And fire ? And wind ? And earth ?

What is life ?

What is good ?

What is beyond the world ?

And so on. Great were the questions and great must be the Rishi that could answer them all !

But the spirit of Bharadwadja was the spirit of man that asks, and asks, and asks, and asks, and never knows enough.¹

The child is the asker. He is always putting questions. What is this ? What is that ? How is this made ? What makes this thing move ? Why does the lightning flash ? Why does the tide rise ? Where does gold come from ? And coal ? And iron ? And how are books printed ?

The child and the man ask. They also tell. When we know a thing, we can answer questions. We can teach. We can spread the knowledge.

What shall we learn ? What shall we teach ? Shall we try and learn everything that has ever happened ? Shall we try and learn all the words that men's tongues can utter ?

In the poem of the "Mahabharata" the following names are used for different sorts of arrows shot by the great Pandava

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's version), Vol. VIII, Pt. II.

brothers and other warriors : Sara, vana, ishu, sayaka, patrin, kanda, visikha, naracha, vipatha, prishatka, bhallā, tomara, salya, ishika, silimukha, anjalika.¹ We do not need to learn all these names of arrows. And there are many other names and things that we do not need to learn.

We speak of the *News*. We think of shipwrecks, murders, robberies, quarrels, lawsuits, wars, fires, concerts, weddings, and a thousand other things that may be read of in a few minutes and forgotten.

We open the Koran and at the head of the chapters in this sacred book we see the word "News" ; and then we think of shipwrecks, murders. . . .

But stay !

The prophet Muhammad had no light mind that took pleasure in the news of evil deeds, or gossip that taught nothing noble. Let us read the beginning of the chapter of the "News" :—

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Of what do they question together ?

Of the great News,

About which they dispute ?

Nay, but they shall know.

Again, Nay, but they shall know !

Have we (God) not made the earth as a bed ?

And the mountains as tent-pegs ?

And created you in pairs,

And made you sleep for rest,

And made the night for a mantle,

And the day for bread-winning,

And built above you seven firmaments,

And put therein a burning lamp,

And sent down water pouring from the squeezed clouds,

To bring forth grain and herb withal,

And gardens thick with trees ?

Thus the prophet lighted up the hearts and minds of men

¹ Monier Williams' *Indian Epic Poetry*, p. 118.

to think of great things, and things that have a lasting beauty, and things that teach man how noble is the world of life.¹

So we agree that some kinds of words and things, and certain kinds of news are not worth the hearing and the telling. But other things are worth hearing and telling, even though it may cost us a great deal of trouble to find them out.

The power of man is in his mind. The limbs, the fingers, the clever thumb, are all slaves of the mind which thinks and plans.

And since the race of men first dwelt on the earth, how great have been man's conquests over nature.

We see a picture of his power in the tale of noble Rama's crossing of the sea. When he reached the shores of India, and learned that his dear wife Sita was a captive in the island of Lanka (Ceylon), he prepared to cross the water. His army was a vast host, but they were monkeys and bears. How could they pass over the rolling waters? The mind of Rama was deep; the wit of Rama was keen; the heart of Rama was bold.

First, then, he spake soft words to the old Ocean, and asked :—

“Great sea, I beseech you, let my army pass.”

But after he had waited three days there was no answer from the waves.

Then Rama called to his brother :—

“Lakshman! bring me my bow and arrows. I have wasted my speech on this sea, even as a man wastes good corn and seed when he sows it in the sand.”

Rama, the heavenly hero, shot an arrow into the wide waters; and the shaft gave a fiery pain to the Ocean, and every fish in the sea was in fear. Then the spirit of the Ocean took form as a Brahman, who knelt before the Lord in a dish of gold in which were many jewels for a gift.

Ocean clasped the lotus-feet of Rama and said :—

¹ *Speeches of Mohammed*, by Stanley Lane Poole, citing the seventy-eighth sura of the Koran.

"Great sire, forgive my sin. I am like my kin of the air, the earth, and the fire. They are heavy and slow and so used to power that they do not answer to the call even of a lord like you. No hero ever before has made me obey his will. I see in you my master. Do what may seem to you good."

The lord Rama smiled.

"Tell me," he said, "how my army may pass over your kingdom of waves and storms."

"My waters," said the sea, "will bear on their bosom the rocks and hills which your soldiers may fling upon them, and so a bridge shall be built from India to Lanka."

Rama turned to his army.

"Let the bridge be built," he said.

"Glory to Rama," they shouted.

They tore up trees and rocks, great cliffs and hills, and brought them to the two master builders, Nala and Nila. And Nala and Nila fastened the wood and stone together, so that it all floated firmly on the surface of the sea; and the army marched across.

Rama sat on a mountain of India, and watched the countless troops as they tramped over the bridge.

As Rama caused the Ocean-spirit to obey, so does the human mind—the glory of humanity—conquer the very sea.¹

Yes, and very many other things besides the sea. Man conquers the wind, for he makes it blow his sailing ships and turn his windmills. He conquers the ice and the snow, for travellers have gone to the frozen lands of the North Pole and the South Pole, and climbed to the tops of lofty mountains. He conquers the beasts, for all over the world he has slain the creatures that cause danger to him and his wife and children—the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the serpent, the shark; and though his power is not so great in the ocean, he has made his power felt on land. And while he has cleared out the animals that hurt, he has kept and bred the animals that help—the ox, the horse, the elephant, etc.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bks. V, VI.

But all this is the conquest of things by his hand and by his tools and weapons, and hand and tools and weapons are the servants of the mind.

Man conquers by knowing. He wins knowledge. He asks, he asks again and again; and perseveres until he really knows.

Some men of whom old histories tell are called Conquerors. Such men were :—

Alexander the Great, who conquered the west of Asia and Egypt.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who conquered the country which is now known as France, and took his Roman army across the water to conquer Britain.

The Emperor Baber, who conquered the North of India.

The Emperor Napoleon, who for a time conquered a large part of Europe.

But you also may be a conqueror. There are things to be learned in the world about you. There are things to be learned from teachers and books.

Ask, and search, and learn, and conquer. Then you can write your name—*The Conqueror*.

XIX.

THE HEALING ART.

THE HINDU.

THE famous Greek king, Alexander the Great, marched from his fatherland in Europe as far as India, and many were the hardships borne by his heroic soldiers. We may well understand therefore that he would need physicians in his camp. It is worthy of note that he kept in his army two Hindu doctors who had skill to heal certain diseases which no Greek physician was able to deal with.

It is, indeed, said that the Hindus were the first to make a good plan or system of medicine. They called their knowledge in those far-back times Ayurveda, or the science of health. The things they had skill in were :—

The art of drawing out splinters, arrows, etc., from the flesh, and of curing abscesses and tumours that such wounds would cause.

The art of healing various affections of the eyes, ears, nose, etc.

The art of caring for children and the mothers who nurse them.

The art of giving antidotes or cures for poison.

The art of mixing substances to make new substances useful in medicine ; that is the use of chemistry.

More than a thousand years ago a Hindu wrote a book on the noble art of healing. His name was Charaka ; and his book speaks of the blood, the skin, the diet, the senses, and of the diseases such as fever, leprosy, consumption, dropsy,

paralysis, etc. And just as when a fine picture is painted, people are glad to make copies of it, so Charaka's book was copied, or translated into the tongue of the Arabs, for the Arabs were skilled in medicine.

Another hero in the war of medicine against the powers of sickness and death was Susruta. He tells in his writings of the many plants he thought were good for the health—roots, bulbs, bark, leaves, flowers, fruits, seeds, milky plants, bitter plants, gums, resins, and he names the places where such grew. Also he informs us how to squeeze juices, mix powders, and prepare soothing drinks.

Besides this the Hindus of old had some knowledge of substances that could be used for drugs, such as rock-salt, borax, saltpetre, alum, sulphur.

Is not the physician who fights with pain and sickness and death even such a hero as the glorious Rama, who filled the air with arrows in the battle with the demons of Lanka?

THE GREEK.

In a grove of trees on the side of a hill stood a temple. It faced the noonday sun so that floods of light and warmth streamed in upon the house, and trees, and all the sick folk in the porches.

Yes, sick folk. This was the Temple of Healing. The statue of the god of healing was the object to which the people turned their eyes and hands in prayer, asking for relief from pain and the fear of death. The god was Æsculapius. His figure was very large; in one hand was a huge staff; the other hand rested on a serpent's head; at his feet lay a hound. There were pictures on the walls and ceilings showing heroes slaying dragons, and the pretty boy Cupid, whose merry face would cheer the people who felt wretched. In the rooms and porticoes mats and beds were placed, and the patients were laid gently upon them, and received drinks and herbs from the physicians, or had their limbs rubbed; and they were told what food to eat, or how long to go without food, or

what prayers to say to Æsculapius and the other gods of grace and comfort.

In such a temple the Greek Hippocrates laboured in the fifth century B.C. He gave all his life to the study of the human body in its health and in its diseases. One of his books speaks about such things as these: The air and how it affects men and women; the use of sunlight; the qualities of water; and how some kinds of soil are good to build houses upon and others not so good; the plants and trees which yield us food, or surround our dwellings and give us pleasant scent or poisonous gases. In this way, you see, the wise Greek taught that it matters a very great deal to us on what sort of a plan we live; and so the Healer will not only advise us how to take care of our bodies, but how to watch the character of the spot we inhabit.

THE MOSLEM.

The city of Bokhara lies in a lovely place, though the desert surrounds the fertile spot. The streets are narrow, and canals for boats cut across the city. More than a hundred colleges are here, and make Bokhara seem a home of learning.

Nearly a thousand years ago a small boy, whose father was a Persian tax-collector, was the talk of the neighbours in Bokhara. At the age of ten he could repeat chapters of the Koran and many verses of poetry. A greengrocer taught him arithmetic, and he was never tired of conning books that filled his mind with new ideas. When he was puzzled with his lessons, as all children are, he would go to the mosque and kneel quietly and pray to Allah until his problem seemed not so hard to understand. Once at a bookstall he bought for a small sum a book which he very much wanted, and in his joy he at once ran off to give alms to the poor, for he wished others to share his joy.

The lad became known by the name of Avicenna, and became a very famous Healer. Not only did he minister to the sick, he put his thoughts on paper, and wrote books about the medicinal art. He came to live in Persia, and the Emir

of Ispahan made him chief physician. A storm of war broke out, and Avicenna hid for forty days in the house of a friend. Even there he did not spend his time idly. He still used his pen, and still taught pupils; and, each evening after finishing the lessons, Avicenna and his pupils would sing and play, for he had a gay heart even amid the sorrows of life. During his last illness he gave all his goods to the poor, set his slaves free, and listened to the holy words of the Koran; and he died and was buried under palm-trees. People called him the Prince of Doctors, and for a long time young men who were in training for the work of healing used to be taught lessons from the books of Avicenna. He was held in honour by Arabs, by Jews, and by Christians.



THE ENGLISHMAN.

At Glasgow, in Scotland, about the year 1860, people lay ill in a hospital. They suffered from wounds and broken bones. Though the nurses and doctors took all the care they could of the sick folk, somehow the patients did not get well as soon as they should have done. Especially was this so in the case of the people who had open wounds and sores. And no wonder! For when the floors of the sickroom were taken up and the ground below the building examined, there were found a large number of coffins, in which persons who had died of the plague had been buried some twenty years before. Now, from these dead bodies had floated off germs of disease, and these germs had settled in the open wounds of the patients, and caused their blood to be poisoned. If a wild beast were running towards your house you would shut the door. If germs come towards an open wound it is wise to shut them out. But how can this be done? How can we fight against the poison? Can we find some antiseptic? Notice this word. Anti means against, and septic means poison. So antiseptic is something that defends us against poison.

In the Glasgow hospital worked an English doctor, named Joseph Lister. He it was who thought the problem out and

lighted on an antiseptic. This antiseptic is an oily liquid which has no odour, and which has a burning taste if a tiny drop touches the tongue, and if a quantity is swallowed it kills a human being. It is got from the black stuff called coal-tar. The liquid is carbolic acid. Perhaps a teacher or a doctor may show you some in a bottle. This acid kills the germs that poison our blood. Such germs are always floating in the air. Happily most of us are well and strong enough not to take harm, but they may easily enter a wound and cause decay and death.

Mr. Lister mixed carbolic acid and linseed oil and soaked cotton-wool with it, and laid it on the wounds of the people in the hospital; also if he used a knife or a lancet or any other instrument such as surgeons handle, he dipped it in carbolic acid, so that any germ which happened to be on the metal might also be killed. In these and other ways the door was shut against the danger: the wound was closed "against the poison," and so it was healed much more quickly. Millions of people who are thus treated by the surgeons recover from their sores and wounds, yet very many of these same people, without the aid of Lister's antiseptic, might die of blood-poisoning. The doctor was afterwards known as Lord Lister, and his name has become famous all over the world.

I have told you of four healers—the Hindu, the Greek, the Persian or Arab, and the Englishman. Now if you were ill and went to a doctor, would it matter whether you were Indian, Arab, Greek, or English? Is not the blessing of the medical art for each and all? Would not an Indian doctor be ready to aid a European? and would not a European doctor be ready to help a Hindu? Listen to an old legend.

Rantideva, once a king, was now a hermit of the forest. He had given away his riches to the poor, and lived a simple life in the lonely jungle. He and his family had only enough to keep them. Once he had fasted for forty-eight days and a meal of rice and a little milk and sugar was laid out. A poor Brahman came along to the door of the hut and asked for

food. Rantideva gave him half his own portion. Next came a Sudra, and he begged hard for aid; and Rantideva gave him some of what was left. The bark of a dog was heard, and the dumb creature looked very hungry; and to him Rantideva gave the rest. Last of all a Chandala passed at the door of the hermit's hut, and asked for help; and Rantideva gave him the milk and sugar, and remained fasting.

There then came to him four gods, and said: "It was to us, O Rantideva, that you gave food, for we assumed the shapes of the Brahman, the Sudra, the dog, and the poor out-cast. But to all you were kind, and we praise you for your loving spirit."¹

Thus does the kind heart treat all men, and even animals, as children of one family, one humanity.

The blessings of science are to be poured out upon all souls—in the north, south, east, and west.

¹ *Aryan Anecdotes*, by R. S. Pantayaji.

XX.

THE HORSE-SACRIFICE.¹

IN the old Indian days the slaying of a horse in honour of the gods was one of the most solemn acts of religion. This fine animal was in itself a noble gift. If it had been slain by one blow of a sacred axe, and given to Agni and Soma and the other Shining Ones, it would have been a worthy offering. But, in order to show their deep devotion, the Hindus made the sacrifice in a manner that meant a very great deal of thought, of care, of patience. I will name some of the things that were done, though I am obliged to leave out many others.

The horse was sprinkled with water by four priests. A hundred princes stood on the west and looked towards the east. A hundred chariot-drivers and masters of villages stood on the east and looked towards the west. A hundred men of the Vaisya order and the Sudra order stood on the south side and looked towards the north. A hundred warriors stood on the north and faced the south. Thus they formed a square within which the horse was slain. As the drops of water rolled down the body of the horse, a thousand verses (mantras) were spoken. A priest, putting his mouth near the horse's ear, said various names of the sacred creature. Again were mantras spoken as the horse was led to the keeping of a hundred princes clad in bright armour.

It was guarded by 400 chiefs, 100 warriors (Kshatriyas), 100 Sudras, 100 Vaisyas.

In the charge of these guardians the horse roamed from

¹ This lesson is only suited to older scholars.

place to place for eleven months. Never did they lose sight of it. Never did they let any harm come to it. Never did they allow other things to lead them away. In the eleventh month they builded for it a stable of Asvatha wood, and fed it with barley. Before its own time came to die, 180 animals—wild and tame—were slain as sacrifices.

The horse was made to smell some water. It was adorned with a thousand jewels threaded on gold wire. It was anointed by women. A blanket was soaked in ghi; on this was spread a sheet of leather; on this was laid a golden mattress. Here the horse fell when slaughtered. A hymn was chanted as it died. Seven times a lady walked round it. Then she and the dead horse were covered with a red cloth, and words uttered by a priest to both of them. The horse was skinned. Women said mantras. Nine white cows were slain and two bullocks, and some black-spotted kids, partridges, and white herons. The Brahmans who sang the holy songs were paid by the fee of two bulls yoked to a car, and a hundred milch cows.¹

Now this was done as a duty. The Indian fathers had been taught by their teachers that all this patient ceremony must be gone through in order that men might please the gods, and the gods give blessings to men. It was part of their religion to perform the Horse-sacrifice with such painstaking, and with such delicate attention to every small detail. We salute the patient fathers.

There is another subject that also needs patience, painstaking, and attention. There are other patient servants of humanity whom we should salute, men who took pains to gather knowledge, and watch nature, and find out things useful in the everyday life of the world.

Just as it would take too long to tell you all that was done at the Horse-sacrifice, so it would take too long to tell all that has been done and is being done by the patient men of Science.

¹ K. S. Macdonald's *Brahmanas of the Vedas*, pp. 72-4.

They -

Measured the land of the farmer, by making straight lines, squares, triangles, etc.

Counted small numbers, and larger numbers, from 1, 2, 3, 4, such as savages count, to the great numbers that measure the weight of the earth or the distance of the stars.

Invented the clever countings called arithmetic and algebra (*Mathematics*).

They—

Measured the path of the moon about the earth in its course of four weeks.

Watched the sun and marked when it was at its lowest point in December, its highest in June.

Found out the worlds or planets that roll round the sun.

Discovered what makes the shadow in the eclipse of the moon, and the black eclipse of the sun.

And made a map of the stars (*Astronomy*).

They—

Found out the rules or laws by which things move in falling to the earth, in being thrown from the hand or shot from a gun; and the law of the earth's motion round the sun.

Made out the secret of the light and the seven colours of the rainbow, and the way to take photographs.

Traced the laws of the electric force that gives us light, propels trains and tramcars, works machines, and carries our messages over land and sea.

Found out how heat and cold can be measured, and what heat and cold can do to wood, metal, water, etc.

Discovered the way in which sound is carried by the air, and leaps from the strings or threads of musical instruments.

Invented the balloon that rises towards the clouds and cleaves them, and the airship that flies like the Garuda-bird.

Prepared the steam engine for the mill, the steam carriage for the railway, the steamship for the ocean.

Watched the making of rocks under water, the wearing of cliffs by the sea, the cutting of valleys by the flowing rivers (*Physics*).

They—

Studied the mixed substances in the earth, air, fire, and water.

Uncovered the secrets of the world which was produced (as the old stories say) by the great father Prajapati.

Revealed the gases—oxygen, hydrogen (which two make water), nitrogen, and others.

Revealed the metals, tin, copper, iron, gold, silver, etc.

Revealed such other substances as sulphur, phosphorus, radium, etc.

Thought out the way to make coal gas, tar, aniline dyes, soda, sulphuric acid, soap, carbolic acid, etc. (*Chemistry*).

They—

Learned the nature of the body of animal or man; its wondrous muscles, bones, blood, nerves, and organs.

Learned the habits of animals, how to catch them, to slay them, to tame them, to breed them into more beautiful forms.

Learned to make use of the flesh of animals, the bones, the horn, the skin, the hair, the sinews, the feathers, the shells.

Learned the habits of plants and trees, how to sow seed and reap harvests, how to grow garden produce, how to use wood, the bark, the leaves, the roots, the juices, the fruits; and how to cultivate flowers yet more lovely than those that are given us by wild nature.

Learned how the tree-climbing ape was the child of other kinds of animals, and how man himself is the child of a long Karma; and how the spirit of humanity has been made purer since the far-back times when it

began to move in the hearts of creatures of the forest (*Biology*).

They—

Studied the story of mankind in the races—the Asiatic, the African, the American, the European; the white, the yellow, the black; how man found the secret of fire, and of taming animals, and of sowing seed; how man learned to shelter his family in a home; how he worshipped the trees, soma-juice, stones, sun, moon, and other objects in nature; how he made villages and cities, and chose chiefs and kings, and how arose the priests, the merchants, and the tiller of the soil; how castes were divided and continued in some countries and not in others; how men worshipped the gods—and what the people of Egypt did, the people of Greece, the people of Rome; and how the nations of the world came to know each other through the travels of bold men on land and sea (*Social Science* or *Sociology*).

They—

Divided the right from the wrong, the evil from the good, the law from the crime.

Taught how the members of a family should behave; how the master, the servant, the employer, the employed, the ruler, and the citizen should behave.

Taught the meaning of self-control, of truth, of kindness to men and animals, of justice and duty.

Taught the meaning of the Brotherhood of Man, of Humanity, of Peace on Earth (*Morality*).

They are still learning, still studying, still observing, still reflecting, still inventing, still improving.

You and I can take part in the learning, the thinking, the improving. You and I can help the *progress* of the world.

All this study and work calls for patience.

We salute the loyalty and patience of the fathers of old who could do each little thing which they believed ought to be done in honour of the gods.

We salute the loyalty and patience of the men of science who study nature for the good of mankind.¹

¹ My friend, Mr. V. Subrahmanya Iyer, of Tumkur, reports that he did not find this lesson readily apprehended by a class of younger boys, and I have therefore specially marked it as suitable only for older scholars. It is intended to give a bird's-eye view of the results achieved by the patient research of modern science.

XXI.

THE GIVER.

Do we not every day meet persons who know less than ourselves? It is often in our power to tell them things that will be useful, such as facts about—

Food,
Clothing,
Exercise,
Business,
Enjoyment.

It is our duty to give knowledge, just as it is our duty to give bread to the hungry. An ignorant man does harm to himself. He does harm to those about him, just as the bad piper did harm to the Brahman. Have you ever heard how this happened?

A Brahman once went out into the country, and was startled to hear a voice coming from a pipal-tree. Four times the voice spoke to him, bidding him not to wash in a tank, not to perform his evening worship, not to eat and not to walk away.

So he cried out :—

“Who are you that forbid me to do the things that have no harm in them?”

The voice from the pipal-tree replied :—

“I am a Brahma-rakshasa. In my former life I was a Brahman, and learned all the art of music, but I was unwilling to impart the knowledge to others. I kept my learning to myself. And therefore I am doomed to become a Brahma-rakshasa, and every day I am forced to listen to a

man play on the pipe; and I cannot tell you how badly he plays. It is terrible. How often I wish I could come out of the tree and snatch his pipe from him, and show him how to finger the eight holes, and two side holes, and how to use his breath—but I may not; and so I am obliged to hear his awful tunes”

I cannot relate the rest of the story here, except to say that happily a way out of his trouble was found. But you see how miserable we may feel through the bad work, bad art, or bad music, of folk around us.¹

If a man is hungry, what alone will help him? Food.

If a man is thirsty, what alone will help him? Water.

If a man is ignorant in his work, or art, or music, what alone will help him? Knowledge.

It is good to give bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, knowledge to the ignorant.

The five sons of Pandu, the five noble Pandavas, lodged in a palace, and this palace to the outward eye seemed lovely and comfortable. But it had been built by an enemy, Purochana; and he had made its floors and walls and roofs of stuff that would easily burn, and he meant some day to set light to it while the Pandavas were asleep, and so to get rid of the five princes whom he hated.

This was his cunning. For this evil purpose he used his skill in building, and his wit in plotting.

Now there came to the palace a man well skilled in mining. And he said secretly to the princes:—

“A friend of yours has sent me hither, so that I may serve you. I am a miner. Tell me in what way I can be a help to you, O princes. I know of a surety that your foe, even Purochana, will try to burn you all alive in this house.”

Then said the eldest of the Pandavas to the miner:—

“Use your skill in mining, good sir, and make us a way out through the earth, so that even if the gates are watched

¹ See the tale of the Brahma-rakshasa in Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri's *Folklore in Southern India*. It is also given in the author's *Conduct Stories*.

we may escape; for we will go through the hidden passage dug by your spade, and made safe by your art."

In the floor of the very centre of the palace the miner began to dig. The Pandavas kept planks ready to place over the hole, and they covered the planks with carpets if ever Purochana came near. Thus the deceiver was deceived.

At last the five princes were told the passaga was ready. It led from the house to a lovely spot in the forest.

One night the princes set fire to the house, and then with their mother, Kunti, they fled through the underground passage. Dark it was but the path was safe. When the strong Bhima found that his companions did not hasten fast enough, he put his mother on his shoulder, tucked two brothers on his hips, held one in each arm, and so rushing like a wind that cannot be stopped he hurried from the fiery death.

The cunning of Purochana had been beaten by the skill of the good miner.¹

The miner did not dig treasures out of the earth for himself alone. He dug *for others*. He helped others by his knowledge. He *shared* his science.

Not the greatest people on earth know everything. We should learn from each other—man from man, nation from nation, native from foreigner; and each man or nation or foreigner should be glad to tell.

A visitor to the shores of India, a good Englishman named William Carey, both—

1. Told Indians how to grow certain plants.
2. And showed them himself how to do it.

When he arrived in India and looked about the land, he saw that, rich as India was in vegetation, it would yet grow other and unknown plants; so he sent to England for flower seeds, garden plants, and fruit-trees; and some were dispatched to him every year, and soon English flowers and fruit were making gay and sweet the gardens and orchards of the land of the elephant. Mr. Carey lived for some time at

¹ *Mahabharata*, Adi Parva; sections 148-50.

Serampore, and there he made a fine garden out of five acres of ground, and had a wall put round it, and in this enclosed place he reared many, many kinds of plants. He was so fond of plants that he would not even pluck a flower, we are told. When too weak to walk, he would have himself drawn round his beloved garden in a four-wheeled chair, and felt pride and joy in gazing at the noble show of all sorts of trees, shrubs, herbs, and blossoms.

There was a wall round the garden at Serampore. But not round his knowledge. William Carey spread his ideas abroad. In 1820 he held a meeting in the town hall of Calcutta to draw people's attention to the good work of improving their trees and flowers, etc. And a bust of him stands in a house in Calcutta to this day to remind us of how he set up the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India. Other bands of people in other parts of India set up societies of a like kind, and many a field is better tilled, and many a garden is better tended through the work of William Carey a hundred years ago.¹

The people of one nation can give to another nation.

India gave to other nations the knowledge of the Blessed One Buddha, and the noble eight-fold path. You children of India would be pleased if you could peep into the libraries of England, and Europe, and America, and see how many books contain Indian stories, Indian teachings from the Vedas and other sacred books, Indian fairy tales, and so on; and European people often stand before beautiful Indian shawls, carpets, carvings, and other works of art which are treasured in the museums. And India gave the Western people the style of counting by tens—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the ten marked by 1 and the cypher 0.

Let me tell you how England gave to the United States, and how the United States gave to England.

In the year 1838 a ship made its way from London, through severe storms, to the harbour of New York. It was laden

¹ Murdoch's *Indian Patriot's Duty to his Country*, pp. 51-4.

with eleven boxes, which contained 105 bags of gold sovereigns, 100,000 sovereigns in all. The gold was the gift of an Englishman named Smithson, and he gave it to the Government of the United States for building a House of Science for the spread of knowledge among the people. It is known as the Smithsonian Institute, and is famous all over the world.

Now you shall hear how the United States returned a gift to England. In 1895 two Englishmen—Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay—received £2500 as a prize or acknowledgment for their work in studying the air. They had found out things about the nature of the atmosphere which had never been known before. The gift came from the Committee (that is, the governors and directors) of the Smithsonian Institute in the United States. Thus may gracious gifts cross the wide seas from nation to nation.

Even a child can give knowledge. One child can teach another the alphabet. One child can teach another how to do simple sums. One child can teach another how to tell the north, south, east, and west. One child can teach another how to tie a knot, how to play a game, how to sow a seed, etc. We can all be *givers*.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

XXII.

THE FAMILY (1).

A TRAVELLER in Morocco saw that, every evening, when the flocks of lambs and flocks of ewes were brought together after having been kept apart during the day, the woolly creatures ran hither and thither, all searching eagerly. Each ewe sought for its lamb; each lamb sought for its mother.

A baboon had young ones and she loved them, but her love was like a fountain which not only gave drink to her own children, but ran over with a supply for others. She found other little monkeys and was kind to them. Not only so, but she even took puppies and kittens about with her, as if she had adopted them. And when she had food to share out, she gave to her own small baboons and also to the dogs and cats.

The mother-bird keeps the eggs warm, and the father-bird flies about to find food for her and the fledglings. Among most kinds of birds this is the rule. Among the mammals, indeed (that is, among the animals who give suck to their young), the father very often leaves the mother to tend the little ones herself. But not always. For instance, the gorilla of Africa lives with his mate and offspring in a family. The chimpanzee does likewise, and the father will make a rough kind of nest in a tree where the mother shelters her little ones, and he will guard the tree during the night from the attack of the prowling leopard.

If our animal kindred can thus show affection for their young and protect them in families, it is no wonder that

savage men are able to form the group of husband, wife (or wives), and children.

When does the mother begin to love her child? At the beginning of its life.

When does the child begin to love its mother? Not at the same time; for it has first to learn to think and feel and act; and then it learns to love its mother, and father also, if father often shows his tenderness of heart. Thus we are told of a little English girl, only about seventeen months old, who rushed to meet her father after his return from a few days' absence, and smoothed and stroked his face and gave him all her toys.¹

How eagerly men have received gifts from kings! We read in the history of the Moslems how Caliph Mamun gave his wife a carpet of gold, and he poured out upon the carpet from a large vessel a heap of pearls, and after the waiting women had each taken one pearl, there still remained a sparking pile of these precious gems.

And what does the good mother give her child? She gives him—

Good health.

Straight limbs.

The power of speech.

The power to love the right.

For if a mother chose to neglect her child his health would suffer. His limbs would be crooked, his tongue would not utter good words, and he would not learn right behaviour and right thoughts. And are not these gifts more precious than a golden carpet and many pearls?

The mother who gives good gifts to her child feels that her own life is in her son or daughter; and as her heart is full of joy at the child's health, so it is full of grief at its sickness or death. Listen to the mother's voice in a Tamil song:—

¹ The preceding notes are based on Westermarck's *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, Vol. II, ch. xxxiv.

He lay in my bosom ; where has he fled ?
 Alas, my child, my child !
 Who has taken my idol of gold ?
 Alas, my child, my child !
 In pretty voice he cried to me Amma ;¹
 Alas, my child, my child !
 Never did I see such a fair face ;
 Alas, my child, my child !
 He played about my knees,
 Alas, my child, my child !
 His father stretched him up in delight ;
 Alas, my child, my child !
 On his skull were writ the lines of good fortune,
 Alas, my child, my child !
 Oh, evil be to the eye that evil looked at him,
 Alas, my child, my child !
 Stay, child, or let me go with you ;
 Alas, my child, my child !
 Come back and leave me not alone,
 Alas, my child, my child !²

The good father's heart also lives in his child's life and is wounded by its death.

How deeply it cut the heart of Muhammad when he lost his little son Ibrahim. The old books say that the child died at the age of fifteen or sixteen months. But there is a very famous play called *Hasan and Husain*, in which Ibrahim appears to be older. In this play Azrail, the Angel of Death, comes to Muhammad's house and asks for the child.

"I beg," says the prophet in deep distress, "that he may stay with me until to-morrow."

So the angel waits a little while. And presently the sound of the little boy's voice is heard from the school, reading the Koran, thus:—

I fly unto God for refuge from the Evil One. In the name of God, the gracious, the merciful, O thou soul which art at rest,

¹ i.e. mother.

² E. J. Robinson's *Tales and Poems of South India*, p. 241 (paraphrased).

return unto thy Lord well-pleased and well-pleasing : enter among my servants, and enjoy my paradise.

How sweet to the ears of Muhammad is the voice of his child !

How sweet to parents are the voices of girls and boys that repeat their lessons. I will not now recite the rest of the scene of the death of Ibrahim. I only wish to tell how Mary his mother watches over him in love ; how kindly the school-master looks down upon his little scholar ; how affectionately his sister Fatimah speaks to Ibrahim ; how Husain, the prophet's grandson, puts the child's head upon his knees ; and how the father weeps when Ibrahim is no more.¹

Do the parents love only the bright and clever children ? No, their arms embrace them all.

The other day I went into a cottage in an English town. The father was a shoe-mender, and was busy hammering a new sole on to a boot. The mother was clearing the kitchen. They stopped their labour to speak to me about their son. Poor boy ! he was nearly dumb. I could not understand his words, but his parents knew the meaning of his cries. And he had so little wit that he could not dress himself, nor feed himself. His parents were obliged to watch him all day long lest he should hurt himself, or hurt other children. And this they had done for seven or eight years ; and they loved him in spite of all the trouble.

The poet tells in the "*Ramayana*" of the father's love for all his children :—

A father has a number of children, each different in soul, temper, and ways. One is a student, another a teacher who fasts, another a wealth-maker, or a generous soldier, or a clever man of the world, or a gentle monk. The father feels the same affection for all. Another, who may be very dull at learning, is yet devoted in word, thought, and act to his father, and this is the son whom the father loves as his own soul.²

¹ Scene ii. of the play of "*Hasan and Husain*," edited by Sir Lewis Pelly.

² *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse.

The dear mother has eyes that see deeper than other eyes. She will often know the gift and skill of her child when others see nothing great.

Thus the Queen Kausalya, mother of the glorious Rama, had a vision of her son's glory. For one day he was changed before her face. The moment before he was a small child. And now ten thousand stars shone on every hair of his body. Suns and moons gleamed about his limbs, and upon his frame there were tall mountains and rivers and oceans and many lands; and all the powers of nature were gathered upon the wonderful boy. Claspings her hands in prayer the queen said not a word. With closed eyes she knelt at his feet, till he took again the shape of a little child.¹

We have seen that the love of parents, in a simple way, is shown by animals to their young; that the mother and the father love the child from the very opening movement of its little life; that they love it in sickness and in health, in life or in death; and that they—especially the mother—have keen eyes to observe the good qualities in his or her soul.

The family is a thing most precious to mankind. It is the true home. For not the wood, nor the stone, nor the thatch, nor the goat's hair of the tent, nor the marble of the palace, makes the home, but the family love that gathers the elder and the younger folk as the hen gathers her chickens under her wings.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, pp 127-8.

XXIII.

THE FAMILY (2).

A pious Moslem was in the habit of kissing his mother's feet each day before joining his companions.

Once he was late in his arrival, and they asked him the reason.

"I lingered with pleasure," said he, "in the gardens of Paradise, for I have heard say that Paradise lies about the feet of the mothers."¹

It is also written in the book of *Al-Mostatra*f that when Moses conversed with God, the Most High spoke 3500 words. At the close of this conversation Moses said :—

"O my Lord God, give me a rule of conduct."

The Lord said :—

"I bid you be good to your mother."

These words were repeated seven times, and Moses said he would surely remember them.

And the Lord added :—

"Yea, O Moses; when your mother is content with you, I also am content; and if she is angry, I am angry."²

The love of mother and father says charming words to the child.

An Arab woman caressed her infant and said :—

"O heaven, the scent of my child is as the sweet scent of lavender."

An Arab father caressed his child and said :—

"I love him as the miser loves his money."³

¹ *Al-Mostatra*f, ed. G. Rat, Vol. I, ch. xlv.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

But this same love can speak words of reproach.

In ancient Rome there was a man named Coriolanus, and he was made consul or magistrate. A certain king sent shiploads of corn to Rome, and the common people hoped to receive shares free. But Coriolanus said he did not think it right to give the people free food ; for they would then ask for many other things, and the city would be in confusion. When the Roman citizens saw that they could expect no supplies from him, they rose in riot against him, and wished to hurl him from the top of a rock. His friends protected him for a time. Then a great public meeting was held, and the people voted that the consul was to leave Rome, never to return.

He left the city and went to a part of the country where the people were enemies to Rome. They received him with favour. He offered to lead their soldiers against Rome, and they gladly agreed, and Coriolanus set out with the army. Great was the distress in Rome. Women ran up and down the streets in alarm, and old men knelt in prayer before the altars of the gods. Messengers went from the city to the camp of Coriolanus, begging him to make peace, but he would not.

At length his aged mother, Volumnia, with his wife and children and other Roman wives, came out from the city and entered the camp, and appeared before Coriolanus. He kissed his mother, his wife, and his children, but he was not willing to listen to their pleading that he would make peace.

His mother knelt at his feet. She said that if he conquered Rome it would be a grief to all good Romans. If he himself was conquered, it would be a grief to his mother and friends.

For a time he seemed to pay no heed to her prayer. The old dame rose in sorrow, and said she would go home to Rome and die among her neighbours. His heart was moved. Holding his mother's hands, he was silent some moments, and then he said :—

O mother, mother !
 What have you done ? Behold the heavens do ope.
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother, oh !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome.¹

And so the reproaches of the mother uttered in love turned the heart of the proud Roman away from the evil purpose of doing injury to his own people and his own city.

But if love in the parents looks down upon the child, should not love in the child look up to the parents ?

Shall we not return love for love ?

There are numberless sons and daughters all over the world who render love and service to good parents. A book larger than all the books written by all the poets and scholars of India would be needed to tell of all the affection shown by children to fathers and mothers.

I will only now refer to one out of the many, many examples. It is a story from ancient Greece.

The old King Oedipus was blind. He had offended the gods, and he had to lead the life of a wanderer from village to village, city to city. Kind folk gave him food and shelter but none could give him sight. And who was to guide him from place to place ? Who but his daughter Antigone ? She it was who directed his steps to the wayside seat. She it was who asked pity for him when they met strangers. She it was who carried messages for him. When Antigone left him for a time, old Oedipus felt sad. Great was his joy when she returned ; and when he touched her hand again he said :—

I have all
 That's precious to me, were I now to die
 Whilst you are here, I should not be unhappy.

At length the gods showed him favour. He felt it was his hour to die, but he was to rise to the dwelling-place of the Shining Ones. Blind as he was he went forward of his own

¹ From Shakespeare's play of *Coriolanus*. The story is told in Plutarch's *Lives*.

accord, and came to a valley among high rocks. Here he took a bath, and was then dressed in fine garments. A clap of thunder was heard. Presently old blind Oedipus was no more seen. He had joined the gods, Antigone wept for him :—

Oh, I was fond of misery with him :
E'en what was most unlovely grew beloved
When he was with me.

He had indeed lived in misery, but how much more would he have suffered had it not been for the comfort of a daughter's love.¹

¹ See the play *Oedipus Coloneus*, by Sophocles.

XXIV.

THE FAMILY (3).

WE have spoken of the love of parents to children, and children to parents. If you were asked what made a family, what would you say?

I asked a child the other day, and she said "two". She meant husband and wife.

I asked another child, and she said "three," meaning husband, wife, and child.

Presently, however, we shall see that the family is wider than these three. But suppose there are four—father, mother, and two children. Then a new idea, a new friendship, enters—the friendship of brother or sister. In this friendship we do not look up as to a parent, nor down, as to a child. We are attached to a friend who is more on our own level, who is a sort of equal, or nearly equal in age, etc. And thus brotherhood and sisterhood add a fresh gem to the treasury of the household.

When Rama came home to the city of Ayodhya with his lotus-eyed bride Sita his brother Lakshman shared in the joy. Pavilions were set up for merry-makers. Streets were planted with mangoes and betel-nut trees and plantains. Bazaars were made gay with flowers and drapery. Flags waved. Horses, chariots, and elephants marched along the highways. Kettledrums sounded their roll. All kinds of music played sweetly. "Rama, Rama!" was the cry of the people; and Rama's heart was happy.

So also was the heart of Lakshman. *Brother* shared in the joy of brother.

A day came when the sky of life was clouded, and there was no music. The old king of Ayodhya made the terrible decree that Rama must go into exile for fourteen years.

When Lakshman heard of this cruel order his body shook with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, and he ran and clasped the feet of Rama, and for some time could not say one word.

"Brother," said Rama the noble, "do not vex your soul. All will be well in the end. You cannot go with me. You must stay in Ayodhya and help my father and the folk."

"No," said Lakshman; "no, my brother, not so. I am devoted only to your feet. I declare to you with all my heart that where you go, there also must I go."

Then Rama raised up his brother and embraced him, and said :—

"Go and say farewell to your mother, and then come with me to the forest and to exile."

And Lakshman was joyful.¹

In the same way the *sister* shares our joys and trouble.

It is written of the Lord Jesus Christ that when he was nailed to the cross of wood by Roman soldiers on a hill at Jerusalem, a small group of friends stood by and watched his dying agony. His mother Mary was the chief person in the group; and at her side was her sister. The Bible does not record any word the sister said. But she was there, when others had fled away. She was there when others felt fear of the Romans, and would not venture near the place of death. The sister's presence, whether she spoke or not, would console Mary in the time of her bitter pangs of distress.² We can help others sometimes without lifting a hand, or spending a small coin, or saying one word. A sanskrit poet says, Even by friends, doing nothing is sorrow removed.³

Brothers and sisters *protect* each other. In the Bhratridwitiya festival the sisters in Hindu families make marks

¹ *Ramayana* (version of Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bks. I, and II.

² Gospel of *St. John*, ch. xix. 25.

³ Bhavabhuti.

with the powder of sandal-wood on the foreheads of their brothers, and give them sweetmeats, and, if they can afford it, gifts of cloth. And thus they hope to ward off the coming of Yama, lord of Death; and they recite:—

On my brother's brow I have made the mark,
On Yama's door the bolt has fallen.¹

Not the sandal-wood, but love it is that protects and blesses—the love of sisters for brothers, and the love of brothers for sisters.

You remember I said we should look beyond the father, mother, and child. Do you know what I meant?

We could include in the family the dear grandparents, the uncles, the aunts, the cousins.

Yes, but I mean something wider still. I mean the men and the women who are not of the same blood as the family, and yet aid the household in washing, sweeping, cooking, carrying, and many other ways. I mean the *servants*. They also are part of the family. When, in ancient Rome, a Roman gentleman spoke of his family, he thought not only of his wife and children, but also of his slaves.

Let me give you a scene out of the drama of *Hasan and Husain* which is so loved by the Moslems of Persia.

The noble Husain, who was killed on the field of Karbala in Babylonia, was about to fight his last fight. All his comrades in war were slain. He alone was left, as he said, like the last palm-tree standing in an orchard. The women of his family raised a cry of sorrow for the dead, and for Husain who was soon to die at the hands of the enemy.

He bade farewell to them one by one—to his wife Umm Lailah; to Zainab his sister; to his sister Kulsum; to his daughter Sukainah.

An old female black slave approached the great captain.

"Master," she said, "I am sick at heart to think I shall part from thee. I am very aged, and I have no more to live

¹ Murdoch's *Hindu and Muhammadan Festivals*, p. 69.

for. One thing I wish. Pardon me, please, for all the faults I have committed."

Husain—the warrior in coat of mail, who in a few short hours would lie martyred on the plain of Karbala—gazed upon the old negress with tender eyes, and said :—

"Yes, you have served us a very long time. You toiled in the household drudgery for my mother. You ground the corn. How often you have dandled me in your arms! You are black-faced, it is true, but you have a pure white heart. To-day I shall leave you. I owe you many more thanks than I can count. I beg your pardon for any actions which were thoughtless and unkind."¹

But we have not yet found how wide the family circle is. Are there not other servants—two-footed and four-footed—who add pleasures to our home? Are there not birds who sing to us, or chatter to us? Are there not pets that play about our rooms, and work for us in our farms? Ought not the *animals*—the tame helpers—to be counted in as members of the family?

All the world knows that the people of India are friendly towards the animals that dwell in the same land with them. But let me relate to you how the same kindly feeling moves in the hearts of a people very far off—even in the remote North, where the very sea is frozen into thick ice, and the ground is nearly always white with snow.

In that region the people are known as Eskimos. I have read somewhere that a white or polar bear saved the life of three men. I know not how. Perhaps they fell in the sea, and caught hold of him as he swam, and he carried them to land. Anyway, they were very grateful, and (according to the legend) wished to reward him.

"Thank you," said the bear, "I need nothing at present. But if ever you should be hunting with other men, and you should catch me, will you please ask them to spare my life? You will remember me by my bald head."

¹ *The Miracle Play of Hasan and Husain*, edited by Sir Lewis Pelly; Scene 23.

Thus saying, he plunged into the sea and swam away.

Next winter the Eskimos of that tribe saw a bear on the ice, and started in pursuit. Among the hunters were the three men whose lives had been saved by the bald-headed polar bear.

Yes, they found this was the self-same animal. They begged their companions to let him alone. More than that, they made a feast for him, and spread it on the ice; and he ate heartily, and lay down to sleep, and no man hurt him, and the little children played about the great rough creature. And when he woke, he ate a little more of the food, and then walked down to the edge of the ice, and plunged into the sea, and swam away, and the Eskimos never saw him again. But they always remembered the friendly bear.¹

So, in an idea of the family, we will include :—

Father, mother, child, brother, sister, grandparents, etc., servants, and the animals that are man's helpers.

Of course, the ways and customs of families are not alike in all countries of the world. It would interest you to hear from travellers, or to read in books, or be told by teachers, what are the family customs in Japan, China, Persia, Egypt, Europe, and America, and very many differences you will find. But, in all of them, love beats in the heart, and kindness is the law. It may, indeed, happen that the members of a family do not love one another. But then we say they are not true to the family. A man may behave in an unmanly way, and then he is not a true man.

In the world there are three noble circles of love :—

Family.

Country (India, England, France, Germany, etc.).

Humanity (the great family of mankind).

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAMILY AFFECTION.

I. RUNGANADA AND HIS FATHER.

In the year 1831 a twelve-year-old Hindu lad knocked at

¹ Article by Countess M. Cæsaresco in *Contemporary Review*, July, 1907.

the door of the District Judge at Chittur. He was the son of a farmer who had been put into jail for not paying his rent. The farmer had taken some Government land, but the crops failed, and, by the law which was then in force, he had to go to prison. While the father lay in jail the time of his yearly ceremony came round, and the mother wept because he could not be at home. That was why the boy—Runganada—ran to Chittur and knocked at the judge's door.

The judge heard the boy's story, and said :—

"I cannot let your father go unless I have some security, some pledge, that he will return to stand his trial."

"We have no money," replied the boy, "but I will myself be the pledge, and I will stay in the jail in the place of my father."

The judge's heart was touched. He signed a paper, ordering the father's release. Swift as a deer, Runganada flew to the prison. Father and son joyfully set out for home, and reached it late that night.

Runganada was afterwards known as Runganada Sastri. He was able to read or speak in fifteen languages.¹

II. VIDYASAGAR AND HIS MOTHER.

Vidyasagar, the noble teacher of Bengal, met an English painter named Hudson, and engaged him to paint the portraits of his mother and father. But how was he to persuade the old lady to sit for her portrait? This was their talk :—

Son.—Mother, I wish to have your portrait done by a good painter.

Mother.—What! Paint my portrait? No! Shame!

Son.—But, mother, it is not meant for you to look at yourself. I wish for it, so that when I behold it I may think of you.

Mother.—Well, do as you like.

Son.—Shall I bring the European here, or will you go to his house with me?

Mother.—Is he a European painter? Then I cannot sit before him.

¹ *Representative Indians*, by G. P. Pillai.

Son.—He is a good man, and a good friend of mine.

Mother.—Well, bring him here.

Son.—It would be better for you to go to his house, where he has his paints, and brushes, and everything ready.

Mother.—It is no use to deny you, my son. I wonder what people will say of me! Never mind, I will go with you.

So the pictures were painted, and after the death of the old couple, Vidyasagar would stand twice a day before the portraits, and gaze in tender love at the faces which had so often gazed with love at him.¹

Vidyasagar was one day at work in the Fort William College, Calcutta, when news came that his brother was about to be married, and his mother very earnestly wished him to be present at the wedding.

He went to the head of the college, and asked:—

“May I go to Birsingha for my brother’s wedding?”

The answer was no. His friends set out for Birsingha, and left him alone at his lodgings. All night he wept and mourned.

Next day he said to the chief:

“I must resign my post if I may not go, for I cannot let my mother shed tears.”

The chief’s heart was touched, and he granted leave. At three in the afternoon Vidyasagar and his man Sriram started.

The July rains were falling heavily. Lightning glittered, and the thunder clapped, and mud was thick on the roads.

At night the two men halted at an inn in Krishnarampur, twenty-six miles from Birsingha. Early next morning they marched forth. Sriram stopped short, hungry and footsore, and his master let him go home.

Thinking of his mother, Vidyasagar pressed onwards to the river Damodar. The stream was swollen. A ferry usually took people across, but the boat was fastened to the opposite bank, and the ferry-man was nowhere to be seen. Vidyasagar swam boldly across. Again he walked, and again he came to

¹ S. C. Mitra’s *Life of Vidyasagar*, ch. xxiii.

a river—the Dvara-kesvar—and again he swam. The sun had gone down, and the road had a bad name for robbers.

At nine o'clock he reached the house. The marriage procession had already left for the bride's dwelling.

Vidyasagar entered, and called in the darkened house :—
“Mother !”

She knew his voice. She ran to meet and to kiss her son. Both sat down to eat in peace and love, for neither had eaten all that day.¹

III. THE WHITE ELEPHANT : A FABLE.

A herd of 80,000 elephants roamed the jungles of the Himalayas, led by a mighty white beast whom they were proud to own as king.

The king's mother was blind.

If ever he wandered away with the herd into the far parts of the forest, he still had loving thought of her, and sent messengers with fruit.

Alas ! the messengers ate the fruit themselves, and the gifts of affection did not reach the blind mother.

When he found out the deceit he resolved to leave the herd, and nourish and protect the mother himself. So he took her to a cave in Mount Candorana, near a lake, and they lived together in peace.

One day a man from the city of Benares lost his way in the jungle and wandered in despair for seven days.

The elephant-king knelt down, and invited the lost man to mount his back, and he carried him to the path that led to Benares, and showed him the way.

Alas ! the man's heart was evil. He told the King of Benares how fine an elephant—a white one!—was to be found in the cave of Candorana ; and the king sent him, with many helpers, to catch the elephant-king.

The hunters saw the white king standing in the lake. They seized him, and he resisted not ; and they brought him to Benares.

¹ S. C. Mitra's *Life of Vidyasagar*, ch. viii.

Sad was the blind mother when her son did not return.

"Ah!" she moaned, "still grow the olibane-tree, and the kutaja-tree, and grass, and oleander, and lilies, and bluebells; but my son, where is he?"

The white elephant was placed in a stable that was all gay with flowers, and the king himself came to feed him. But the elephant would eat nothing.

"My mother is not here," he said.

"Come, come," begged the King of Benares, "eat, and be a good friend to me."

"Ah, the poor blind one mourns in the cave of Candorana."

"Whom do you mean?" asked the king.

"My mother mourns for me."

Then the king bade his people set the elephant free, and the great animal ran swiftly from the city into the jungle; and he drew water from a pool, and hastened to the cave, and rained the cooling shower on his blind mother.

She cried:—

"It rains! Alas! my son is not here to care for me."

"Mother," he said, "it is I, your son. The king sent me home."

Then they were glad together.

The mother died and was burned, and the white elephant in time also died; and the king made a stone image of him, and people from all parts of India gathered at the place each year, and kept the Festival of the Elephant.¹

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. IV, trans. by Rouse; Story 455.

SYMPATHY (1).

WHEN does sorrow go with sorrow? When another heart feels it, and our heart *feels with it*.

Duryodhana, the famous warrior, fell on the plain of Kurukshetra, and so grief-stricken were his friends that, when he lay prone upon the earth and died, all nature seemed in disorder. Creatures without heads and with many legs and many arms danced in dreadful dance over the earth. Lakes and wells were turned into blood. Rivers flowed up-stream instead of downwards. Women seemed to look like men, and men like women.¹

The poet here teaches us that the suffering endured by one soul spread through a wide, wide world. There was sympathy between the fallen king and thousands of living creatures.

Is this sympathy only shown in sorrow? No, it is shown both in happiness and sorrow.

Christians keep holy the name of a Roman lady of the old days—Cecilia. They call her St. Cecilia. It is told of her that she had a gift for music, and, when she played sweetly on an organ, or some such instrument, the joyful sound floated to heaven. In heaven it was heard by angels, and angels flew down to the earth, carrying roses for the beloved lady. This was fellow-feeling in the happiness of music.

It also happened that one day she wandered along the

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. VII.

bank of the River Rhine in Germany, and people came to look upon her, and ask for her blessing. Among the people was a poor musician. He did not, however, want to join in the saint's music. He wanted her to join in his sorrow. He brought to her his deaf-and-dumb boy. She saw the child's weakness; she saw the father's sorrow. She took the boy in her arms and kissed him, and (so says the legend) his tongue was unloosed, and he spoke and praised the kindness of St. Cecilia.

Hear also the history of Nandiya the deer, who was kind to his parents in times of peace and content, and kind also in times of darkness and peril.

A young deer, named Nandiya, was good to his mother and father in the jungle.

The King of Kosala used often to hunt in the forest where the three deers dwelt in peace and mutual love. When he hunted, he and his people rode over a great extent of country, and many people of Kosala had to follow in his train as attendants; and so the folk were taken away from their crafts, and they murmured at the loss they suffered.

Therefore they made a park, with gates and fence, and a tank in the midst, and they came out to the jungle to drive out the deer into the park, so that the king might have all the deer at hand, and would not need to hunt with so large a train of followers.

Nandiya saw the people coming, armed with sticks. He and his parents were feeding in a small wood.

"Stay here!" he said to his mother and father, "and I will meet the people."

He sallied out of the wood all alone, and the people supposed no more deer were in the wood, and they took him and passed on.

All the deer, except the two old ones in the wood, were now gathered in the park. The king was pleased with the plan, and every now and then shot one of the herd with his bow and arrow. Nandiya's turn, however, did not come for a long while.

When at last it did come, Nandiya stood still before the king, and did not attempt to run away.

So struck was the king by this unusual behaviour that he did not shoot. Lowering his bow, he paused.

"Shoot, O king," said Nandiya.

"I cannot. There is merit in you, O deer. I grant you your life."

"Will you not, also, O king, give freedom to the rest of the deer in this park?"

"I will."

"And will you not, O king, give your favour also to the birds of the air and the fishes in the water?"

"I will."

Now this deer, says the old history, was the Lord Buddha; and he spoke to the king, and taught him the Law of Mercy to all things living. And afterwards he sent a messenger with a golden drum round the district, and proclaimed the king's favour and protection to deer, birds, and fishes.¹

No doubt you would agree that it was right of Nandiya to protect his parents. It would also be right to help a brother or a sister. But you will notice that, in the following story, a certain noble Arab spoke of a man as his brother, though he was not really his brother.

A caravan crossed a desert, and the water ran short, and the Arab travellers were obliged to measure out the water so that each might have a small but equal share.

They measured by means of a cup, into which a stone was dropped. The water was poured from the water-skin until it covered the stone. That was the share of each.

Only the chief men in the caravan had a share of the water.

The first time that the water was thus measured, Kab-ibn-Mamah was about to take the cup, when he saw a man of the Namir tribe gazing at him very wistfully. Kab said to the measurer :—

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. III, trans. by Francis and Neil; Story 385.

"Give my share to this brother," pointing to the man of Namir.

The man eagerly drank. Kab had no water.

Next day the time again came round for sharing the water.

Again the man of Namir looked eagerly. Again Kab gave the cup to the "brother," as he called him.

But when the caravan was about to move on, Kab had no strength to mount his camel.

He lay down on the sand.

They dared not stay, lest all should perish of thirst. They covered him with garments to protect him from beasts of prey, and they left him to die.¹

You will have noticed that when sorrow was felt, it was quickly felt by the neighbour's heart. When Duryodhana fell, nature grieved at once. When Cecilia played, the angels swiftly flew. When the dumb lad was brought to her, her soul felt pity straightway. When danger threatened his parents, Nandiya forthwith protected them. When the man of Namir looked up in his thirst, the noble Arab chief immediately offered his water.

Sorrow follows sorrow quickly, and joy follows joy.

If sympathy is slow we do not think it is so precious.

The famous poet Firdausi wrote the story of the Kings of Persia, and repeated it to the Sultan Mahmud; and the Sultan was charmed, and for some time held the poet in high favour. The poem of the *Shah-Namah* was the work of thirty years, and the Sultan had promised to give the poet 60,000 pieces of gold when it was finished.

Firdausi was disliked by the Sultan's vizier. This man put it into his master's head that the treasury was very low and that it would only be common sense to give the poet silver instead of gold. Mahmud listened to this advice, and sent Firdausi some bags containing 60,000 silver coins.

Firdausi was at the bath when the bags arrived. So en-

ragged was he at the Sultan's meanness that he would not even take the gift. He gave 20,000 to the messenger who brought the silver, 20,000 to the master of the bath, and 20,000 to a beer-seller who happened to be on the spot.

Mahmud heard of this insult, and ordered the poet to be trodden to death under the feet of elephants. Firdausi was warned, and fled to a distant city, and at length settled at Tus, where he was born.

The Sultan, in course of time, was sorry that he had treated Firdausi so meanly, and wished to regain the poet's respect. He sent to Tus a messenger with a gift for Firdausi—60,000 pieces of gold, and many silks, brocades, velvets, etc.

Alas! the present arrived too late.

As the royal messenger entered one of the gates of the city—his camels being laden with the costly gifts from Mahmud—a bier bore the remains of the poet from another gate towards the resting-place of the dead.¹

¹ Ouseley's *Notices of Persian Poets*, pp. 75-89.

XXVI.

SYMPATHY (2).

"OUR emperor is a just man," said the people of China, "because he is ever ready to lend an ear to the complaints of the poor."

Ah, but there came a day when the ear did not hear. The emperor suddenly became deaf. No longer could he hearken to singing birds, or to murmuring winds, or to the voice of humanity.

The emperor wept, and the nobles and officers that sat with him in the council made signs to him, or wrote words for him to read, begging him not to sorrow so much.

"Nay," he said to them, "do not think I am sad for myself, and for any trouble this affliction will cause me. I am sad because now I shall not be able to hear the prayers of the needy."

There was silence. No one could think how to comfort him.

"Ah," he cried, "I have thought of a plan. Bid the people give up wearing red clothes, unless they are in want of my help. Whenever I see a man or woman in a red dress I shall know it is a call to me, and my deaf ears will hear it, and I will make sure that aid is given to the distressed."¹

The emperor's kind heart did not cease its work when the ear became deaf. He thought of a new way of finding out the poor and needy.

Finding out—the noble man does not wait for sorrow to pass before him. He tries to find it out.

¹ *Akhlaki Muhsini*, trans. by H. G. Keene.

A number of Hindus have handed themselves into Dev Samaj Associations in order to do works of mercy. In a paper of reports one month such things as these were related:—

From Peshawar.—Two ladies taught the Hindi language to women and children daily for two hours. Men attended sick folk in their homes or at hospitals, served cows, and picked up broken glass from the footpath, etc.

From Moga.—Two ladies taught Hindi to girls. Men fed animals, and planted trees. One member of the Samaj taught a poor working-man for nothing.

From Ferozepore.—Eight ladies nursed sick people. Boys went about helping old and crippled cows, and led the blind, and watered plants, etc. Another member found a friendless man lying in the road, badly hurt by a carriage accident, and he took him to the hospital. Another member visited villages, and taught the poor and low-caste people better ways of cleanliness.

From Sialkot.—A widow visited another widow who had lost her only son, and read to her, and spoke consoling words.

In some of these cases you will observe that kindness took the form of teaching. The heart of the teacher is moved by the sight of ignorance. Another soul has need of knowledge, and he is ready to supply it; and knowledge, like bread or water or clothing, is a gift that may be passed from man to man.

Strong and clever was the lord Rama in the hunt, and strong and clever was his mind in the arts of learning. When he gave chase to beasts in the jungle, he took with him a brother for a comrade. When he rested and ate, his younger brother sat at his side and shared the meal. And when the hero went to the house of the guru to study, he learned the four holy Vedas as others might learn a joke or a song. Having stored his mind with the Vedas and the Puranas, he had no

wish to keep the sacred words in the secret of his own heart. He taught his brother.¹

The same kindness that lived in the heart of the lord Rama also warmed the heart of the Englishman of whom I am now about to tell you.

In the middle of England is a little town called Leek, and Leek is a long way from India; but in Leek lived an Englishman who was good to India.

And how was he good?

He came to India, and looked at the workshops where silk was made into cloths, handkerchiefs, scarves and girdles. But he was sorry to hear that silken goods were not woven so much as in years gone by. In 1885 he wrote:—

One thought is somewhat saddening with regard to silk in India at the present time. I have recently travelled over the greater part of India, and I have everywhere found, in all the silk centres, that, for the more ornamental silk fabrics, Indian silk is not used, but that the manufacturers procure their supplies from China on the one hand and Bokhara on the other. This ought not to be. Bengal is capable of producing silk to a vastly extended degree, not only enough for all the requirements of India, which are really very great, both for weaving, embroidery, and minor purposes, but for a greatly increased export trade.

And Mr. Wardle (afterwards Sir Thomas Wardle) did all he could to help the silk trade, and show Indians how to grow good silk and make fine wares.²

As kindness loves to impart good knowledge, so it loves to impart good news. For instance, what joy filled the heart of Hanuman when he was able to impart joy to others! Listen.

The noble Bharat, brother to the lord Rama, had waited for fourteen years during Rama's exile from the city of Ayodhya. Rama the all-beautiful had wandered in the forest, and been amid the perils of war. But Bharat knew not what was his brother's fate. As the end of the fourteen

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, p. 129.

² *Art Manufactures in India*, by T. N. Mukharji, pp. 331-2.

years drew nigh, he pined in grief, fearing he should never again see Rama's face, for he heard no news.

One day more and the fourteen years would close.

Bharat was seated on a mat of sacred grass, and his hair was tangled, and his body thin, and he moaned to himself:—

“O Rama, Rama, Raghupati!”

Then there stood before him the monkey-king Hanuman, noble Hanuman, who had so faithfully served the hero Rama in the wars.

He brought good news, and so glad was he to bring it that his eyes were filled with tears, and he felt at his heart a world of joy at being able to change Bharat's sorrow to laughter. And he said:—

“He for whom you grieve night and day has returned in safety. After conquering the foe in battle, and hearing the gods sing hymns in his praise, the lord is now on his way hither with Sita and his brother.”

Bharat no more thought of his past misery.

“Who are you that bring me such happy tidings?”

“I am Hanuman, Son of the Wind, a servant—though but a monkey—of Raghupati, even of Rama.”

Bharat embraced Hanuman.

“Tell me more,” he said, “yes, tell me all.”

And Hanuman told him all, and he was pleased beyond words to be the bearer of the good news, and to see the life come back into the wasted frame of the once sorrowful Bharat.¹

Is it only to human beings that the human heart shows mercy? No, it feels sorrow for an animal's sorrow, joy in an animal's joy.

People passed by a certain woman with scorn. They called her a sinner.

This sinner saw a dog that held out its tongue in dreadful thirst. It was dying. Without a cry the poor creature was praying for drink.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsī Dās), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, pp. 157-9.

The sinner drew off her boot and let it down into a well which was near, and so brought up a little water, which she gave to the dog, and its life was saved.

People changed their minds.

"The Lord," they said, "has forgiven this woman's sin."

She had been a sinner; yes, but she understood the meaning of humanity.¹

And again:—

A man came to the prophet Muhammad and showed him a nest of young birds wrapped up in a piece of carpet.

"I found these birds, my lord," he said, "as I passed through a wood. Hearing the chirp of the fledglings, I looked up into a tree and discovered this nest."

"Lay the nest on the ground," said the prophet.

Then the mother-bird fluttered down and stood on the edge of the nest, happy at rejoining her children.

"Put the family back again where you found them," said Muhammad.

And he added —

"Be good to animals. Ride them when they are able to carry you. Get off when they are tired. Give them drink when they are thirsty."²

In the records of Islam it is said that one day the angels of heaven said to God:—

"O God! is there anything in the world harder than rocks?"

"Yes," God said; "iron is harder than rocks, for it breaks them."

"And is there anything harder than iron?"

"Yes, fire; for it melts iron."

"And what is harder than fire?"

"Water, for it quenches fire."

"And what is harder than water?"

"Wind, for it can set the waves of water in motion."

"And is there anything still stronger?"

¹ Syed Ameer Ali's *Ethics of Islam*, p. 35.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 35-6.

“ Yes, the kind heart that gives alms in secret, not letting the left hand know what the right is doing.”

Not that the giving of alms is to-day the chief means of kindness. We may indeed still help a neighbour by a gift given with a tender heart. But the story means that, whether in gifts or in any other way, the power of kindness is the greatest in the world for winning the affection and friendship of others.¹

Sorrow is wakened by the sorrow of a fellow-creature, and joy by joy.

This is the glorious nature of sympathy.

¹ *The Sayings of Muhammad*, by Abdullah al-Mamun Sohrawardy, p. 112.

XXVII.

COURTESY (1).

It is told of the teacher Jalal (born A.H. 604, or A.D. 1207, at Balkh) that he met a butcher, who was not a Moslem; he was an Armenian. The butcher, out of respect for the fine character of Jalal, bowed to him seven times, and seven times Jalal bowed to the butcher in return. Other Moslems would perhaps have passed the humble butcher by and taken no notice of his greeting.

Even to yet humbler persons—even to children—Jalal showed courtesy. It happened once that children were playing, and, catching sight of Jalal, they left their game and ran near to him and saluted; and Jalal bowed.

But one little fellow had been left behind. He also wished to join in the salute.

"Wait for me till I come," he cried.

Jalal waited.

The child toddled up, and bowed. Jalal bowed in return.

Thus did he show himself to be great in heart, because he was courteous to the small.¹

The beautiful thing in the courteous soul is this bending of the person towards something that is less than himself—inferior to himself. This lesser person, this inferior person, could so easily be flung aside, or trampled upon, or insulted. Instead of that, the lesser person is treated with respect; and the sight of such conduct pleases the heart, just as we are

¹ *The Mesnevi*, trans. by J. W. Redhouse, pp. 57-8.

pleased to see a huge elephant lift its foot gently over a child instead of treading upon it.

When the glorious Rama went forth into exile from his home in Ayodhya city, and knew that for fourteen years he would endure pain and hardship, he had thoughts for the people who were superior—even his mother and father, to whom he said tender farewells. He had thoughts also for the people who were inferior. As he was coming out of the gate of his old home, he gathered about him many people.

Calling to his guru he begged him to watch over the welfare of the holy Brahmins, and provide for their needs during one whole year.

To the poor he gave alms freely, and in a manner that touched their hearts.

Next he summoned his servants, both men and women, and he said to his guru :—

“O sir, treat them as if you were their father and mother, and protect them all.”

Turning to the whole assembly, Rama cried :—

“Be good to my father the king, O citizens, and be a comfort to my mother while I am far away.”

And then, having bowed his head at his teacher's feet, Rama went forth, and much people of the city went some way with him, and there was a sound of weeping.¹

The prince showed courtesy to all—to the Brahmins, to the servants, and to his father the king; and of these acts of respect the most noble was that of courtesy to the servants.

We will hear next of an incident that occurred earlier in the prince's life, when Rama and his fair-faced brother Lakshman came with the guru Visvanitra to the noble city of Videha. Beautiful was the city, the bazaars and balconies adorned with jewels, the temples finely painted, the gates of diamond,

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, pp. 47-9.

and the stables crowded with horses, elephants, and chariots. Now Rama and Lakshman had a wish to see the wonders of the city by the holy Ganges, and so they asked leave of the saint to go round the place and soon return.

"O Rama," said the guru kindly, "you are always doing good; you are the guardian of the bridge of religion and well-wisher to all faithful hearts."

Then the blessed brothers set out, clad in yellow costume, quiver at side, bow and arrows in hand, smart caps on heads, black hair curling over their brows. People came in crowds to see the handsome brothers walk across the market-place to the field where the sports were to be held by the king's command. Maidens peeped from windows of the houses and spoke in soft tones of the beauty of the princes. And Rama and Lakshman beheld the wide space where the tourney would take place, and a golden stand was raised for the seats of the royal people, and white galleries were there for ladies; and fair was all the scene.

Then said Rama :--

"My brother, let us not tarry here lest we be late, and the guru will be anxious at our absence."

So they made haste and returned to the saint's dwelling ere the dusk fell and the stars shone. And they bowed themselves at the teacher's feet.¹

It is true that the teacher was wiser than the young princes; but many young princes—many scholars—have not much respect for their teachers. They do not understand how inferior their minds are to the minds of their teachers. A prince might even say to himself :--

"My rank is higher than that of the guru. I am superior."

Now the lord Rama was superior in rank to his teacher; and he showed his courtesy by returning at a proper hour, and by his respectful behaviour on his return. And besides that, he showed his feeling, that, in wisdom and learning, the guru was of higher rank than the king's sons.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, pp. 137-41.

A friend of the celebrated Al-Mamun slept in the same apartment with him, and he says that he was awake one night, but Al-Mamun thought he was asleep. Al-Mamun had a bad cough at the time, and had an attack come on in the night, but he was anxious not to disturb his companion. The friend watched him from the corner of his eye, and he saw Al-Mamun try to stifle his cough with the sleeve of his gown, but as that plan did not answer, Al-Mamun put his mouth to the couch so as to lessen the sound as much as he could.¹

This was a very princely manner. Al-Mamun might have justly claimed that he had a right to cough. So he had. But his neighbour had a right to sleep! Which right, then, was to be placed first? Al-Mamun, as a prince, considered that it was his duty to consider the sleeper before himself. It was not even a case of dispute. The sleeper knew nothing of Al-Mamun's good manners. You will often see a man behave in a proper way because the eyes of other people watch him. Al-Mamun was indeed watched, but he did not know that. He acted courteously towards the sleeper, because his own sense of right told him that it was not well to awaken his companion just because he himself happened to be in discomfort through the cough.

Abdallah Ibn-al-Muharak once noticed a man who sneezed and forgot to say (as was then the custom), "Praise be to God!"

He might have spoken in a stern manner to the man and rebuked him for not doing what all well-behaved people were in the habit of doing. But he thought the man had simply forgotten. So he said:—

"What does a sneezer say when he sneezes?"

"Praise be to God," replied the man at once.

Thus the forgetful man had made up for his forgetfulness, and was corrected in a way that did not hurt his feelings. The right word was said by the forgetful man after all!²

¹ *Al-Mustatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, p. 374.

² *Ad-Dimiri's Hayat al-Hawayan*, p. 224.

Many people would have known no way of correcting him except by saying :—

“How forgetful you are! You ought to know better! How disgraceful it is to sneeze without saying the usual words!”

XXVIII.

COURTESY (2).

IN the days of the Caliph Mamun of Baghdad, there was a man who had lived all his life in a part of the Arabian desert where fresh water was unknown, and no rain fell; and the only water drunk by the Arabs was saltish and bitter. There came a famine, and the people of this Arab's tribe were scattered far and wide in search of food. Now as this man roamed he saw a pool of clear water, from which the wind had blown all weeds and dust, and it was good to the eye. Also it was good to his taste. It was rain-water, and not extremely nice to the taste, but this Arab thought it the most lovely drink he had ever quaffed.

"This," he said, "is the water of Paradise. I know what I will do. This water will please the caliph, so I will take him some, and in his pleasure he will help my people who are in distress of hunger."

Having filled a leather bag with the rain-water, he set out for Baghdad, on the River Tigris. On the way he met the Caliph Mamun, who was hunting with richly dressed nobles.

"Blessings upon your head, O Commander of the Faithful!" cried the Arab.

"Whence come you?" asked the caliph.

"From a sad spot in the desert where the folk perish with famine."

"Whither go you?"

"I was bringing you a most splendid and precious gift."

"Pray, show it to me."

The Arab displayed the bag, and poured some water into a cup which was handed to him by a groom.

The caliph took the cup, smelt it, and drank one drop, and no more! The leather of the bag had tainted the water and made it disagreeable to the taste. But the Arab still thought it the water of Paradise.

"Well have you spoken," said the caliph; "but this good water should not be given to everybody."

Mamun bade the groom pour the water from the cup into the caliph's own ewer, and put the bag where none might touch it.

Then he gave the poor Arab 1000 dinars (gold coins), and said:—

"Take this money, and return at once to your home, and help your neighbours."

And the Arab departed joyfully.

"Why," asked the chief nobles, "did you give this man a gift for water which you let no one else taste? And why bid him go back, and never see the wonders of Baghdad?"

"Because if he had gone on to Baghdad and tasted the sweet water of the Tigris he would have found out his mistake, and known how foul his rain-water was. What seems poor to us seemed delicious to his taste. I did not wish him to be put to shame, and he has gone away happy in thinking he gave me the water of Paradise."¹

You will note the noble words of the caliph—"I did not wish him to be put to shame". That is the heart of courtesy, or good manners.

It was just for that reason (that is, so as not to put a neighbour to shame) that a young Eskimo in the northern land of frost and ice once talked his own language badly. He had met an American officer, who had not a very good knowledge of the Eskimo tongue, and who pronounced words wrongly. The young Eskimo quite knew what mistakes the American made, but when he used the same words he said them in

¹ *Akhlaki Muhsini*, trans. from Persian by H. G. Keene, pp. 19-23.

the same wrong way, so as not to let the officer feel awkward and confused. The habits of the Eskimo are very different from those of the people of the South. They eat much flesh, and they would appear to the English or the Hindus to be dirty; but they understand the meaning of courtesy.¹

There are books which tell us how to behave ourselves, and there are rules of politeness. For instance, an Arab precept runs:—

Young people should never walk before their elders except—

1. At night.
2. When crossing a torrent.
3. When meeting horsemen.²

You can see the reason for these three exceptions. At night the young should face dangers first. They should try the depth of the river first. They should first make sure whether the horsemen are foes or friends. But good manners come from the heart, not from rules, though rules are good.

You would not, for instance, find in a book of rules such a law as this:—

“English youths should treat Indian youths with courtesy.” But manly English lads do this without being instructed by books. There is in England a great public school called Harrow School, and Indian youths are found among the pupils, and they are treated as comrades and happy companions. Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, was speaking about courtesy in October, 1910, and he made these remarks:—

I am so fortunate as to have a boy at Harrow, and I went there to see him and to watch a cricket match. As is expected of parents on such occasions, I took my son to have a large and heavy tea at the Harrow tea-shop, where I saw numerous other boys, in groups of two and three, sitting at small tables and enjoying themselves. Presently I noticed an Indian boy enter with two other boys, and, sitting down together at a small table, order tea for themselves.

¹ Westermarck's *Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*, Vol. II, p. 147.

² *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, p. 387.

I could not help noticing the friendly camaraderie that existed between the three boys, who were evidently on the best of terms together. I asked my son whether Indian boys were at any disadvantage at Harrow in comparison with other boys, and he assured me that not the slightest difference is made, and that Indian boys are treated by other boys as being on a footing of perfect equality with them. This is as it should be.

Lastly, if I were to ask you whether we should behave well towards our friends, you would be sure to say Yes. But if I asked you whether we ought to show courtesy towards an enemy (if we have any enemies), what would you say?

In the year 1905 the Russians and the Japanese were, alas! at war. The Japanese dug trenches near the walls of Port Arthur, and thus got close to the walls of the strong fort.

One day a paper packet fell into a Japanese trench. It had been flung by a Russian soldier in the fortress.

The packet was opened. It contained a letter from the soldier, saying he wished to send news to his mother, but he had no means of doing so. He hoped, however, the Japanese would be so courteous as to forward a letter for him; and he enclosed a message to his mother, and also a gold piece to pay the cost.

The Japanese soldier who picked up the packet in the trench took it to his officer. The officer sent the message by telegraph to the Russian soldier's mother. A paper was thrown into the fort to inform the Russian enemy that the message had been sent.

Thus the heart of courtesy beat nobly even in the midst of war.¹

AN ANECDOTE SHOWING THAT POLITENESS SHOULD BE
COMBINED WITH COMMON SENSE.

"Mind you speak politely," said a villager to his younger brother, who was somewhat of a simpleton.

"What shall I say?"

¹ Richmond Smith's *Siege and Fall of Port Arthur*.

"When people tell you things, answer in a cheerful tone. and say, 'Oh, indeed, I am very pleased; and so on.'"

The younger brother visited a family.

"Father is dead," said one.

"Oh, indeed, I am very pleased!" was the young man's reply.

"Our crops have been spoiled by a flood," said another.

"Oh, indeed, I am very pleased!"

The people of the house were very angry at his remarks, and he went home in much trouble, and told his brother.

"How stupid you were!" cried the brother. "You ought to have replied, 'Alas! I am very grieved.'"

Again he visited the family as before.

"Four sons have been born in our family," they cried.

"Alas! I am very sorry," was his reply.

"We have made much gain by selling our bullocks," they said.

"Alas! I am very sorry," was the reply.

At this they flung him out of the house for his rudeness!¹

¹ *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun*, by G. D. Upreti, pp. 72-3.

XXIX.

FRIENDSHIP (1).

"OINTMENT and perfume rejoice the heart," says the Bible, "and so does the sweetness of a friend's loving face."

David and Jonathan were friends, famous in the Bible story. David the shepherd was hated by the king, since the love of the people had marked him out to be their captain. Jonathan, the king's son, loved David, and when, one day, he spoke well of David, the king, in wrath, flung a javelin at him with intent to kill. Years afterwards the king and Jonathan fell in battle against the enemies of their land. When David heard the news, he lifted up his voice in dire grief and cried :—

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
. Thy love to me was wonderful.

A Hebrew woman, Naomi, lived in a strange land with her husband and two sons ; and he died, and the sons died, and Naomi was a lonely widow, and she set her face to go back to her native country. Then Ruth, the widow of one of the sons, walked with her on the way.

"Go back," said Naomi ; and they wept as they weep who part for ever.

"No," said Ruth, "ask me not to go back. Whither you go, I will go. Where you lodge, I will lodge. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God ; where you die, I will die, and there will I be buried ; and nothing but death shall divide you and me."

Ruth and Naomi came into the land of the Hebrews, and dwelt together in unbroken friendship.

Why did David choose Jonathan for his friend? Because both cared for the same things, and desired to serve each other.

Why did Ruth choose Naomi for her friend? Because both cared for the same things, and desired to serve each other.

And why did Bihari Mall choose the young Akbar for his friend?

The Rajput chief Bihari Mall visited the camp of the Emperor Akbar, near Delhi. Just at this moment all was in wild confusion—men rushing here and there; tent-pegs and ropes flying all ways. In the midst of the hubbub a young man sat calmly on the neck of a furious elephant, with an iron goad in his hand, which he stuck from time to time into the animal's skin until its will was subdued and order was restored. Bihari Mall and his companions watched this fight for the mastery. He admired the young rider, who was the emperor himself, and felt in his heart that such a brave man was worthy to be his friend. And ever after Akbar and Bihari Mall the Rajput chief were knit in the bonds of friendship.¹

If, therefore, you love noble things, you will choose friends that are noble. If I did not know you, but knew your friend, and if I saw you together in the house, the bazaar, the field, the festival, I should be able to tell what kind of person you were by the quality of your friend.

Choose the noble.

Friends, having chosen each other, prove their love by helping each other—by what is called mutual help.

In December, 1572, the great Emperor Akbar, having with him only about a hundred or a hundred and fifty soldiers, heard that one of his chiefs had been murdered by some rebels near the Gulf of Kambay. He and his little band met a band of the enemy, and in twos and threes the warriors fought; lances

¹ Noer's *Emperor Akbar*, Vol. I, pp. 146-7.

were splintered, swords broken, and the battle went on for two hours. It ended in the ride of two soldiers along a narrow path, on either side of which thorn-trees grew; at the other end was a party of the enemy. The two bold riders were two friends—the Emperor Akbar the Moslem and Bhagwan Das the Rajput. Thus Moslem and Hindu galloped together in the way of peril. Three of the enemy charged. One was driven by Bhagwan Das into the thorny thicket, and was glad to escape. The other two were put to flight. The two friends dashed on, and a hand-to-hand fight followed with the guards at the end of the path.

The foes fled. Darkness came down, the emperor and Bhagwan Das had gained the victory. And ever afterwards Bhagwan Das the Hindu was allowed to use a banner and a kettledrum.¹

If you buy goods of the trader, he weighs with the scales, or measures by the Guz, etc., and he does not give much overweight, or over the measure. But a friend does not weigh or measure.

The noble Persian youth Bizhan had been captured by enemies and let down into a deep pit. Chains bound his limbs, and by chains he was hung in the dark air of the pit, seeing neither sun nor moon. Bread and water were lowered to him day by day through a crack in the huge stone that covered the pit.

To the help of this unhappy youth came the hero Rustam, who brought with him seven comrades.

A dreadful demon barred the way. Tall was the demon; black his face; his mouth like a cavern; his teeth like the teeth of a wild boar; and the hair of his body bristled like needles. The demon pulled up a tree and swung it round his head, and struck at Rustam, and Rustam struck at the monster. But the demon jumped aside, and seemed to go into thin air, so that he could not be seen. At last Rustam delivered a blow that slew him.

¹ Nqer's *Emperor Akbar*, Vol. I, pp. 188-91.

Then the hero hurried to the pit, and with his mighty hands lifted the stone that covered its mouth, and flung it away.

He let a noose float down. It encircled the body of Bizhan, and Rustam drew the youth up into the light of the moon.

"Now," said Rustam to Bizhan, "you are weary and worn through your sufferings. Go back home at once, and rest, while I push on to the palace of the tyrant Afrasiyab, who has treated you so cruelly."

"No," replied the brave Bizhan; "it is true you have an arm of power, and you may not need aid. But I owe you thanks for your goodness in saving me from misery and death. I will not leave you in the hour of danger. Where you go, I will go."

And that same night Bizhan went with Rustam to the attack on the tyrant's palace.

Who would have blamed him if he had gone straightway to his Persian home and taken a long, long rest?

But no! Friendship knew no weariness. Friendship forgot pain in the joy of helping a friend.¹

Does a friend, then, do nothing but please his friend?

Not so. There are times when he will even hurt his friend's feelings; not because he wishes to give pain, but to show him his fault, and give him a better mind.

When the crow croaks, it has no idea that the sound is at all disagreeable

But when a certain preacher in the city of Persepolis stood and spoke words of counsel to the people, the words may have been good, but the voice was like the croak of a crow, harsh and unmusical; but he knew it not. His voice made the people think of the verse in the Koran:—

"Verily the most hateful of sounds is the bray of an ass."

For a long time nobody said anything to him about it, but one day, another preacher, who did not love him, paid him a visit, and remarked:—

¹ Firdausi's *Shah-Nameh*, trans. by J. Atkinson, pp. 312-22.

"I have had a dream."

"Indeed. What was it about?"

"I dreamed that you had a sweet voice, and that the people of Persepolis had pleasure in listening to you."

For a few moments the croaking preacher was silent. He was turning things over in his mind. Then he said:—

"It was a very good dream. It has made known to me what I did not know before. After this, I shall speak to the people, and read from the Koran, in a low voice that will not offend their ears. But my friends did not play the part of friends. They ought to have told me what was wrong, and I should have been the better for it. However, the dream has spoken for them!"

XXX.

FRIENDSHIP (2).

A RICH merchant of Qonya went to the holy city of Mecca one year as a pilgrim.

His wife stayed at home, but always had her thoughts with the absent husband.

She sent to the teacher, the good Jalal, a bowl of china filled with dainties, and trusted that, as he ate, he would let his thoughts go to the distant pilgrim, and also his blessing.

Jalal asked his disciples to share the sweetmeats with him, and they sat and ate; and yet, by magic, the bowl was not empty!

"Ah," said Jalal, "our unseen friend must join in the feast."

So saying, he carried the bowl to the house-top, and presently came back with nothing in his hands.

"Where, sir, is the bowl?" asked the disciples.

"I have given it to the lady's husband," replied Jalal.

The disciples were amazed, but said nothing.

The pilgrims returned from Mecca, and the merchant unloaded his camels outside his house, and sent in to his wife the things he had brought with him; amongst others, the china bowl.

"How ever," she said, as she ran to her husband, "did you get this bowl?"

"I can hardly explain it myself," he said. "One evening, at Mecca, I was sitting in my tent, when a hand appeared, offering me this bowl filled with sweetmeats, and I took it.

Then the hand vanished. My servants went out to see who had brought the gift, but nobody could be seen."

So it seemed that Jalal had sent his hand and the bowl all the way to Mecca!

Of course, this is but a legend. But it teaches us how beautiful a duty it is to think of our distant friends. How comforting it is to a person far off to know that his or her friends bear the absent one in mind, and that an unseen cord of recollection stretches from heart to heart across the many miles that lie between.!

The postal service carries the messages of friendship, in cart, in train, in ship, round the globe.

Our thought, swifter than post or telegraph, sends messages of love to our friends in England, in Africa, in America, in Australia.

To which friends shall our hearts send messages of love? To the new friends only? Shall we, then, forget the old?

On the bank of the Ganges was a grove of fig-trees, wherein dwelt thousands and thousands of parrots.

One of the red-beaked birds had a fig-tree all to himself. Year after year he had eaten of the fruit of the tree, and been satisfied and supported.

In course of time the tree lost its first beauty and strength, and faded until it bore no fruit, no leaves; and there was nothing but a withered trunk, in which were many holes; and out of the holes came dust.

And still the red-beaked bird clung to his old home, his old friend. He ate of the dry bark, and the dust, and quenched his thirst in the Ganges; and he perched on the old stump, and preened his feathers in the sun, as if he lived on the finest fig-tree in India.

The god Sakka² heard of the parrot's loyalty to the dear old tree, and he came to the grove in the form of a wild goose, and said to the parrot:—

"Wherever the fruit is plentiful, there the birds flock;

¹ *The Mesnevi of Jelal-ud-din*, trans. by J. W. Redhouse, pp. 61-2.

² Sanskrit, Sakra.

and when the trees wither, the birds depart. Why, then, Red-beak, do you remain on this wretched stump?"

"Because, Sir Goose, the fig-tree and I have been friends from our youth upwards; and my heart still clings with affection to a companion who loved me till he could love no more."

Then Sakka, charmed by the parrot's faithfulness, caused the tree to bear leaves in abundance, and its branches to droop with juicy figs.¹

Even old friends quarrel. And what then? Have you not quarrelled with a brother, a sister, a playmate? And was it not a joy to you to find your friend again, even as two companions who are parted in the dark night, and seek each other until they clasp hands again?

In the midst of the great battle of Kurukshetra—eighteen days did it last—two noble warriors, two brothers, namely, Yudhishtira the just king, and the brave Arjuna, fell foul of each other in quarrel.

"You have done wrong," said the king, "to leave the field, when our mighty enemy Karna yet lives and yet spreads death in our ranks."

Arjuna replied with a sneer that it was not fair that the king—who passed his time two miles away from the battle—should reproach one who had been doing his best to slay Karna. And had not Yudhishtira once played dice, and so lost all his kingdom, and caused the exile of himself and his four brothers?

Now when Arjuna had thus spoken, he was sorry for the bitterness of his own speech; and he hung his head for shame, and, with a sigh, he drew his sword, as if about to take his own life.

Then said Krishna to his friend Arjuna:—

"Nay, do not so. If you are indeed sorry, show it by praising yourself. For it is not good to praise oneself. Self-praise makes a man look small. Therefore, praise yourself; look foolish; and so will you do penance for the angry words."

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. III, trans. by Francis and Neil; Story 429.

Arjuna, in mockery of himself, said :—

“Brother, I am a mighty bowman. I can destroy the world in a moment. I have slain nations from the north, south, east, and west ; and I will put Karna to death to-day with my arrows.”

So speaking Arjuna flung down his bow and arrows, and put up his sword into its sheath, and joined his hands together, and murmured :—

“O King, pardon me, I pray you.”

King Yudhishtira rose from his couch, and with grief in his heart, he exclaimed :—

“O Arjuna, I have done evil. Strike off my head, for I am not fit to live. I am idle—a coward—cruel. Of what use am I? I will go to the lonely woods. . . .”

Thus the brothers begged each other for forgiveness, and they wept tears of repentance, and so became cheerful and friendly once again ; and Arjuna went forth to the fight.¹

You know the beautiful isle of Ceylon on the south of India. You have heard of the mountain in the island named Adam's Peak.

It is no easy task to climb the side of Adam's Peak or Samanala, in Ceylon. There are forests to pass through, stones to clamber over, narrow paths to be ascended by means of ladders, etc. Thus the pilgrim reaches the high top where he is shown the Holy Footprint.

Years ago a traveller had climbed the Peak, and he watched a band of Singhalese men and women who had come to look at the Footprint, and to repeat, after a priest, certain good words of religious teaching.

When this was ended, what followed ?

Wives saluted their husbands ; children saluted parents ; friends saluted one another. An old grey-headed woman made salutations to a venerable old man ; the tears were in her eyes ; he raised her from the ground where she knelt. Several middle-aged men then bowed to the aged

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. VI.

couple. Younger people bowed to the middle-aged. The folk exchanged betel-leaves as they made salutations.

What did these actions mean?

The traveller—an English doctor—asked the question. He was told that, at the top of Adam's Peak, members of a family, and friends, and neighbours were anxious to forgive any quarrels, any unkind words and deeds, and to renew their good feeling and their goodwill.¹

Yes, but you know we can forgive, and we can make friendly salutations without climbing a high hill, or seeing a Holy Footprint.

And some day, in the far-off time, all the nations of the world will forgive each other the wrongs that have been done, and give each other the salutations of peace.

I. VIDYASAGAR.

Vidyasagar, the famous Indian scholar, was a great friend of Dr. Mouat. The doctor asked him to give lessons in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Hindi to Captain Bank, an Englishman. When the captain had finished the course of lessons, he offered to pay Vidyasagar at the rate of fifty rupees for each month.

"No," said Vidyasagar, "you are a friend of Dr. Mouat, and he is a friend of mine. I gave you lessons at his request. I can take no fee from my friend's friend."

Yet, at that very time, he was poor, and the money would have been most welcome.²

II. ST. LOUIS AND BROTHER GILES.

St. Louis, King of France (died 1270), had heard of the good life of Brother Giles, a friar of the Order of St. Francis; and the king, loving the teachings of Christ, had a desire to meet Brother Giles, who also loved Christ's teachings.

¹ Dr. Davy, quoted by W. Skeen in *Adam's Peak*, p. 204.

² S. C. Mitra's *Life of Vidyasagar*, ch. x.

Though they had never beheld each other, yet their hearts were knit in the bonds of the same faith, hope, and love.

Now Brother Giles lived at the city of Perugia, in Italy, with other brethren of the Order of St. Francis. To the door of the monastery, one day, came the King of France, in the guise of a poor pilgrim; for he had no wish to appear in royal state, but as a man who was a companion and friend.

The porter at the door ran in to tell Brother Giles of the coming of a stranger who begged to see him. Giles had heard the French King was in that region, and he felt sure this visitor was Louis, though no name had been announced. He went in haste to the gate, and Brother Giles and King Louis of France knelt down in the sight of the monks on one side and the courtiers on the other, and they embraced and they kissed each other, but neither said a word.

They remained in this silence a long time, and at last arose, and each went his way, the friar to his cell and the king to his throne.

"Brother Giles," said the monks, "it surely was not right that you should never say one word of greeting to the noble king."

"Dear brothers," answered Giles, "this is not a thing to wonder at, for our hearts spake to each other in holy friendship far better than if we had spoken with our lips."¹

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, trans. by T. W. Arnold, ch. xxxiv.

XXXI.

GRATITUDE.

A FAMILY are gathered together in the house which has been their home for years.

Suppose now one of the sons suddenly started up, and cried :—

“No longer shall I eat and drink here; no longer shall I greet the people of this house; no longer shall I even speak to them; I have nought to do with any of them hence forward.”

We should think he had lost his sense and reason. We might fear that he was ill. For it is against nature to cut oneself off from one's family.

We cannot live a true life alone. We need each other. We help each other. And that is why we *thank* each other. If I say, “Thank you,” it means, “You have done something for me; you have made me feel I belong to the same family—the family of mankind—as yourself.”

The noble Caliph of Baghdad, Al-Mamun, one night called to him a trusted servant, and said : “Take two companions with you and go to the house where the Barmecide princes used to live. I hear that an old man comes every night to recite the praises of these enemies of our kingdom. Bring the man to me.”

So the three messengers went out into the darkness and arrived at the ruined palace of the Barmecides, and hid themselves behind some broken masonry. It was at this spot that the Barmecides had been slain, as being foes to the caliph.

An old man of fine appearance came upon the scene, followed by a youth who carried a carpet and an iron stool.

The old man sat upon the stool, and began to weep and lament, and speak of the noble character of the dead Barmecide princes. When he had ended, the caliph's servants stepped forward, saying :—

“Come with us to the Prince of Believers.”

“Ah!” he cried, “then my last hour has come: let me leave my instructions to my family.”

They let him enter a shop in the town where he dwelt, and there he wrote out his wishes on a paper, which he gave to the youth. Then he was taken before Al-Mamun.

“Why,” asked the caliph, “do you praise my enemies, the Barmecides?”

“Because they were good to me. O Prince, hear my tale. I once lived at Damascus, and, being reduced to poverty, I came with my family—thirty in all—to Baghdad. We were so needy that I went out to ask charity in the streets. I happened to pass the house where a wedding was about to take place. A Barmecide girl was the bride. Poor as I was I was invited to join the party of guests. When, after the rejoicings, it was found how wretched my position was, the Barmecides befriended me and all my family, and for thirteen years we resided with them as one community. When, O prince, your father put the Barmecides to death, I no longer had a protector. Your chancellor laid so heavy a tax on me that the lands which the Barmecides had bestowed upon me were not enough to yield the rents I needed to pay them.”

“Call the chancellor,” said the caliph.

When he came in the prince asked :—

“Do you know this old man?”

“Yes, he is a follower of the Barmecides.”

“How much tax have you made him pay?”

He named the sum.

“Restore all he has paid up till now,” ordered Al-Mamun, “and I decree that the two estates shall belong to him and his children for ever.”

The old man burst into tears of joy, and even the caliph wept in fellow-feeling with the loyal soul who had remained so faithful to the memory of his dead friends.¹

Why do we admire the old man's loyal remembrance of the Barmecide princes? Because he was so mindful of the kindness shown to him. He understood that none of us lives really alone. None of us can do without a neighbour's help. To thank a living friend, or to thank a dead friend is to acknowledge our debt to the family of humanity. Many persons forget to pay the debt. They forget to render thanks; and when they forget, they are acting as if they owed nothing to others, nothing to the great membership.

Having told you a story of princes, I will relate an incident in much humbler life.

Vidyasagar, the noble teacher, met in Burdwan a poor thin boy at the time of the famine of 1865. The boy begged for a pice. There was a bright look in his pale face.

"Suppose I give you four pice," said Vidyasagar.

"Do not jest, sir."

"I am not jesting; what would you do with four pice?"

"Buy something to eat with two, and give two to my mother."

"And suppose I give you two annas?"

The boy turned away, but Vidyasagar caught him by the arms.

"Tell me."

Tears ran down the boy's cheeks.

"I should buy rice with four pice, and give the rest to mother."

"And four annas?"

"I would use two annas for two days' food, and buy two annas' worth of mangoes to sell for four annas, and so go on trading, and thus keep my mother and myself."

Vidyasagar gave him a rupee, and the lad ran off in joy.

¹ *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, pp. 618-23.

Two years afterwards Vidyasagar again visited Burdwan. A stout, strong youth stepped out from a shop and saluted.

"Please, sir, may I ask you to take a seat in my shop?"

"I do not know you."

With tears in his eyes, the lad told how Vidyasagar had helped him two years before, and he was now a chapman with a nice little business. Vidyasagar blessed the youth, and sat awhile in the shop.¹

How charming it is to think of Vidyasagar sitting in the dealer's shop and chatting in friendship! The two souls were knit together by the bond of gratitude.

Some 1700 years ago, in the days of the great Roman Empire, when the eagles of Rome were raised on high over the walls and castles of many cities in many lands, there lived one of the noblest of emperors, by name Marcus Aurelius. He did his duty in his court at Rome. He did his duty in the camp, when he took part in the wars against the wild tribes on the borderland of the Empire.

Often, when he had a quiet hour to himself in court or camp, he wrote down his thoughts; and the book of his thoughts is still preserved, and printed in many copies for the world to read. And what are the first lines in this beautiful book? Lines of gratitude to all who had helped him when he was young—lines of thanks:—

Thanks to his grandfather, from whom he learned good-temper.

Thanks to his father, from whom he learned manliness.

Thanks to his mother, from whom he learned to live simply.

Thanks to his great-grandfather, from whom he learned to love knowledge.

Thanks to his teachers, thanks to his friends, thanks to his good sister, to his brother, to his wife.

Thus the greatest man in the Empire showed his gratitude to the family to whom he owed all that he had, and all his good character.

¹ S. C. Mitra's *Life of Vidyasagar*, ch. xxvi.

The ploughman was taught to plough ; the ivory carver to carve ; the builder to build ; the weaver to weave ; the miner to mine ; the fisherman to fish ; the cutler to grind the steel blade, and so on. Let each craftsman and each artist thank his teacher.

In a garden beside the River Thames in London is a bronze statue which I have often stopped to look at. On a rest or pedestal is the bust of a man, and below the bust is the figure of a woman who hides her face. She is weeping for his death. This bust is that of a musician, Sullivan, whose music gives joy to millions of ears and hearts. The woman weeps, but her tears are tears of thanks to the dead musician, who lives still in his lovely music.

In thousands of cities in Europe, America, Africa, Australia, and Asia, folk have raised statues in memory of noble men and women of the past ; and every statue is a mark of gratitude, every statue is a token of thanks to a hero, a poet, a teacher, a reformer of things evil, an enemy of Wrong, a helper of goodness and light.

Is it not wonderful to think of the countless times that the word *Thanks* is repeated every minute of every day from one year's end to the other ? The sound of the grateful word goes round the globe ; and the thankfulness beams from millions of eyes ; and in book and song, and statue, and shrine and temple, men tell of their thanks to the noble dead.

And now do you not see why we admire the grateful old man ? And the youth that was grateful to Vidyasagar ?

And do not you also see why the unthankful child or man is looked upon as one who forgets his membership in the family ?

XXXII.

LOYALTY.

THE noble Moslem, Husain, was surrounded by enemies. Soon would he meet the Angel of Death. Few were the companions in his little camp; but all were lion-hearted.

Umar, a bold warrior, challenged Husain to come out to single combat or send a comrade in his place.

Zainab, the sister of Husain, cried out against the foes who came in such numbers to crush the weak band of Husain.

Sukainah was Husain's daughter. Sorely did she thirst, and in pain she begged for a drop of water.

"Dear niece," said Zainab, "the River Euphrates is full of water, but there is no way of reaching it. I also thirst."

Then spake Abbas, the brother of Husain:—

"Let me go, Husain, and fetch water from the river; for I cannot bear to hear little Sukainah pray for drink."

Shouts arose again from the camp of the enemy.

Among those that listened to the moans of little Sukainah was Abis, the son of Shib. He bound his armour on, even his shining cuirass and his helmet, and he said to his black slave Shauzab:—

"I am going on a journey."

"Oh, my lord, tell me whither; and let me go also."

"To Paradise," replied Abis. "I shall shed a little blood in order to get water for my friends."

"I will go with you," said the slave.

So Abis and his faithful slave Shauzab stood before Husain, and offered to go to the river.

"Brave friends," said Husain, "do not go. I will send my eldest son."

"Oh, master of men and jinns, let me go," prayed Abis.

"Permit me, slave as I am, to go, O grandson of the prophet," prayed Shauzab.

Then Husain sighed, and answered:—

"Go; but you will not return alive. We will get a shroud for you, and a shroud for Shauzab, and in these winding-sheets you shall die the death of God's martyrs."

Then, clad in shrouds under their armour, the two heroes looked upon the foe, and went out to the field of doom, and shouted defiance; and there was a clash of arms, and a terrible medley of war.

The foes gave back a while before the fierce onset of Abis and the slave.

But Shauzab was wounded, and he lay dying; and Abis knelt at his side.

"Close my eyes," whispered the negro to Abis, "and stretch my hands and feet towards Mecca, the centre of faith."

Thus died the loyal child of Africa.

The drums of the enemy beat to the charge, and Abis sprang upon his steed again, and rode to face the foe.

"Ah, champion!" sneered Ibn Sa'd, "if you are so valiant, why need you wear armour at all? Throw off your coat of mail, your helmet, your cuirass, your arrow and quiver, and fight with a single naked sword."

Abis threw off all his armour, and wielded only his single naked sword; and the enemy saw his shroud.

"Drummer, beat the drum," shouted Ibn Sa'd.

The drum rolled; and the awful sound of blows was heard, and soon Abis lay faint and dying near the body of the loyal African.

"O God," said Abis, "be Thou my witness that I die happy, having given up my life and the world for the sake of Husain. Verily, there is no God but God, and Muhammad is His prophet."

The enemy flung stones upon him as he lay and died.

The drum beat in triumph.

Honour to heroes who die for the sake of others—whether the heroes be Arabian, or Hindu, or African, or of any other nation under heaven.¹

And as we honour the loyal man, so, on the other hand, we have a mean opinion of the disloyal, who forsakes the friends and leaders he once followed in order to gain some profit for himself.

Such a disloyal man was Husain's camel-driver.

When, on the plain of Karhala, the bodies of Husain and his comrades lay unburied, the camel-driver wandered over the place of death to see what treasures he could steal from the corpses.

Another man, named Bajdat, who had not been one of Husain's followers, also came on the same errand.

"Who are you?" he called out to the camel-driver.

"I was camel-driver to Husain, one of God's martyrs. Now I hope to win some profit from the camp of the dead."

"Inhuman wretch," cried Bajdat. "Did not Husain and his comrades treat you kindly?"

"Oh yes, indeed. His brother Abbas often gave to me of his own bread and water. Ali Akbar his son was very good to me. Kasim clothed me in his own coat. Zainab gave me a shawl and veil for my wife, and Ashgar gave me clothes for my children."

"Then what more do you want?"

"Husain had trousers on which was sewed a band adorned with jewels. I have come to take the band."

"And I," said Bajdat, with a laugh, "have come to take the ring from his finger."

So the two thieves went together, and they found the body of Husain the martyr.

Bajdat quickly drew the ring from the hero's finger, showed it to the camel-driver, and hastened away.

The camel-driver stooped. He could not remove the band.

¹ Adapted from Sir Lewis Pelly's edition of *Hasan and Husain*, scene

It was held tight by the hand of the dead. The thief murmured:—

“If this hand does not let go, I will cut it off.”

Then (according to the old legend) the lips of the dead spoke:—

“God is great!”

The camel-driver took no heed, but still pulled at the band.

“God is great!” said the dead again.

Again the thief tried.

“God is great.”

A fourth time the camel-driver sought to wrench off the band.

“I will cut your hand,” shrieked the camel-driver. . . .

Now the old miracle-play of Hasan and Husain does not finish the scene. We are left to imagine that the camel-driver went away with the band, or without it. That does not matter. We have seen enough to make us despise him for his baseness of mind.¹

There will be very few girls or boys who cannot see the wide difference between the faithful African, Shauzab, and the mean camel-driver. Some children are selfish and cowardly and untrue, but even these, if asked which they admired—Shauzab the negro or the thieving camel-driver—would at once say:—

“Shauzab the negro!”

What is it that we so admire in the loyal man? Let us think.

The sun rises every morning. Suppose that, on some days, it did not rise. Suppose it missed out a day now and then. The whole world would fall into confusion. We depend upon the sun rising in the same grand regular way that our fathers have known for ages past. The sun is, so to speak, loyal to his law of motion. He never deceives us. We know what to expect.

¹ Sir Lewis Pelly's *Hasan and Husain*, scene 27.

Water bears ships on its bosom: Iron sinks in water, unless (as in iron ships) it is so made that it contains chambers of air, and thus becomes lighter than water, and so is able to float. A man can swim in water, if he moves his limbs in the right way; and he will sink if he does not. Thus the water behaves as we expect. It obeys the laws of water. It does not act one way on a Monday, and another way on a Tuesday. It is loyal, so to speak, to the laws of water.

Just as we depend upon the sun, and the water, and the air, and the trees, and the metals, and rocks, all to obey the laws of their being, and be loyal to those laws, so we look for loyalty in men, women, boys, and girls. We do not admire a person who is one sort of character on a Monday and quite different on a Tuesday. We want people who are true to their character. As the English poet Shakespeare, said :—

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

We can show loyalty to our family, and lead people to respect our parents. If by sad chance a member of our family does an evil thing, we shall grieve over it, and seek to amend it, but we shall not run to tell the world about it; we shall not join with those who reproach our relative; we shall, in love for the family, try to repair the wrong as quickly and as quietly as we can.

We can show loyalty to our city, and if there are bad things in it—evil streets and houses, evil people, evil ways and manners—we shall not be glad to find fault. We shall certainly be honest and admit that things are not as they should be; and we shall join with our fellow-citizens in improving the state of the town we love.

In every land, again, in East or West, the folk should be loyal to their country, their mother-land. Our country is our mother, our friend, our shield, our home. Each should do his best to make his country and his nation a land and a

people of honour, and health, and industry, and beauty, and good-fellowship. Just as I who write these words love England, and am proud of England, and delight in the story of what England has done in the past, so you who read or hear the stories in this book will love India, and feel proud of India, and delight in the story of what India has done in the past.

Can England be made a finer and happier land? Most certainly.

Can India be made a finer and happier land? Most certainly.

Then let us each serve the country of our birth, by our daily labour, by learning and reading, by neighbourly conduct, by joining with all honest men and women in whatever renders our nation nobler. Let people see us striving for the good of our family, our village, our city, our motherland. They will respect us because they can depend upon us. They will have faith in us.

XXXIII.

CO-OPERATION.

THE water of life ? What is the water of life ?

The poets of olden India called it Amrita.

They tell how once upon a time the Shining Gods prepared themselves by much pious exercise for the great task of making the water of life. After they had fulfilled their vows, they met on the golden peak of Meru, and talked of ways and means.

Amrita ! Ah, where and how, in the wide world and in the waters under the earth and in the heavens of the million stars, was the water of life to be found. The gods conversed long and anxiously.

Then said Vishnu to Brahma :—

“ We can get it from the ocean, the water of life and lovely gems and precious drugs for healing.”

“ How, O Vishnu ? ”

“ By churning. The animal-headed Asuras must help. The gods must help ; and with practice, and with patience, O Vishnu, Amrita will be secured.”

First, then, the gods pulled up Mount Mandara from its base, and set it in the deep sea, on the back of the tortoise—that magic tortoise that held up the world in the songs of the poets of old.

This was the churning-pole. It must be turned in the water—turned and whirled with a great motion that should stir the sea from east to west.

What could be better for a cord to wind round the pole than the serpent Vasuki, that had the spreading hood ?

They seized Vasuki and twisted his coil about Mount Mandara. The Asuras took him by the head, the gods grasped him by the tail. Each party pulled. The huge mount trembled and revolved, and the waters of the wide, wide sea shook with the labouring of the churning-pole. Hot grew the body of Vasuki, and black smoke and red flames came forth from his giant mouth. Upwards curled the smoke in clouds, and then—ah, joyful event! the clouds fell in sweet rain upon the toiling Asuras and the gods. After the rain, flowers and blossoms of many charming odours sprang up all round the sides of Mandara.

Faster went the churning. Forests on the slopes of the mount caught fire as the trees were brushed one against the other. Indra put out the flames. From the broken trees oozed out many fragrant gums and balsams, and dropped into the sea.

And still the gods and Asuras worked; and Amrita did not yet appear.

Persevere, brethren, persevere, brothers of the noble quest! Shoulder to shoulder, side by side, heart with heart—and at some happy hour, the water of life shall be yours!

But they felt weary.

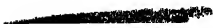
"O Vishnu," they prayed, "the burden is too great to be borne. Amrita will not come. Help."

"Churn, churn, churn," answered Vishnu. "Your labours, O gods, O Asuras, will not be in vain."

What sight is this? What is this that rises from the waters?

It is the moon, in a circle of glory, throwing light over the sea, the earth, and gods, and Asuras, and even men, and women, and children.

Who comes next from the depths of the churned ocean? It is the goddess of Fortune, the white-robed Lakshmi. And after her emerges the grape-vine, which yields wine, and the white horse, swift to run, and stainless to look on; and then the gleaming jewel Kaustuva, which shall hang from the neck of Vishnu.



Next came up a glorious figure. It was the spirit Dhavantari, and in his hand he held a grail—a cup—and in the holy grail was Amrita, the Water of Life. And thereupon the Asuras raised a loud shout.

The churning continued.

An enormous and beautiful elephant, Airavata, by name, next appeared, and Indra took it for his steed.

But, oh, what horror is this?

A dull and crawling flame springs from the air and spreads about, and gives out a sickly smell, and heaven and earth are in peril of death by the poisonous fumes.

"Mahadeva," cries Brahma, "swallow it for the sake of our salvation."

Mahadeva gathered up the dreadful fire-wreaths into his hands, and rolled them into an awful mass, and forced it into his mouth, and so bitter and so horrid was the poison that it turned his throat and neck blue; and for ever afterwards Mahadeva was known as the Blue-throated. Noble soul! The dark mark in his throat was a token of his willingness to suffer for the good of the world.

"Let us drink now," said the Asuras, and they seized the vessel of nectar.

But Vishnu took on himself the shape of the lovely Queen Maya, and stood before them, and the Asuras, amazed at the fair figure, paused and did not drink, and let Maya take the cup from their hands.

They awoke from their dream and found the cup gone. They pursued Vishnu. But Vishnu and all the other gods had drunk from the holy grail, and the water of life had given them its precious gift.

The demon Rahu thought to drink also. He crept near the group of the Shining Ones. He picked up the cup which a god had set down. He was lifting it to his lips. Some drops of the nectar had glided into his throat, when Vishnu saw what was happening, and raising his glittering discus he sliced the demon's head from his body.

But the head had been made ever-living by the power of

Amrita. It flew up into the sky, and there (so the ancient story-makers said) still lived and still carried on its evil work. For at times it approached the sun or the moon, and swallowed or half-swallowed one or the other in his tremendous mouth, and the darkness that happened then was called an eclipse.

The Asuras and the gods fought for the possession of the water of life. The gods were victors. They took the cup to heaven, and they pulled up Mandara from the ocean and rested it in its proper place.

Such is the tale the fathers of India told. And if that were all the tale that could be told, then we must suppose that the water of life is always out of reach of man—hidden in the far off palace of the Shining Ones.

But the churning of the ocean, the churning of the ocean; what is this, children?

Is not the ocean the daily world we live in? Is not the churning the work that you and I do, hour by hour, day by day, year by year? Have we not each a work to do? Do we not need each other's help? Can the ruler do without the people? Can the wife do without the husband? The little ones without the mother? Are we not all needed, the hunter, the shepherd, the ploughman, the reaper, the diver, the builder, the furniture-maker, the tool-maker, the machine-maker, the dressmaker, the cook, the nurse, the teacher, the policeman, the writer, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, the poet?

Churn the ocean, all you workers of the world.

And remember (as the pictures of the artists tell us), the Asuras have hands like unto animals. The animals, good dumb creatures, also help in the daily labours of humanity.

What gems, what treasures rise from the ocean of labour!

See the houses, the villages, the cities, the tanks, the railways, the canals, the roads, the ships, the airships, motors, machines of all sorts, books—who shall number all the useful articles created by the hands of man? Even the moon, one might say, is made by him; for are not

the white electric lamps that give us light in the gloomy night like unto silver moons ?

And is the water of life so far away ? Has the cup floated beyond the clouds ?

Amrita is here. Wherever men and women work together in peace and industry, there is Amrita. For friendship of man to man ; reverence for the good teachers ; and love towards human beings and towards our animal helpers, that is the water of life.

Co-operation is the water.

Fellowship in the daily work of the world is the water.¹

¹ For details of the legend of the Churning, see J. C. Oman's *Great Indian Epics*, pp. 198-203.

XXXIV.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

NORTH of the holy city of Benares is a spot known from olden times as the Deer Park, a place held sacred by the followers of the lord Buddha. It was in this part of India that he began preaching the Wheel of the Law—the message of the Noble Path.

Why was the place called the Deer Park?

A Chinese traveller, Hieuen Tshang, says the reason was as follows:—

Two herds of deer roamed in a great forest near Benares, and in each herd were a hundred animals. The King of Benares often chased the deer, and he killed many in the herd whose leader was Devadatta.

The leader of the other herd was his cousin, the lord Buddha himself. And Buddha, the king of the herd, asked the Rajah of Benares not to draw all his victims from one herd, but to take a deer first from this herd, then from that, and so on, in order that plenty of meat might be provided for the palace. And this was agreed to, lots being cast each day to settle which deer was to die.

The lot fell on a doe who would soon have a young one; and the poor creature went to Buddha, and asked that he would save her and the young deer that was soon to be born.

Then Buddha, his head crowned with proud horns, marched to the palace of the Rajah, and the Rajah and many courtiers hastened to salute him; and he said:—

“I am come to offer myself as a sacrifice in place of the deer who is soon to be a mother. Respect the mother, O king.”

The heart of the Rajah was touched, and he said :—

“ It is I who am a deer though I have the shape of a man ; it is you who, despite your animal shape, have the heart of a man.”

From that time forth, no deer were slain in that forest, and the name Sarnath was given to the place, and Sarnath means “ Lord of the Deer ”.¹

Buddha was a very great soul. His name is known all over the world. But how did he behave in his greatness? Did he use his power and his wisdom to hurt and destroy, to oppress and conquer? No; he gave himself to the service of the weak and distressed. The greatest man can do nothing greater than to serve mankind; nothing greater than social service.

A very splendid scene took place at Raigarh in 1674. The famous Maratha prince, Sivaji, having done great things in many wars, was crowned king. He stood in a balance against a heap of gold in the other scale, and then gave away the gold to his Brahmans. Lotus flowers made of gold and set with jewels were presented to many of the people. The throne on which Sivaji sat was adorned with eight pillars crusted with jewels. A parasol, fringed with pearls, was held over the king's head. On each of the mendicants, Yogis and Brahmans, was bestowed a four months' supply of food.

No doubt the hand of Sivaji was strong, the brain of Sivaji was quick to invent plans of conquest. But could the noble Maratha do all his exploits alone? Who had aided him to grow so mighty? It was his spearmen, mounted on hardy ponies, ready to go anywhere and do anything for the prince they loved, so long as he allowed them, in due season, to go back to their land and sow the seed and reap the crops. These honest peasants, tilling the soil in patience and industry, were the foundation of the golden glory of the Maratha king.²

In society we need captains and we need followers. There

¹ E. B. Havell's *Benares : the Sacred City*, pp. 50-54.

² Hunter's *Indian Empire*, pp. 376-7; and Mankar's *Life and Exploits of Sivaji*.

can be no army without officers. And there can be no army of industry without officers. That is, the workers need leaders and teachers. But the leader and the teacher is also a servant. If he is wiser and stronger than his fellow-men, it is not right that he should act in pride and contempt. "He that is greatest among you," said the Lord Jesus Christ, "let him be your servant." Buddha served. The worker in field and workshop serves. Let each serve the common good.

We may not be able to do mighty deeds. But there is something we can do when the great deeds are done. We can take a joy in them, and give our hearts to the doers and cheer them by our good wishes.

When the noble Rama walked up to the stage, like the sun rising in his glory, where he was to bend the huge and terrible bow of Siva, the people—all the men and women—watched with beating hearts. They had seen proud kings try to bend the bow and fail. They longed to see Rama bend the stout wood, and snap it, and then claim the lovely lady Sita as his bride. Not one of the people in the crowd could do the deed himself; but he could lend his sympathy. And so each person, trembling with eagerness, called to mind his or her own past and said: "If my good acts in bygone years are of any avail, O father Ganes, may Rama break the bow as if it were the weak stem of a lotus".

Rama the lord broke the bow, and there was a noise in all the wide world, and everything shook, from the high sun to the tortoise below that bore the great load on his back. In the sky and in the earth was music heard. The bad folk were sad; the good folk were glad. Not one of them all could break the bow, but they could surround the hero with their love.¹

On the other hand, it is the part of the men who are placed in high positions to feel grateful to the workers in a low position. Each serves in his time and place.

"Devotion of the strong to the weak; respect of the weak for the strong."

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, pp. 157-63.

"We are every one members one of the other."

A European legend tells how a giant lived on a hill-top that overlooked a valley where lived men and women and cattle.

One day the giant's daughter came to him holding something alive in her hands.

It was a ploughman, and the two oxen that drew the plough.

"See, father!" she said, "what a pretty toy I have found."

The father looked gravely at the man, the oxen, and the plough.

"My daughter," he said, "this is no toy. Without this little worker and his plough and his oxen, neither men nor giants would have food. We all depend on the labour of the tiller of the field. Respect the plough and the ploughman, my child, and place them again in the valley where you found them."

Each in his station.

The leader at the head.

The follower at his post.

Let us admire the work of the wise and masterful; they serve the common good.

Let us admire and respect the work of the labourer at his humble task; he also serves the common good.

XXXV.

LOVE AND CRUELTY.

ARE men cruel? Many men are cruel.

Do cruel men like to be treated cruelly? No, indeed, even cruel men hate cruelty.

And do good men hate cruelty? Yes, they hate it. And so, all men hate cruelty, even though many act cruelly.

And are men as cruel as the men of old time?

They are less cruel.

Yazid, the lord of Damascus, was cruel. He had cast into prison the women who had been seized in the camp of Husain on the plain of Karbala. Dead was Husain, the hero. Slain were all his comrades in war. The heads of the martyrs had been cut off, and carried to the house of Yazid. And the women—Zainab, the sister of Husain, and the rest—were weeping every hour; and their veils had been rudely torn away; and they sat in a dark and woeful chamber.

There came a troop of Damascus girls that way, and when they saw the sad plight of the women, they stopped to speak words of pity, and heard in sorrow of the pains they had suffered.

But then, as they talked, they went on to ask Rukayyah the name of her father, and she answered:—

“Husain was his name, and he was the glory of the Arab race.”

Then the girls of Damascus changed their manner, and became cruel, and threw stones at the captives, and left them with a curse. For all the folk of Damascus had regarded Husain as a foe.

Now Yazid, the ruler of Damascus, had a daughter whom he loved, and she said to him : "Father, I beg you to let me go and see the women in prison".

"Yes," he replied, "you may go; but you must take with you the daughters of Damascus, playing music and beating drums in merry wise, and your hands are to be dyed in the red of henna, in sign of joy. For it will cut these wretched women to the heart to see you all so full of mirth."

Thus they went, laughing and skipping, and sounding drums and musical instruments and waving their bright-red hands, and they mocked the misery of the women that came from the field of death of Karbala.

A Syrian girl stood by that had no henna on her hands, and said gently :—

"Princess, the unhappy damsel who pines in this prison belongs to the family of the prophet Muhammad, and you do not well to vex her soul."

But the daughter of Yazid said in a jeering tone :—

"See, O girl, see O daughter of Husain, the crown on my head; the ring on my finger; the gold shoes on my feet; for I am a prince's child."

"Alas!" said Rukayyah, "my feet are bare, and this place is a place of dust and foulness."

"See," cried the daughter of Yazid, "see my painted hands, and my necklet of gold, and the bangles on my ankles."

"Alas!" cried Rukayyah, "blood-spots are on my hands; and the rope of the prison is the necklace round my throat; and tears fill my eyes."

Then said Zainab her aunt : "Talk no more, dear niece, for she has a father and you have none."

But while the mocking words had been spoken by the daughter of Yazid, her heart had been touched. Thoughtless and playful, she had come to make sport of the woes of the captives; but now her soul was melted by the sight of their distress, and the sadness of their voices.

After a pause she said :—

"I am sorry that my speech was so rude and insulting.

Forgive my fault. Tell me, my sister, what I can do for you?"

"My sister." Those were words of blessing and comfort to the heart of Rukayyah.

"Princess," she answered, "go to your father and ask him to give you the head of my father and bring it to me, I pray you."

The daughter of Yazid hastened to her father's house and asked for the gift of Husain's head.

"In yonder room," he said, "are many heads. Take what you will."

She found a head that she thought was Husain's, and she carried it to the prison.

"It is the head of my noble uncle," said Rukayyah.

Then the daughter of Yazid fetched another.

"It is the head of my dear brother, Akbar," said Rukayyah.

Then the daughter of Yazid brought a third.

"It is the head of my cousin, Kasim," said Rukayyah.

Then the daughter of Yazid went again, and this time she found the head of Husain, and laid it before his sister and daughter; and they saluted it with joy. And Rukayyah laid herself down in peace and died.

The daughter of Yazid had come out to say words of scorn, but her heart was touched with pity.¹

As it was with the daughter of Yazid, so it has been with the heart of man through many ages. The heart of man has been scornful and cruel, but it had within it the seeds of love.

Once, human beings were slain as a sacrifice to the gods, and the priests that slew them took no heed to their cries for mercy. It was done in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. But to-day this worship in blood no longer exists, except among a few savage tribes; and we are sure that these also will soon learn to be humane.

Once, prisoners taken in war were made slaves, to hew wood, and draw water, and do all sorts of painful labour for

¹ Adapted from scene 32 of *The Miracle-play of Hasan and Husain*, edited by Sir Lewis Pelly.

their masters. But to-day slavery is ceasing in all quarters of the globe. There is even a little country in Africa, called Liberia, where the leading people are negroes whose fathers were freed slaves. Their Republic was set up in the year 1847.

Once, persons who got into debt and could not pay became the slaves of the men to whom they owed money; and not only they themselves but even their wives and children. To-day, people in all countries treat debtors far more humanely.

Once, prisoners were shut up in vile cells that were dark, damp, and dirty; the food given to them was foul; the beds were hard and filthy. To-day, though the lot of prisoners is still very sad, they are better lodged, better fed, and better treated in every way. I knew a poor man named John Pryse, who had tramped the roads of England and fallen on evil times, and was worn thin and wretched. For not paying a sum of money which a magistrate had ordered him to pay, he was sent to prison, and there I visited him. And indeed, he looked stouter and healthier than I had seen him for some years!

Once, children were made to work at a very early age, and were taught little or nothing of the glory and beauty of the world and of poetry and story. To-day the earth is everywhere made bright with schools, and children run to the school doors with pleasure in order to be taught to sing, to draw, to recite, to read, to sew, to cook, and so on.

Once, mad folk were put in chains and beaten and shouted at unkindly. But now asylums are built for them; in nice clean rooms they may sit or talk, or engage in games; or they work in gardens and fields and workshops as well as their weak minds will allow. And once, in Europe, women who were thought to be witches, and to have dealings with demons, were tied to stakes of wood and were burnt to death. To-day this folly and wickedness are seen no more.

Once, women were thought to be of less value than men, and girls than boys; and they were often made to bear heavy burdens, and to perform tasks that were too great for their

strength. To-day the burdens are less, and women are looked upon with greater respect; and as time goes by men will honour them yet more for their work, and will be glad to hear them speak their thoughts on the affairs of the villages, city, or country.

Once, the sick folk were cared for much less tenderly, and many pains did they suffer, through lack of proper shelter, beds, food, and medical aid. To-day we see hospitals in all lands, where doctors and nurses soothe the sick with hands of love. John Pryse, of whom I have told you, came out of prison, and after a time fell ill, and was taken to a ward in a public infirmary, and was there kindly nurtured till his death.

Animals were often kicked, beaten, and ill-fed, even the gentle cow. To-day the people of Europe and America keep watch over the animals who are such faithful and patient helpers of humanity, and societies are formed to protect them from ill-usage. The people of India have a good name in the world for their kindness to animals. The truth is that each land has its faults, and also its good habits. Some of the evil things I have mentioned have been little known in some countries. But all men need to make progress. The nations must go from birth to birth and learn more mercy. The heart of the world, like the heart of the daughter of Yazid of Damascus, is more and more touched by the sorrow and misfortunes of men, women, and children, and animals. The nations can teach each other better ways.

Now, be proud, children of India, of the land of your birth. There are good lessons which the people of Europe can impart to the people of India, and there are good lessons which the gurus of India can teach the people of Europe.

XXXVI.

THE GREAT MIND.

IN a very beautiful book, much read by English folk, entitled *The Pilgrim's Progress*, we read of a brave man who acted as captain to a little group of pilgrims in a strange land. He led two women—Christiana and Mercy—and three children through wild places to the Place of Peace and Glory; and no peril by the way made him afraid. Therefore was he called Great-heart. He was a man who was very kind as well as very valiant.

Now, my subject in this present chapter is the Great Mind.

What is the Great Mind? Do I mean a mind filled with learning about arithmetic, and stars and comets, and light and electricity, and metals and gases, and plants and animals, and history and geography, and music and painting? Well, I might indeed mean such a thing. But the Great-mindedness that I am speaking of here may be pictured in one or two stories; and the first shall come from India's noble poem of the "Mahabharata".

In the famous battle of Kurukshetra two heroes fought each other with all their might—Arjuna against Bhishma. Roaring like a lion, Bhishma shot showers of deadly arrows among the warriors, the chariots, the horses, the elephants on the opposite side.

Arjuna raised the heavenly bow which shot its shafts with a sound as of the tempest, and his arrows cleft the bow of Bhishma in twain.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Bhishma seized

another bow and stretched it. Even as he did so, Arjuna shot again and broke the second bow, with his well-directed shaft.

And Bhishma admired his enemy's skill and cried: "Excellent, O Partha, O thou of mighty arms, excellent!"¹

Bhishma had a great mind. You see it had nothing to do with his knowledge of science and art. He admired the skill of Arjuna. But the greatness of his mind was shown by admiring the skill even in a foe.

Take another little story from the same old poem. The poem tells the tale of Bhishma's war against the five Pandava brothers, and of how he made the foe fly as chaff before the wind, how he poured arrows from his bow as the clouds pour rain upon the tops of the hills, how he blazed in battle as the sun in the heaven, how he at last lay dying, pierced by many shafts. And as he lay the folk came round to view the hero, and to show their admiration—women, old men, children; and maidens let flowers fall upon him; and princes and workmen; and the Pandava lords who had fought with him put off their coats of mail, and stood about his bed, and spoke with him in cheerful words as in the old, old days when they had been members of one royal family.²

There was the same Great Mind on both sides of the war. To-day, indeed, the good men of all lands feel it is time that wars came to an end; and that folk can be noble without wielding the weapons of battle. For all that, we must honour the Great-mindedness of these warriors of old. Hear now of another, named Chandraketu, son of Lakshman, who, in an Indian stage-play, is seen fighting his enemies in the forest. Now, as he fought, he saw coming a brave youth, Lava, the son of Rama, a more valiant man of war than the rest of the band.

"Lava!" shouted Chandraketu, "hero, hear! Fight no more with these lesser men. Attack me, even as I long to attack you!"

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. IV, p. 219.

² *Ibid.* p. 452.

A companion of Lava admired the high-minded courage of Chandraketu.

"This man, O Prince," he said, "is like a young lion that follows a timid deer ; but, seeing a thunderbolt falling, turns back to meet that terror and make war on the stronger."¹

To these Hindu tales let me add a story from a very interesting book of the Moslems.

In days long past, when Muawiyah was caliph or chief in Arabia, and Ali led a rebellion against his power, a severe battle took place at Siffin, and Muawiyah was victor.

Some little time afterwards Muawiyah and his friends talked one night of the events of the battle.

"Yes," said one, "it was wonderful to see how that woman, Azzarqa, the daughter of Adi, stood in the forefront of Ali's army, and how she spoke in burning words, and men who were cowards became brave, and those who had trembled rushed boldly into the fight."

"And what," asked Muawiyah the caliph, "ought to be done with this woman?"

"Put her to death," cried several voices.

"Your advice is hateful," rejoined the caliph. "It would be a disgrace to my name if, after gaining a great victory, I should put to death a woman who was faithful to her master."

Then the caliph wrote a letter to one of his people at Al-Kufah, where the woman lived, and bade him send Azzarqa, the daughter of Adi, with all honour, and in a comfortable carriage.

When Azzarqa was shown the letter, she said :—

"I will obey the caliph's order."

So she was placed in a palanquin on the back of a camel, and guards went with her, and she arrived at the house of the caliph. After they had saluted each other, he said :—

"Are you not the woman who, riding on a red camel, incited my enemies to battle?"

¹ H. H. Wilson's trans. of *Uttara Rama Charitra*, pp. 82-3 ("Theatre of the Hindus," Vol. II).

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"Ah, sir," she replied, "why ask me? The head is dead, and the tail cut off, and things are changed: let the past alone."

"Do you remember the words you used?"

"No."

"But I do," said the caliph. "You told your friends to be firm. You said they were the companions of truth, and were to make war against falsehood. You bade them charge against me with courage unshaken. You said it was the hour when women should dye their palms with henna, and men with blood."

"I remember," she answered, "that I said such words."

"So then," the caliph said, "you were partner with Ali in the shedding of blood."

"It is true."

"And my advisers have urged me to put you to death."

"It would be shame to the victors," she cried, "to do such a deed."

"I shall not do it. On the contrary, I pardon you, and desire to treat you well."

"O prince," she exclaimed, "your soul is generous. It is good when the powerful show mercy to those who have offended them."

Muawiyah ordered that rich garments should be given to the daughter of Adi, and land set aside for her portion, and she was sent home with every mark of respect.¹

The soul of Moawiyah was great and generous to a foe.

The same noble mind may be seen at some elections when two men—both candidates for the votes of the people—meet together after the votes are counted—one being winner, the other loser—and shake hands in a friendly spirit to show they owe no grudge.

And you who read or hear these stories, what sort of mind

¹ *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, pp. 584-7.

will you have? From time to time, some one, young or old, is sure to offend you ; some one will be striving against you ; some one will cross your will and your wishes. And at some time or other you will have the power to hurt them ; or you will, if you choose, show your hatred or your scorn ; or you will, if you choose, show your great-mindedness. Which shall it be?

A handwritten signature in dark ink, likely belonging to John D. Rockefeller, featuring a stylized 'J' and 'R' with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

XXXVII.

THE PRINCE WITH THE GREAT HEART.

AH! many were the dead that lay on the field of Kurukshetra, after the fight of eighteen days—dead chiefs, dead nobles, dead horsemen and horses, dead elephant-riders and elephants, dead archers and charioteers.

The five Pandava brothers had played their part in the fray of blood, but death had not fallen to their lot. Yet the heart of the eldest of the brethren, Yudhishtira, was sore smit with grief at the horror of the great war, and he said to his brothers: "It is time that we sought for a new world; for this world is but a place of death and war. What say you? Shall we pass from this earth and seek a land beyond?" "We will go," said Arjuna. "Let us go," said Bhima. "Let us go," said the twin sons of the lady Madri, even Nakula and Sahadeva.

But ere they went they put a new king on the throne of their land, and they gave rich gifts to the Brahmans. And having set all in order, Yudhishtira and his brothers and the lady Draupadi, his wife, put off the shining robes and gems of royalty, and put on rough coats made of the bark of trees, and they fared forth on the long journey, followed by a dog that loved them.

Many people of Hastinapura went some part of the way with the seven pilgrims—for there were seven with the dog.

"Go back now," did the five brothers keep stopping to say; and still the folk would walk at their side.

At last the dusk fell, and the folk must needs return to the city, and they said farewell with much weeping; and the lady Draupadi and the five Pandava brothers and the dog passed on—passed on—passed on—towards the far-off Himalaya peaks.

By rivers, by foaming seas, by strange forests they journeyed, until they beheld a giant form rise up in front, even the shape of the lord Agni, master of fire, and seven bright rays shone from his brow as he spake:—

“O sons of Pandu, I am Agni. I greet you, princes.” Now one of you—Arjuna—bears a mighty bow and a quiver that always holds arrows no matter how oft arrows shall be shot. But no more do ye need this magic bow which was lent you by the shining gods. Therefore return it to those who gave. Cast it, O Arjuna, into yonder sea, on whose beach you now stand.”

Arjuna did as he was bid.

Then Agni, the Fire lord, led the seven pilgrims on their road, south and south, west and west, and they saw him no more after that.

They paused not in the long travel, and they saw the white mountains, and they saw the high summit of Meru which rose up to the far, far sky; and between them and the grand mount there stretched a wide, wide waste of sand, and they passed on.

But the lady Draupadi fell and lay dead.

“Oh, wherefore should this dear one die?” cried Bhima.

“For naught,” said the king, “but that she loved us too much; for much love brings pain and even doom.”

They passed on.

And the next to fall and lie dead on the dreary sand was Sahadeva.

“One sin was in his soul,” said the king, “noble though he was in his life and in the wars, for he had thoughts of pride.”

So they passed on, four brothers and the dog.

It was not long ere Nakula made halt, and he too fell.

"Our brother," sighed the king, "was good; but he at times was vain of his fair form and his comely features."

The little group passed on, and the next to drop was Arjuna.

"A lie he uttered once," said the king, "though, in good sooth, it was the lie of a man of courage, for he said that in the space of one day he would slay all his foes, but this he could not do."

And now but three were left—two Pandava princes and the loyal hound; and the plain of sand was very wide, and Meru was far.

When Yudhishtira turned at the sound of a fall, he saw that Bhima had sunk upon the earth.

"My brother," said the king, "my well-loved brother is dead, and his sin was this, that he would long too grossly for the feasts of the royal board; and yet he was a noble man."

And the king attained to the grand hill, even to the high-rising Meru; and there came out to him a chariot of fire, and in it sat the mighty god Sakra, who said: "Come up to Meru, best of all princes, and abide in glory with the Shining Ones".

"I thank the lord of all the gods," replied Yudhishtira, "but I care not to come to heaven if so be my dear Draupadi is not there, and if I may not see my four brothers; for we were all dear to each other in peace and war, and in our thirteen years of exile and in our triumph over enemies."

"Thy wish shall be given thee," said Sakra. "Step into the car of light."

"Nay," spake the prince of the Great-heart once more, "but I may not leave on earth this poor dog that shared the toil of the long way."

"Nay, for thou art now to live among holy gods."

"Even for such glory I will not leave this living thing that I loved."

"No unclean beast may enter heaven," said the god.

"I cannot part from this poor creature that crouches at my feet."

"Will you then stay with a dog and lose the hope of seeing your brethren?"

"To forsake even the meanest comrade is a sin," replied Yudhishtira.

The next instant the dog was gone, and lo! it had changed its form, and in its place was the lord of death and judgment, even Dharma, and Dharma said: "Thou hast well borne the test, O king, and because thou wouldst not set foot in the car of the gods and leave thy humble comrade, thou shalt sit in the most high place of heaven. Come."

In the car of light they rose, and spirits of cloud and air and fire soared in the bright swarm on right and left, above and below; and so they passed, and passed, and passed.

And as soon as the prince of the Great-heart set foot on the floor of the house of the gods, he looked this way and that, and asked:—

"Where is my dear Draupadi, and where are my brothers?"

And Purandara, one of the Shining Ones, made reply: "Be at rest, O Yudhishtira, for here are thrones of gold and the songs of the saints are heard for ever".

"Nay," said the king; "but I will not stay here, for I will not be in any place where I cannot behold them that I have loved so long."

And at last, when many words were spoken by the king and the gods, the lord Dharma bade a Deva to lead the king to the place where he might find the lost ones.

So this angel led him out of heaven, and the gate was shut behind, and they turned to the left, and lo! there was a dark way down among the rocks, and amid terrible trees that smelt ill, and on the tangled roots of the trees were clots of blood, and filthy flies buzzed in and out of the gloomy shades, and worms writhed among the slimy stones, and black crows swooped upon the bodies of the dead that lay in the rugged path. A black cave, deep as night, now opened, and the king paused; and then he turned away from hell.

"Go not away," cried voices of folk that he could not see,

"for when you came into this place the air was sweeter, and hope sprang up in our hearts."

"Who calls to me?" he cried.

"It is I, Draupadi."

"And Arjuna, Bhima, Nakula, Sahadeva—brothers all."

Then the king set his feet firm on the rock, and he said to the Deva: "Go to the mighty gods and say I shall not come, to their abode any more, for here will I stay with them I love".

The angel fled, and the king stood in the place of night.

And when the heavenly Sakra heard the message, he and Dharma and all the gods and spirits rose up from their seats of gold, and they made haste to go down to hell, and as they entered that scene of darkness, behold! the shadows rolled away, the light broke clear, and the breeze blew soft, and fresh, and sweet-scented, and the flowers sprang up about the lovely trees, and heaven smiled where once was death.

"Thy pains are at an end," said the mighty Sakra. "Come down with us, and with thee shall come thy dear ones; for here are Draupadi and thy brothers, and ye shall all first wash in the Ganges of the sky, and so pass into the blessed world of love and peace."

And so they all passed together.

So shall all pass together. For there will be a day, O children of India, when no folk on earth will care to be rich or at ease while other folk are in grief or hunger; and no man will look from his window upon all the ill-fed, ill-clad, and be content with his own ease and well-being. And as with men so with nations. The nations shall be one in heart and mind. America shall join hands of love with Asia, and Asia with Europe, and Australia with Africa.

Now this day is far off. But it will make the more haste to dawn if men and women that have great hearts in every land and nation will join in the band of Makers of Peace. There is a house of peace near the town of The Hague, in the country of the noble Dutch people, and here there is a court of wise men that seek to solve the quarrels of nations without

the aid of the sword and the cannon and the ship of war. And in the day that is to come (the children of India and the children of all lands must help) every quarrel of the peoples will have its end in that House of Peace.¹

¹ The story is based on Sir Edwin Arnold's *Indian Idylls*, episodes "The Great Journey," and "The Entry into Heaven," these in turn being based on the *Mahabharata*.

XXXVIII.

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

Nobody is sorry when, in the old fairy tale, the wife of the pomegranate king cannot get the fruit on the tree. She was the Maharaja's second wife, and she hated the two children of his first wife, and treated them unkindly and had them killed. They became two flowers on a tree. She tried to pick them, but every time she put her hand out, they flew up out of her reach. Day after day she tried, and every day it happened the same. And when the flowers turned into fruit, the Rani said:—

"What nice fruits they are! I will eat them all myself. Not one bit will I give to anybody."

But she never was able to pluck the fruits; and nobody who hears the tale is sorry. We all feel that it is not well that so selfish a Rani should get what she wants.¹

We turn away in displeasure from the selfish nature."

A very old Arabian poem² relates the heroism of Antar the Black.

He was as strong as an elephant; slew a wolf when he was ten years old, carrying the head and legs home to his mother in a basket; wrestled with the bully Daji who insulted an old woman, and flung him to the ground as if it were a log of wood; and did many a doughty deed in battle. But at length, even while he was in the full glory of his strength, he was wounded by a poisoned arrow, and felt that death

¹ Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 10.

² Summarized in W. A. Clouston's *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*.

was upon him. He lay in his tent. About him stood his friends, gazing at him in despair. His dear wife Ablā stanched his wound and her tears fell fast.

But even in death Antar lived for others.

He bade his people fold up their tents and prepare for flight to the camp of the tribe of Abs where they would be in safety. So weak did Antar feel that he decided that he would be carried in a litter—a sort of bed slung upon a camel—while his wife Ablā, dressed in his armour and bearing his spear, rode his steed Abjar, so that the enemies who watched would think that Antar was still able to ride and to fight. Then the caravan set out—the flocks and the herds, the slaves, and the dying man in the litter, and his wife wearing the helmet.

The three hundred Arabs saw the caravan, and knew the armour of Antar and the proud neck of his courser, and at first they were afraid, and were about to turn away. But an old sheikh said:—

“Conrades, be not too hasty. I doubt if the rider of Abjar is Antar. That rider is, I suspect, a woman. See how she lets the heavy spear drop down. See how she bends under the armour. There is some trick here. Perhaps Antar lies in the litter.”

Little by little they drew nearer. Ablā raised the vizor of the helmet to wipe her moist brow. Then the Arab enemies saw her white face.

“It is not Antar the Black!” they shouted, and at once rushed towards the litter, which was closed in with curtains. Then Antar showed his face at the opening of the curtains, and shouted his war-cry like the roar of a lion; and the horsemen fled at the sound.

Antar now changed his plan. He arose and put on his armour again, and placed his wife in the litter; and the caravan moved on slowly, and he rode at Ablā’s side, but his eyes were growing dim and his limbs feeble.

At sunset they came to the valley of Gazelles. It was not far from the tribe of Abs. High mountains hemmed in the valley. The narrow road would hardly let three horsemen

ride abreast. Antar sent the caravan on—flocks, herds, slaves, and his beloved Abta on the camel-litter.

"Farewell," he said; "hasten to our friends of the tribe of Abs. I will stay here at the mouth of the valley and guard the road. By dawn you will be home."

With many a tear and sigh Abta and the slaves parted from the hero.

Antar was alone in the valley and the stars shone above. He had alighted from Abjar, and stuck his great spear in the earth, and leaned against the war-horse and against his spear.

Thirty horsemen had crept after the caravan. They halted when they saw Antar at the entrance of the pass. They dared not attack him.

The old sheikh whispered :—

"Do not go. Antar is dying. He cannot last long. Let us wait and watch."

So in the darkness of the night they waited and watched.

At the break of day Antar still stood there, as steady as a rock.

The old sheikh got off his horse, and drove her with his spear towards the pass. When the war-horse Abjar saw a strange steed coming towards him, he gave a leap and neighed loudly. Then Antar fell prone upon the earth, for he had been dead some hours.

The thirty Arabs rushed forward and looked upon the mighty foe whose very name had been a terror so many years.

They took off his armour, meaning to keep it as a trophy.

They tried to seize his horse, but Abjar, knowing now that his master was no more, had no mind to be the servant of any but Antar, and galloped away into the far desert, and was never again ridden by man.

The old sheikh covered the body with sand, and said these words to the dead :—

"Glory to thee, brave warrior; thou hast been the shield of thy tribe, and even in death the fear of thee has struck the hearts of thy foes. May thy soul live for ever. May the dew of heaven fall sweetly on thy grave."

Thus died Antar.

In his last moments, as he leaned upon his horse and his spear, he was glad to think that Aba and the caravan were safe from harm.

And what men are like unto Antar?

The father labouring for wife and child in the shop or field or elsewhere from dawn till night.

The captain of the ship who stays last on his ship, though the storm has broken it into a wreck and he may never have the chance to escape. He thinks of the passengers rather than of himself.

The officer of State who strives to heal the sick folk in a plague-stricken village or town, and willingly works among them when he might, if he liked, go to a place of ease and comfort.

And many others.

In the day when the noble Rama heard that by the wish of his father, the king, he must leave the city of Ayodhya and the land of his birth and dwell for fourteen years as an exile in the forest, his heart did not quail and his face kept calm. He went to say farewell to his dear mother Kausalya, and she was in deep distress. And while she wept the lady Sita, the wife of the glorious Rama, entered the queen's chamber, and when she heard the news of Rama's sad doom she bowed her head and sat down.

"My son," said Kausalya to Rama, "you will not expect your wife to go with you to the dreadful jungle. The young swan that has floated among the lotus-beds in the holy Ganges ought not to be placed in a puddle of filthy water."

"It is true, dear Sita," spake Rama to his wife. "The forest is a wilderness of fear, and its terrors are heat and cold and rain and wind. Spikes of grass will hurt your feet, and sharp stones will make them bleed. High hills rise up in dark cliffs, and streams roar in gloomy glens; and in the shades of the jungle are bears and tigers and wolves and lions and wild elephants. On the ground you must lie at night. The bark of trees will be your rough coat. For food you must eat roots and sour

fruit and bulbs. Demons will peep and mutter at you. Rain will fall in frightful showers. Deadly serpents will coil their coils. And you, my dear wife, with the eyes of a fawn, will faint amid the perils of the way."

Tears dropped from Sita's eyes and she folded her slender hands together, and she answered as in a voice of soft music:—

"Oh, my dear lord, hero of pity and of beauty and wisdom, heaven would be hell without you. Let my hut be of grass, and, if you live in it with me, the hut shall be even as a palace of kings. The sour fruit, bulbs, and hard roots of our meals shall be as sweet as the food of the gods. I shall never tire of the long road if you are by my side, and if you leave me here alone my heart will break."

Then said Rama: "Weep no more, lady, but come with me to the woods".¹

Thus did Sita think of others rather than of herself.

And what women are like unto Sita?

The mother who loves her children from the time their hearts first beat, and labours for them in her household care, and nurses them in their sickness.

The wife who supports her husband in his duty, and lovingly advises him when he is troubled in mind.

The women who say: "We are daughters of our mother-land, India, and we will do all that love and courage may do to make our mother happy, and her name a name of honour among all nations of the earth".

Live for others—family, country, humanity.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, pp. 35-41. Several Indian correspondents have written to the author suggesting that Sita acted according to an Indian woman's traditional sense of duty, and not with a merely affectionate motive. She loved Rama, but beyond the personal feeling rose the sense of loyalty to a religious and social obligation.

XXXIX.

SERVING THE MOTHER-LAND.

ON rocks men have built forts for war and bloodshed.

Men have set up great pillars in honour of warriors and battles, such as the tall Nelson Column in London, on the top of which is a statue of the noble sailor, Lord Nelson, or the Kutub Minar at Delhi.

In caves robbers have often hid from the light of justice, and wild beasts have made their dens and crunched the bones of the slain.

But I am glad to tell you of rocks, pillars, and caves that speak to us of better things than war and robbery. Let me tell you of the wonderful—

Fourteen rocks.

Eight pillars.

Four caves.

Can rocks speak? Can pillars speak? Can caves speak?

Yes, they can speak.

They speak the words of the noble King Asoka, who was lord over India, and honoured by many kings beyond, in the third century B.C., that is, some 2200 years ago.

He caused men who had skill in letters to cut words on the high pillars, on the sides of rocks, on the walls of caves where folk would take shelter. These words were for all people to read, and they made known his thoughts and his laws.

The noble would stay his horse, or his chariot, or his elephant on the road, and read the message of the good king.

The merchant would pull up his cart, and look up at the rock where the royal will was written.

The rocks, the pillars, and the caves inform us of King Asoka's good government.

Listen :—

None might kill animals for feasts.

For men and for animals the king provides medicines everywhere; and along the public roads wells are dug for animals and for men.

Teachers shall teach the way of right conduct to all the people.

None may hurt another man because of his manner of worship.

Judges shall punish doers of evil, and the king watches the judges.

The practice of religion is in mercy and charity, truth and purity, kindness and goodness.

Thus the governor took thought for the welfare of men and animals; for teaching, for punishing, and for keeping the peace.

The folk served the noble Asoka, and Asoka served the folk.

He wrote on a rock :—

This is what I have done. At all moments, during meals, during rest, in the inner rooms, in the inmost chamber, in my quietest corner, in my garden, everywhere I receive messages from my officers about the affairs of the people, and I send orders to all parts of the land.

Such was the toil of the good king.¹

About 300 years after the time of the noble Asoka a king named Nahapana caused a writing to be made on the wall of a cave in Western India, and in this writing he records things done for the comfort of the people, namely :—

Flights of steps on the river Barnasaya.

Halting-places and rest-houses for travellers.

¹ R. C. Dutt's *Civilisation in Ancient India*, Vol. II, pp. 1-21.

Gardens, tanks, and wells.

Boats or ferries across streams free to all.

Places where the folk might have water without payment.

And let a bridge speak next! On a bridge near Girnar is the story of the bridge itself. The old bridge was swept away by a flood; a king made a new one, and another king repaired it later on, and yet another king re-built it, so that men and animals might cross the rolling stream, and thank the builders.¹

In this way King Asoka and King Nahapana, in olden days, served India, their mother-land. They sought the good of their people. No book ever written would be large enough to hold the names of all the good men and women who have done service to India. Let us pass to our own times.

In Travancore were born in one family seven children. Three died very young. Two had feeble minds; and one of the remaining two had weak health all his life.

Now, how could this youth, who had such poor health, serve his country of Travancore?

Well, very nobly did he serve it.

At the age of 5 he began to learn Malayalam and Sanskrit.

At the age of 9 he began to learn the English alphabet.

From the age of 12 to 16 he gave his mind to lessons in astronomy, physics, chemistry, and botany. Besides these sciences he read and wrote, with great attention and care, in the English tongue. In 1855 the Crimean War was being waged in Russia, and the prince (for I am speaking of Prince Rama Varma) wrote an essay on "The Horrors of War and Benefits of Peace".

He did not stay in his palace, or take his ease. The prince resolved to know his own land in every corner. Mountains, rivers, woods, waterfalls, he visited them all, and whenever he saw an object of interest, he had it gathered, or a picture was made of it, so that the object or the picture

¹ R. C. Dutt's *Civilisation in Ancient India*, Vol. II, pp. 45-6.

might be studied. He would come home from his travels with a load of plants, seeds, ferns, orchids, stones, minerals, butterflies, moths, birds, reptiles, etc. It was through the prince that the Manihot plant was made known to Travancore, and to-day many a native of the State has a wholesome meal of tapioca, obtained from the roots of the Manihot.

The prince praised any young man whom he found to be clever at oil-painting, water-colour painting, ivory and wood-carving, or Kufftari work.

He had good reading books published for young people.

He planted land in the Assambu Hills with the coffee-plant, and watched over the growing of the coffee crop, so that folk might see a prince who was proud to be a workman.

In 1880 Prince Rama Varma became Maharaja. And still he was the workman. Early in the morning he was out and about, thinking of the good of the State. Late at night, by the ray of the lamp, he was writing or reading for the same good purpose.

For twenty-five years he kept a diary in which he set down the doings of each day. In this diary he noted the name of any village where excellent artists and craftsmen dwelt, so that he might know where fine work could be got when needed. He opened a school for teaching industries. And he himself was always a learner. In 1882 he travelled in Upper India—to Patna, Allahabad, Benares, and other cities—and his eyes and ears were always scholars. It pleased the people when he performed the rite of Tulapurushadanam, and was weighed against gold. Next year it was his wish to "pass through the golden cow," after the manner of the princes of Travancore. But in August, 1884, he died, having served his State from childhood till the day of his breathing the last breath.¹

In the city of Delhi, so famous in the story of the Mogul Empire, was born, on 17 October, 1817, Syed Ahmed Khan. As an officer in law courts the young man served his country. As a writer of a book on the ruins of Delhi,

¹ G. P. Pillai's *Representative Indians*.

he showed how one who loves and works for his country to-day may yet remember with pride the palaces, pillars, and castles of his forefathers. When his duty as a soldier called him, he bore the sword manfully. Much more than that. In 1858 he had no sooner laid down the sword than he opened a school at Moradabad. He formed a society at Aligarh with the aim of bringing the learning of English books to the minds of the people of India. Busy as he was in his office of judge, he always found time to help in the education of the young. In 1869 he visited England, and very eagerly his eyes beheld the cities of England, the ports and railways and shops and schools and colleges. But, amid the stirring scenes of Europe, he did not forget the faith in which he was brought up, and in London he had a book printed on the life of the prophet Muhammad. In May, 1875, the heart of Syed Ahmed Khan leaped for gladness at the opening of the Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh. He had thought of the plan of it for years, and he had toiled hard to collect the funds; and now the building was finished, and not only Muhammadans but young men of all religious faiths might enter and learn. In 1878 Syed Ahmed was made a member of the Viceroy's Council. Crowds of folk assembled to see and hear him when he travelled in the Punjab in 1884; they flung a garland of flowers round his neck, wept with pleasure at hearing his speeches, and gave him gifts—large and small—for his beloved college. Syed Ahmed lived in peace in Aligarh, and was visited by many admirers—Muhammadans, Sikhs, Hindus, and Englishmen. In 1898 this noble servant of the Muhammadan faith and of the cause of education closed his long life.¹

No man has loved India more deeply than Romesh Chunder Dutt (Ramesachandra Datta). When the storm-wave swept up from the sea in 1876, and brought ruin to wide stretches of farm-land in Eastern Bengal, Dutt was one of the officers who were sent to the aid of the suffering and starving peasants.

¹ *The Life and Work of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan*, by Major-General G. F. L. Graham; new edition, 1909.

Then, as always, he was sad in the sadness of his Indian brothers, and he was joyful in their joy. He made many books, in which he told the history of India, and set down his thoughts on the way to lift India to larger wealth and greater happiness. As I turn the pages of one of these books,¹ I read his words on the land, the ryots, the land-taxes ; on the growing of coffee, sugar, cotton, tea ; on the use of salt ; on the laying of railways ; on the cutting of canals for the watering of fields and meadows. On all these things Romesh Chunder Dutt looks as a householder looks on his goods, thinking how best they may be kept in order, and how new treasures may be added to the old, for the welfare of the family. And this same noble Indian, who cared for the crops and the canals and the cattle, took thought for higher things, for he desired that the children of India might have more schools, and better schools, and he admired the ancient poetry of the land—the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*—and was never so happy as when he was repeating the splendid stories of the sons of Pandu and of Rama and Sita to all who would listen.²

A lover of his country was Ram Mohan Roy. One evening, in 1815, he was talking with an Englishman, Mr. David Hare, and a few friends on the wisest way of uplifting the mind and character of the people of India. Mr. David Hare was a watchmaker, who thought of subjects beyond watches. He said : "It would be a good plan to build an English school or college for the instruction of native youth". Indians and Europeans met next year to put this idea into shape, and in 1817 the Hindu College of Calcutta was opened, amid the blessings of Indians like Ram Mohan Roy, and the good wishes of Englishmen like David Hare. And ever since then the building of schools and colleges has gone on, and will still go on for the benefit of India's sons and daughters.³

¹ *India in the Victorian Age*, published in 1904.

² Mr. Dutt, C.I.E., died 30 November, 1909. It should here be gratefully recorded that he took a deep interest in the moral instruction scheme which afterwards took shape in *YOUTH'S NOBLE PATH*.

³ *India in the Victorian Age*, pp. 198, 199

So, again, we find a patriot in Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, whose heart desires to keep alive the arts and crafts of his native land. It is good when the artist and the craftsman make their pictures, wood-work, copper-work, leather-work, ivory-work, embroidered shoes, carpentry, etc., with eyes that delight in beauty, and fingers that are happy in fine and delicate handling of material. The Indians of old days laboured so as to gain the favour of Visvakarma, god of the arts and crafts, who hated wares that were ugly and careless, and had pleasure in wares well and lovingly fashioned. Dr. Coomaraswamy is one of a band of people who are doing all they can to hold up the glory of India's skill and industry, so that folk all over the world may say : "How wonderful is the genius of India in the creation of beautiful things, and how contented and peaceful dwell the artists and craftsmen in their Indian villages".¹

Let prince or peasant, housewife or teacher, each offer the mother-land such gifts as he or she can.

Love for the land ; its hills and streams ; its useful animals and plants ; its villages and cities ; its temples and holy places.

Pride in the story of India from early days to the present ; from the days when the holy singers sang the Vedas in the Punjab to the days of the Moghal emperors, and the days of Sivaji the Mahratha, and the days when India and Europe came to know each other.

Daily work in school, home, field, workshop, office, or wherever else useful labour can be done ; so that each man in his art or craft, each woman in her household service, may do things worth doing, and India shall rise up and call her children blessed.

Effort to make India a better land, just as English folk try to make England better, and the French folk try to make France better, and the German folk try to make Germany better, and so on all round the world.

¹ See Dr. Coomaraswamy's *Indian Craftsmen*, with preface by C. R. Ashbee.

In India, as in other countries, the lover of his mother-land will try to spread the love and use of pure air, pure water, pure food; and he will want more schools built for book-learning and the learning of handwork and trades; and he will join with his fellow-citizens (Hindu, Moslem, Parsee, Jain, Sikh, Buddhist, and all others) in making each village, each town, each province, a place of cleanliness, and order, and industry, and good manners; and he will pay respect to the folk whose ways are not the same as his own, but who behave as good servants of the mother-land.

For the good citizen has a place in his heart for his kinsfolk at home; for his fellow-citizens; and for all mankind beyond the borders of his own native land. He loves family, country, and humanity.

XL.

GOVERNMENT.

HAVE you ever seen a king? Could you see a king who ruled in India some three thousand years ago? Yes, by reading history we can see again the figures of such kings, or by reading the laws of Manu.

Let us read, then, what Manu, the old Master of the Science of Law, tells us about a king in his time, what the king had to do, and how he spent his days, and we will also notice what a king (or a Government) has to do in like manner in our own day.

The king, says Manu, must rise early and make himself pure, and make due offerings to the fire and enter the Hall of Audience. "Audience" means hearing. In this hall he must hear the speech of his people when they come to him with the story of their needs. Thus, at the very first hour of the day the king is face to face with the people for whom he lives. To-day a good Government has always to keep its ear open to the voice of the people, and the people may say their thoughts—

1. In public meetings.
2. In newspapers and books.
3. In petitions to the rulers.

After speaking with such as come to see him, the king (so Manu says) bathes and takes his meals. The food is made ready by the servants who say over it sacred texts which destroy any poison which may have been placed by evil hands in the dishes. In the afternoon he again issues forth,

dressed in royal robes, to review his warriors, chariots, weapons, and all the furniture of war. Later on he hears reports from spies who have been to and fro in the kingdom.

The supper is spread, music is played, and the king then retires to rest.

But the king does not do all this work alone. He has wise men or Ministers, men of noble birth, who know the arts of war and know the learning of the schools. They sit with him in council and give their advice. And if no man could govern alone in a kingdom three thousand years ago, still less can he do so in our own age. To-day the king or emperor or president does not rule alone. He has ministers and councils. In many countries there are great Councils or Parliaments, chosen by the votes of the people. Perhaps there are two Houses of Parliament. The Ministers of State become more and more in number as time goes on. In England, for example, there are:—

The Prime or First Minister.

The Home Secretary, who looks after the home affairs—factories, mines, prisons, etc.

The Foreign Secretary, who looks after affairs abroad, and watches what other nations do.

The Secretary for War.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, or warships.

The Secretary for the Colonies, who takes thought for the affairs of Canada, Australia, South Africa, etc.

The President of the Board of Trade, who looks after railways, merchant-ships, light-ships, weights and measures, etc.

The Postmaster-General, who sees to the business of letters, telegrams, parcels, savings banks, postal orders, etc.

The Minister of Education, who looks after the schools and millions of children such as you.

The Minister of Agriculture, who thinks of the affairs of the herdsmen, farmers, etc.

The President of the Local Government Board, who watches how the *local* councils in the towns and villages do

their work, how they clean the streets, run the tram-cars, provide for the poor, etc.

The Minister for India.

Other countries have not, of course, just the same ministers, but there is a good deal of likeness in the way nations are governed to-day.

Manu says, that since the king cannot go to each town and village himself, he must set over each place a man who must rule in his stead; so there are lords of one village, lords of ten villages, lords of a hundred, and lords of a thousand; and it is their duty to be a terror to evil-doers and a friend to all who act honestly and soberly. To-day we still believe in *local* rulers, that is to say, we do not let the big governments in the great cities do all the work. We have councils for large provinces, councils for towns, and so on.

Manu tells us what taxes a king may draw from his folk. There is first an income tax on the cattle and the gold—one-fiftieth part. That is to say, that a man must give the king one piece of gold out of every fifty that he has earned in the year, and ten buffaloes out of every five hundred. But of the corn he must pay more, perhaps as much as a sixth part. That is to say, he will pay the king one rond of corn out of every six. The king may also have a sixth part of the trees, meat, butter, earthen vessels, stoneware, etc. Besides this, he may bid each worker with tools to labour for him one day in each month. But, says Manu, the lord of the land must not press the folk too heavily, for in his greed he may root up the wealth of the kingdom and ruin it. And it is a pleasant thing to know from the old books that the Greek warriors from the West and travellers from the East came to India and found the kings ruling justly, and the land was bearing crops, and the young people were taught in schools, and men worshipped in whatsoever temples they wished, and none hindered them in their religion.

To-day in civilized countries taxes are paid to the Government and very large sums are paid in income taxes. People pay shares out of the income they get each year; a large part

of their wealth is taken at their death—these shares being called “Death Duties” or taxes on the goods of the dead. Of course we do not now pay corn or cattle or butter, but we pay in money. Nor are men forced to work one day each month for the king or any other ruler. Many years ago this was done in India, *Manu* tells us, and it was done in Europe by the “Serfs” who had to labour in tilling the land, felling trees, etc., for the barons and chiefs who lived in great castles. And I am glad to say that people are now free to worship in such churches or chapels and temples as they desire. But it has not always been so. There have been times when men hated, wounded, and even killed folk who had other gods than themselves. For instance, the Jews have been a suffering race, and have been sorely oppressed by Christian nations. But these bad times are past or are passing away.

Again, the laws of *Manu* deal with the making of war. The conqueror in battle may take the enemy's chariots, horses, elephants, grain, cattle, and women. But if a foe runs he may not strike him as he runs. If a foe joins his hands in prayer or sits on the ground and says, “I am thine,” then the conqueror must spare and slay not. Nor may any blow be struck at a wounded foe nor at men without weapons, nor at any folk that are simply watching a fight. And thus it has been seen in India, that while great armies filled the plain with rage and bloodshed, they did no harm to the poor ploughmen in the fields or the villagers who did their peaceful labour. Also the laws of *Manu* inform kings and captains in what way to drill and train their troops, as for example:—

1. Like a staff, that is, like an oblong.
2. Like a wagon, that is, like a wedge.
3. Like a pin, that is, like a long line.

And so on.

I need not tell you that though three thousand years have gone by since the law book of *Manu* was made, the days of war are not ended. We have vast armies, cannon, bombshells, warships, and even airships of war. But we also have more laws than ever before to say how the wounded shall be

cared for, how women shall be guarded from insult, how prisoners shall be treated, and so on. Thus will the world grow more and more inclined to the ways of peace, until the Manu who writes the laws of the people in future days shall not need to say a word about the warrior or war on land or sea.¹

¹The particulars as to the Laws of Manu are drawn from Romesh Chunder Dutt's *Civilization in Ancient India*, Vol. II, ch. x.

XLI.

THE VOICE OF INDIA.

LISTEN to me, my children, for I, your mother, speak to you. I am the old Rani of your hearts, and I am the young Rani; and you love me as the people of Ayodhya loved the lady Sita. I am India.

Grand and noble is the mansion in which I dwell, and in which I watch over you, my children. The Himalaya is a wall of my house, and the vast ocean kisses the east and the west all day and all night with kisses of the waves and the tides. My Himalayas rise towards Brahma's heaven with snowy tops, and I clothe their sides with rich forests, where the rhododendron glows red, and the deodar lifts its head like a prince. I send the torrents leaping down the hills, and my birds, the eagle, the vulture, the pheasant, fly about the mountains.

I have spread for you the broad plains where roll the beloved Ganga and the Indus, which spring from the holy mount of Kailasa, and the Brahmaputra, which lays the mud wherein my gifts of rice and jute may grow.

For you I built the vast Dekkan, and moulded its rocks and peaks, and dressed its valleys and tablelands with plentiful forests. In ancient days the monkeys and bears of the south lands were among my faithful children, and you and I will not forget the loyal service which Hanuman rendered to Rama. And when I point across the water to the lovely isle of Ceylon, you will call to mind how nobly Hanuman and his comrades aided in the rescue of the fair Sita from the power of Ravana.

My gifts of love are scattered for you over the land from the Himalayas to Adam's Peak and from the waters of the "Son of Brahma, the Creator," to the cliffs of the Hindu Kush. To you I have given the many millions of acres of rice fields: to you I bring the nourishing wheat and the millet. Who shall count the precious oil seeds that yield you the liquid you need for your skins, your food, and your lamps? For your eating I provide the vegetables of the garden—the egg-plant, the cabbage, onion, yam, and when European hands planted the potato first on the Khasi hills, I received the new-comer into my protection. Who shall number the fruits on my trees—mango, plantain, apple, pomegranate, guava, tamarind, and orange? All the world knows my pleasant spices—turmeric, chillies, ginger, coriander, aniseed, pepper, cardamoms, betel-nut. My palms yield you the cocoa-nut and the date, and I prepare the sweetness of the sugar cane. My cotton clothes you, and for you I provide the useful fibre of the jute, and the gay dye of the indigo, and the fragrant leaf of the tobacco. The coffee-berry enriches the gardens of the south. On the hills of Assam I sowed the tea, which the Chinese on one side and you, my children, on the other cultivate for the drinking-cups of the world. From America I took the seeds of the cinchona, and I foster them in order to give the healing quinine to my fever-stricken offspring. For ages I have reared the mulberry-tree and the silk-worm, and all nations admire my silken garments; and many take delight in the colours of my lac.

Have I said all? Well do you know how much more you owe to me, both of the treasures above the earth and under the earth. Have I not hidden good things under the soil for you as one who guards his riches from the eye of the robber? Search, children, search, and you will for ever find stores of blessing. No mines on earth will give you better iron, and the dark coal is also here. Salt is in my water and in my rocks, and the white saltpetre covers the ground as with snow. Although I furnish you with no veins of silver, you may take from me my gold, copper, tin, and antimony.

My realm is full of life, and the living things are of ever so many beautiful—and, ah, there are some of terrible—kinds. Children, I love you ; and I would not have you maimed or torn, or slain by the deadly creatures that are enemies to both you and me. At times, indeed, even the tiger has helped us by destroying the animals that hurt our crops in the field. But he knows not how to live in peace with us, as the cheetah does, and therefore he must be removed from the face of the earth. The rifle or the snare will defend us from the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, the hyena, the black bear, the wild hog, the cobra. But we will take into our family the animals that have natures tame and friendly—the ox for the plough and the cart, the beautiful cow, the buffalo, the noble horse, the ass, the mule, the camel, the elephant, the sheep, and the goat, and the sprightly monkey. I look upon you all, my children—the Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaisya, the Sudra, Hindu, Moslem, and Christians, and all the folk of the towns, and the folk of the hill and the jungle ; and the cattle and other dumb helpers in your daily work and play, and I love you Even as the lotus loves the water, so I love you.

Cherish my land, O my children, and do good to it and not evil. Plough and drain and manure, and sow and gather. Build tanks and dams and aqueducts and enrich the thirsty soil with the life-giving water. Much water will I bring you if you will but carry it lovingly to the spot that needs it—water from my ice and snow, water from my great rocks and water from my lakes ; and water that comes from the clouds brought by my proud monsoons that rush like mighty bulls from the ocean. And cover the naked places with trees, dear children. Do not hew down the noble teak, and the pín, and the sandalwood, and leave the land bare. Plant again and again, and make my garden glorious ; and all the peoples of the earth will come to see me and my house, and they will know that the children adore their mother, and the beauty of India will be made known to the East and to the West.

I know how you work for her and how your hands and feet labour by day and by night. For me the weaver weaves,

the potter moulds, the blacksmith forges, the brazier solders, the oil presser presses. I rejoice to see you make the glistening silk, the light muslin, the gleaming gold lace, the brocades of Benares—the “ripples of silver,” Mazchar, and the splendour of the “peacock’s neck” (Murgala); the soft shawls of Kashmir, the velvet of the Dekkan, the handsome leather work of Gujarat, the rugs and the carpets which the folk of the West gaze on with eyes of pleasure; the jewellers’ devices in armlets, necklets, brooches, and fine filigree; the designs in shining rubies, pearls, and turquoises; the beautiful talwar blades, and the delicate yet strong chain-armour; the ear-rings in blackwood, sandalwood, and stone and ivory. You and I, my sons and daughters, can hold up our heads among the nations, and bid them behold the work of our hands, and we know that we shall not be ashamed.

I look with a mother’s pride at the handiwork of my children in palaces and temples; some that are made by the labour of pious Buddhists or devout Jains; some that are created by the worshippers of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; and some that are built by the disciples of the prophet Muhammad. Not one more than another do I love. Guard their stones, and repair with watchful eye and hand their walls and gates; and if, perchance, some have fallen to ruin under the many touches of strong Time, shield them from careless meddling, so that for ages to come the nations may see their grandeur. Oh! how noble are my monuments and how lovely their adornments, the marble of the Taj Mahal and the sacred quiet of the Pearl Mosque of Agra; the vast hall of Shah Jahan’s palace of Delhi; the lofty tower of Jagannath; the great piles of Siva’s temple at Bhuvanesvar; the Oilman’s temple at Gwalior; the giant pillars and figures in the Caves of Elephanta; the high pagoda of Tanjore; the halls of a thousand pillars at Madura; the golden temple of Amritsar; the white marble temple of the Jains at Abu.

Mighty and valiant were my children of old. Have you not oft heard the story of their deeds at the battle of Kurukshetra? And you will be brave for me to-day. For my sake

you will cherish the hymns of the fathers, and the wondrous tales of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. You will make new songs and new poems for me. You will make my name a name of honour among the nations. Your hearts shall beat in love ; your life be ruled by order ; your aim shall be progress and peace. You are citizens of a great land. Be worthy children of your mother.

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XLII.

JUSTICE (1).

THE street is crowded. People pass in great streams this way and that.

So far as possible it is well that each person should "keep to the right". Such is the custom on the footpaths in England. But if in any country the custom should be "keep to the left," then sensible folk will follow that rule.

In spite of all care, however, accidents happen. Two men collide, hurting each other, or damaging clothes or property. Each may think he is unjustly treated.

If each believes the other man is careless or unjust a quarrel and a fight may take place.

If both are willing to hear all that is to be said; if both are willing to hear just judgment, even if it goes against their own side, all will be well.

Justice is best done when both sides are willing to be just.

Many centuries ago a young prince came to the throne of Persia.

"It is great to be a king," said he to himself, "and I will show all men, rich and poor, that they must bow to my will."

He was about to become a tyrant.

But by good fortune this evil course was checked.

A wise man spoke to the royal officers and the servants of the palace:—

"Do no service for the King Bahram bin Bahram till his conduct is more worthy of good ruler."

They took his advice. All the high officers stayed away.

Carpet-spreaders spread no carpets. Gate-keepers guarded no gates. Table-servants waited at no tables. The king had risen in the morning and found none to do anything for him, and he wandered lonely from room to room.

The wise man entered, and the king greeted him with gladness, but the wise man scarcely said a word.

"What is the matter?" asked Bahram bin Bahram.

"Will you, sir, let me speak my mind?"

"Say all you wish, Mobed."

"I would like to tell you, sir, of the noble kings that sat on the throne of Persia before you."

And he told him of their mercy and justice.

"I understand," said Bahram bin Bahram. "I will try to walk in their steps."

At that moment a band of nobles and chiefs came into the royal chamber, and begged the young king to act as a strong and just ruler should, and he gave them his promise.

Then all served him gladly—secretaries, chamberlains, soldiers, carpet-spreaders, gate-keepers, table-servants and all. The master devoted his strength to his people. His people respected the master.¹

In this case the people who collided or ran against each other were the king and his people. One side—the king's side—was at first unwilling to do justice, and much trouble followed. But the king's will changed, and then the will of the people changed, and each side tried to be just to the other.

It is said that in old times, when Shadeed was king in Syria, so mild and just was his rule that the wolf hurt not the sheep, and the hawk did not attack the partridge.

And again, the king set a Qazi to judge a certain province of the kingdom, and for a whole year no one came to the Court of Justice to complain against his neighbour. The Qazi told the king he had done no work as judge, and did not deserve payment. But Shadeed insisted that he must be paid.

Not long afterwards two men did come before the Qazi.

¹ Mirkhond's *Ra'usat-us-safa*, Vol. II, Part I, p. 338.

"Sir," said one, "I bought a piece of land from this my neighbour, and I found in it a treasure which I had not known of, and therefore had not bought, and so I invited this my neighbour to take the treasure that was his by right and he would not."

"It is true, O judge," said the other, "and I will not take it, for I sold all that land and its contents to my friend."

Thus they strove one against the other, as friend with friend, each wishing to give and neither wishing to take.

The Qazi asked concerning their children, and found that one man had a son and the other a daughter.

"Let the young people be married," said the judge, "and the treasure be given to them; and so it will remain the property of both families."

And this was done.¹

How differently things went in this case!

Both sides were eager to be just, and justice was quickly and happily done.

You have heard of the famous people called the Greeks, who made their father-land of Greece a great name in the history of the world. They set much store by justice. One of the most celebrated men in the history of Greece was Aristides the Just. I will give you an instance of how he earned this noble title.

He summoned another citizen to the Court of Justice in the city of Athens, and accused him of some evil deed—I know not what.

Now Aristides was honoured by all men in that city. His word was believed. Everybody knew him for an honest man.

So when he had stated the case against the accused, the judges on the bench felt sure that nothing more needed to be said.

"We will punish this man," they decided.

You would have thought that Aristides would have been

¹ Mirkhond's *Rauzat-us-safa*, Vol. I, Pt. I, p. 107.

pleased. But no, he knew he was but a mortal man, who might be mistaken, and who might even be unjust. He felt the other side of the case ought to be heard.

"No," he cried, "you have not listened to the other man. Though he is my enemy, I wish him to have fair play."

Whether, after hearing the other side, the judges still decided for Aristides, I do not know. But you can understand why the Athenians called him Aristides the Just. He was always willing to see justice done, whether it favoured his own side or went against him.¹

If both men in the street desire justice, the quarrel is soon mended, or, indeed, there may be no quarrel at all.

If the king is unjust, the people resist their ruler; and when he is willing to act justly, their hearts incline again towards him.

If two neighbours who differ about the treasure that is hid in the land both desire justice, a way out of the difficulty is found.

If a man accuses another, he should act as a just accuser, and let the other man state his case.

But what shall we say of nations? Suppose two nations have a dispute. In this case, also, we shall admire them if both are willing to come to fair terms.

For example:—

In the summer of the year 1862 a big steamship was built in the docks of Birkenhead, in England, and then sailed out into the wide Atlantic Ocean. At that time a war was going on in America, the Northern part of the United States fighting against the Southern part. The war was carried on also at sea. Ships that were not warships—that carried corn, or oil or timber or wool—were liable to be stopped by a war vessel and captured.

The steamship which sailed from the Birkenhead docks was paid for with the money of the Southern States. It was called the "Alabama". The captain of the "Alabama" crossed and

¹ See the *Life of Aristides* in the biographies of Greeks and Romans by Plutarch.

recrossed the sea, watching for northern ships. As soon as he saw one, he bore down upon it swiftly and poured shot into it if the people resisted. When he had conquered in the fight, he would take the passengers and the crew from the captured vessel, along with the most valuable goods which it carried, and then he had the vessel blown up. Soon nothing was left of it but broken pieces of wreck floating on the water.

In this way the "Alabama" took and destroyed many ships of the North. At length its dangerous course came to an end. A ship of war met the "Alabama" near the coast of France, and the robber ship was sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The war ended in 1864, and the Northern States were victors.

Then the Government of the United States said the rulers of England were at fault for letting the "Alabama" be built for use in war, and letting it go from the shores of England to fight against the Northern States, for England was not at war with the Americans. And besides this, there were other causes of dispute between the two countries.

What was to be done? Should England and America go to war? Many people in both countries felt ashamed at the very thought of such a strife. They said the two great nations should let the dispute be settled as if they were two men going before a judge in a court.

And both nations were willing that the question should be so judged. The court was five wise men—one from the United States, one from England, one from Italy, one from Switzerland, one from Brazil. They sat in a room of the town hall of the city of Geneva—a city that stands on the border of a beautiful lake, and under the shadow of the snow-capped Alpine mountains. They were makers of peace. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

They agreed that the rulers of England ought not to have let the "Alabama" leave the docks, and England agreed to pay America 15,500,000 dollars.

One morning the Ambassador of England said with a smile to the Ambassador of the United States:—

"Sir, my country owes your country a little money. Let us settle the account before we have our breakfast."

He handed to him a cheque (or a bank paper) for 15,500,000 dollars. The dispute was ended. These two gentlemen sat down to breakfast together, as friends who had both been willing to have justice done, and were glad the dispute was finished.

The Court of Geneva closed its meetings in September 1872; and on the hill near the city the boom of the cannon told the world that there was joy in Geneva and in all the world because two nations had nobly kept the peace.¹

¹ See R. Lowell Jones, *International Arbitration as a Substitute for War Between Nations*.

XLIH.

JUSTICE (2).

A PRINCE walked in the street. A girl passed by and her beautiful face caught his attention. He talked to her and presently asked :—

“What caste are you?”

“I am a Vaisya.”

He went to her father and begged to be allowed to marry the daughter.

“No,” said the father, “for, by the laws of Manu, a Vaisya girl may not marry a warrior—a Kshatriya.”

Not long afterwards the father was grieved to hear that the prince had carried away his daughter. He went with tears running down his cheeks and besought the king to punish the doer of wrong.

The doer of wrong was his own son. For all that, he acted justly. He sent an army to seize the evil prince, but the army was beaten.

Then the king himself set out for the field of war, even against his own son.

And all the people¹ praised him, because he did not spare his own child, but played the part of a king who desired to do justice.

What happened next in the war I know not. But whether the king was beaten or was conqueror, we should still honour him for his fairness of mind.¹

We might say the king was blind and did not see his son.

¹ *Aryan Anecdotes*, by R. S. Pandayaji.

He only saw a man who had done wrong. That is why the ancient Romans made the image of Justice a woman with a bandage over her eyes and holding a pair of scales in her hand, so that she might not alter the weights in the scales when she saw a husband, or a son, or a friend. It was the business of Justice to weigh the Right and Wrong for all alike.

So we say justice is blind.

Umar Shaikh of Samarcand, father of the Emperor Baber, was a just man. A caravan of merchants travelled from China to the West, but they were caught in a terrible snow-storm and perished among the hills. Umar Shaikh had it in his power to take all the goods which lay there unprotected. He was at the time in rather poor circumstances. But he ordered that the goods should be left just as they were till the heirs of the dead men came from China next year and claimed the property.¹

We have said that justice is blind. So it is. But in another sense justice is very sharp of sight. In the story I have told Umar had never seen the heirs of the dead merchants. They were folk in far away China. But he seemed to see them as if they were holding out their hands asking for what belonged to them. And Umar made up his mind that these people whom he had never seen should receive justice.

So justice acts justly to people who are out of sight. And so, if you see some article left unguarded—clothing, or books, or parcels, or money, and you know it belongs to some absent person, you will do your best to keep it safe for the owner until he or she can claim it.

You may be sure the Chinese owners of the property would admire Umar for his conduct. All men would agree that he had acted justly.

But all men do not always agree as to what is just.

For instance, the good Brahman.

A Brahman named Vedantachari was a poet who lived in the Dekkan. He and his wife and a disciple retired to a hut

¹ *Life of Baber*, by R. M. Caldecott, p. 7.

and their wants were provided for by seven Brahmins. Now many people admired him and prized his good teaching, and thought he needed more comforts. It was not just, they said, that so great a teacher should have so poor a living. But he was quite contented.

Thus what he thought just they thought unjust. They slipped pieces of gold or silver among the rice which they brought for his meals, and perhaps he did not see the money till his friends were gone. But if he or his wife saw the coins they threw them away.¹ Which shall we say was right? I think we will say both sides were right. We admire the good Brahmin because he did not grasp in a greedy way at people's gifts. We also admire the people who felt that he deserved payment for his wise teaching. Both he and they desired justice, though they did not see it in the same way.

But you and I may think one thing one day and another thing another day. We may be happy one day and sad another day, and when we are happy we may be more ready to be just. And is that right?

In the old town of Karur there ruled a king called Savichar. He was a very just man. So righteous was he that old legends say no stone that was thrown up fell down; no crow sipped the newly drawn milk; the lion and the buffalo drank from the same pool; and peace and gentleness held sway in all the land. Yet his fate was marked by sorrow. He had no son, and it grieved him greatly.

But his grief did not make his temper sour. His rule was upright; his desire was for the good of all his folk. There was sadness in the palace, but law and order in the length and breadth of Savichar's land. He did at length obtain his heart's desire, and his queen bore a prince. But you see that all the time he waited, and sad though his heart was, he acted justly towards his people.²

We should therefore be just whether we are happy or sad. A teacher or a magistrate who was just when happy and

¹ *Dekkan Poets*, by C. V. Ramaswamie, pp. 49-50.

² *Southern India Folklore*, by Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri, p. 35.

unjust when in a bad temper would not be a good teacher or a good magistrate. I am sure it is right to say that, for I am a teacher myself.

But can we always get justice? Do your companions always treat you justly? I fear not. And what is to be done if we are treated unjustly?

You will remember how the five noble princes, the Pandava brothers, were living for a time in disguise at the court of the aged Virata, King of the Matsyas. None knew that they were great and mighty lords, for they seemed but servants; and Draupadi was a waiting woman for the time; none seeing her true glory as a queen.

One day a bad-hearted man, Kichaka, had insulted Draupadi, and she fled from his evil look, and he followed her and kicked her in the presence of the King Virata and the courtiers.

Bhima stood by and saw and his heart burned at the sight of the injustice. But he must not interfere, for the hour was not yet come to discover his true name and person and rank. But it was hard to see the wrong and be silent. Yudhishtira, his brother, had very great trouble to hold Bhima back. Bhima was like a mad elephant, ready to rush upon the foe. His brother begged him to be quiet, to wait and to bear the sorrow and wrong a while longer.

And then the moment would come when the evil-doer would be punished as he deserved. But justice must wait its time.¹ For the human heart hates injustice. Even bad men do not like to be unjustly treated themselves. And so as time goes on, the wrong thing is hated by more and more hearts until the feeling against it is like a flood and sweeps it away.

There was a time when negroes were kept in slavery in many countries. The time was long before the wrong was ended; but little by little the souls of the white race felt the shame of it more and more, and at last the injustice of slavery was swept away.

Why were the negroes treated unjustly? Because they

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. III.

were of a different race and colour. Are there other differences among men? Yes. There are differences in their thought of God; in their modes of prayer and worship; in their religion.

And how ought we to act towards those who are not of our religion? I will tell you how the Emperor Akbar acted.

The great Emperor Akbar had conquered in many wars, had taken many castles, and was lord of much wealth. It was easy for him to deal out death to enemies, or to oppress any that he disliked. But he desired to be just. He was fair in dealings towards folk of all religious faiths. At the city of Fathpur he built two houses of rest — one for the Hindu yogis and one for the Muhammadan fakirs.

He built shelters for the poor, and for travellers, and the stewards of these places were told to give food and drink and rest to all who came and asked, no matter what was their religion.¹

We will look back on what we have learned.

1. Justice is blind to this or that person, and does what is right, no matter who or what is to be weighed in the scales.
2. Justice thinks of what is due to persons unseen.
3. People may not always agree as to what is just, but it is good when all *wish* to be just.
4. We should treat people fairly whether we ourselves are happy or sad.
5. Human hearts love justice, and sooner or later men show their hatred of wrong and their pleasure in the right.
6. We should be just to people who worship according to other religions than our own.

Beautiful is the starry heaven. But, said a wise Greek proverb, "Neither the evening star nor the morning star is so beautiful as justice".

¹ Noer's *Emperor Akbar*, Vol. I, p. 294.

XLIV.

JUSTICE (3).

JAHANGIR, the Mogul emperor, had many faults, but he tried to deal justly with his people. From the top of the citadel in which he lived there hung a chain. It hung all the way—a long way—down to the ground outside. If any citizen was ill-used, and saw none to help, he or she could go to the chain and shake the end of it; and the chain at the top was carried right into the emperor's room, and ended in a bunch of golden bells.

When the bells tinkled the emperor said:—

“Some poor soul is asking for justice, I must help.”¹

If I say these golden bells are ringing every moment all over the world, you will understand what I mean. Every moment, all over the world, some voice or other asks for justice.

“Some poor soul is asking for justice,” said the Emperor Jahangir.

The strong and the rich do not need to pray this prayer.

Are the bells always heard by the strong?

No, for if they were, not so many tears would be shed by those who suffer, and not so many angry feelings would arise. But for all that, the conscience of man has an ear to hear the prayer of the oppressed. Men of violence and power may seem to care nought for the sorrows of those whom they ill-treat, but the complaint of the victim of injustice rises up against them, and at last touches their hearts.

A poor fellow (so it is told in the annals of Israel in the olden time) got his living as a fisherman. Carrying a large

¹ Hunter's *Indian Empire*, p. 360.

fish home one day, and pleased at the thought that his wife and children would be well fed, he met a soldier. This soldier caught sight of the fish, and demanded it. On the fisherman refusing, the soldier struck him with a club, and seized and marched off with the coveted fish, and gave it to his wife to broil.

"O God," cried the fisherman, smarting with the bruise, and with the injustice, "avenge me in this world, for I have no patience to wait till the next."

The roasted fish was placed on the table, and the soldier sat down to eat. Just then, behold! the fish opened its mouth, and bit the finger of the unjust man. In great pain he rushed hither and thither, and at length applied to a doctor.

"The finger must be cut off," said the doctor, "else the decay will spread up the hand and arm."

The finger was cut off. Yet the pain continued, and the foulness of the flesh crept up the hand and arm. The surgeon cut more, and yet more, but to no purpose.

In despair, the soldier fled from the doctor's house, and flung himself under a tree, and by good fortune he fell asleep.

In his dream he heard a voice:—

"O miserable man! in vain will you cut off your flesh. Go to the man against whom you have sinned, and ask his forgiveness."

The soldier awoke and at once hastened to the fisherman's house, and begged humbly for pardon and gave him money, and the good-natured fisherman took pity on his sufferings and forgave him freely. And after that the hand and arm and finger were restored whole again.

The story proves to us, not that hands cut off can grow again, but that the memory of an unjust deed will rankle in the conscience, and cause men to regret that the evil was done to the innocent.¹

The sound of the golden bells touched the ear and the heart of the rough soldier. He was eager, indeed, to have his arm

¹ *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. I, pp. 337-9.

healed ; but conscience, even in his sleep, had roused him to a sense of the injustice he had done.

In the same way the voice of a certain poor youth reached the heart of the King of Benares.

For seven generations a certain family had managed the elephants of the King of Benares. An elephant-trainer in this family died, leaving a widow and a son, aged sixteen. The day of his death was very near the day of the elephant festival, and some Brahmans said to the king :-

"Shall we conduct the festival? The trainer's son has no skill in this business."

The king agreed.

Now, the widow was weeping because the honour of conducting the festival was about to pass away from the family.

"Mother," said the youth, "do not cry. I will learn the management of the elephants, and also learn the sacred hymns which the trainer is expected to know."

"There are but four days left," said the mother in surprise ; "and how can you learn?"

"I will go to the teacher in Ghandara. Weep not!"

A long way off was Ghandara, but the youth made his way quickly to the teacher and saluted him.

"Where have you come from?" asked the teacher.

"From Benares, sir."

"What for?"

"To learn the three hymns and the management of elephants."

"You shall learn all this."

"But I must learn it in one lesson!"

This seemed difficult ; but the lad washed the teacher's feet, and laid the money for the fee before him, and they began earnestly, and all through the night the youth repeated the words of hymns and rules after the teacher. As the day broke he felt sure that he had mastered the knowledge that a trainer needed.

In one day he had returned to Benares, and his mother's heart was filled with joy.

The next day the festival was to take place. The Brahmans had dressed themselves gaily, and they smiled in scorn at the young fellow who (as they thought) was so ignorant of the duties of the elephant master.

The youth went to the king and bowed.

"Sir," he said, "why do you not allow the son of your old servant to conduct the festival?"

"Because you do not know the three Vedas and the elephant rules."

"Then, sir," cried the youth, "I beg to tell you that I do! Let these men stand forward, and repeat the sacred hymns and the elephant rules, and I will also repeat them, and you shall judge, O king, which is the more skilled in the knowledge."

But not one Brahman could recite the hymns or the rules, and the youth had the honour of carrying on the work of his father and his ancestors.¹

If you are a true citizen of India, you will keep your ears open for the sound of the golden bells. It is the duty of every citizen, and not only of emperors, to listen for this sound. You will hear the bell ring when—

An animal is ill-treated.

A child is bullied, or cruelly beaten, or neglected.

A deformed person is mocked.

A sick man or woman is allowed to lie without care.

A weak person is robbed of his goods by a stronger hand.

A labourer is paid a wage that does not fairly reward his labour.

An honest and modest man is passed by, and a loud-voiced and boasting man placed above him.

A sincere man is scorned because he speaks his honest thought about religion, or the affairs of his city or his country.

A small country is ill-treated by a larger and stronger country.

And when the just man hears the call of the golden bells he

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 163.

will stand up and help the sufferer to the best of his power. If he has not much strength in his own hands, he will join with others in a league, or association, so that their small efforts may be added together to make a great effort.

A Psalmist says in the Bible :—

“Defend the poor and fatherless ; do justice to the afflicted and needy”.

MERCY.

(Short Story.)

In the court of the Emperor Akbar loud cries arose one day :—

“Most wicked !”

“Very wrong !”

“Bad !”

These cries were raised against a courtier named Birbal, who had committed an act that was certainly not worthy of a good man.

“Let Birbal be impaled,” ordered the emperor.

A day was fixed when Birbal should be flung upon iron spikes and thus die a terrible death.

Birbal asked to be allowed to speak to Akbar.

“I have taught you many things,” said he to the emperor, “but I have not taught you the art of sowing and gathering pearls.”

“True,” answered Akbar.

“Then let me live till I have taught you the art.”

“I grant your request,” said Akbar.

Birbal said certain houses must be taken down, for the land they stood on was just the kind suitable for sowing pearls ; and these were the houses of the courtiers who had spoken evil of him !

Then he sowed barley seed.

The crops were at last ripe, and the emperor and his friends were invited to see the pearls.

“Come early in the morning,” said Birbal.

, ...

Early in the morning the dew-drops hung thick like many pearls on the ears of barley.

"Reap this barley, sire," said Birbal. "Whoever is without sin can reap these pearls, and the pearls—wonderful to relate!—will change into water."

Without sin!

Akbar felt that he was not without sin. Nor would any of the courtiers try to reap the barley. The conscience of each man told him he had, at one time or another, done wrong.

The emperor pardoned Birbal.¹

¹ *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaon*, by P. G. D. Upreti, p. 68.

XLV.

DUTY (1).

A NOBLE French youth, named Bayard, mounted a spirited horse, and managed him so well that the people marvelled ; for, though he was but fifteen years of age, he ruled the horse as though he were a man of thirty.

Afterwards, when there was war between France and Spain, the Knight Bayard stood on a bridge, and held it, all alone as he was, against 200 Spaniards, and so kept his ground, brave as a Rajput, till a band of French warriors came to his aid.

He was wounded in a battle, and was carried to the house of an Italian gentleman, whose wife and two daughters were in great fear lest they should suffer harm from the violence of the French soldiers. Bayard was in their house four weeks, and all that time he took care that no hurt should be done to the ladies, though the city was full of rude warriors who had conquered the garrison. And he took his leave of the family with many thanks for their kindness ; and they, in turn, admired his knightly conduct.

At last he had a deadly wound in battle, and he held up the hilt of his sword—a cross—before his eyes, and died ; having fought for his king and nation, “ without fear and without reproach ”.

A motto of this chevalier (knight) Bayard was :—

“ Do your duty, come what may.”

For that was what he himself did, whether in the field of war or in the quiet household.

And what may come?

Storm; but the soldier, the policeman, the messenger, the postman, the sailor, will face the storm and do their duty.

Disease; but the nurse and the doctor will go in and out of the sick-room, or the hospital, where patients lie ill of infectious diseases, and do their duty.

Peril; but the fireman will attack the flames of the burning house; the miner will work in the dangerous mine; the fisherman will go out at night to sea; the captain will stay on the sinking ship till all the passengers are safely got off; the man in the street will stop the runaway horse, or the mad dog, or the furious elephant.

Worry and weariness; but the mother will watch over her little ones; she will attend to their wants; she will guard their health; she will soothe their sorrows; she will work for them night and day.

The name of Bayard, which I opened this lesson with, is famous all over the world. But there are more Bayards than can be counted; I mean there are countless men and women who bravely and finely do their daily duty, and more than their duty.

For example, it is a railway-worker's duty to shunt trains, wheel trucks, and so on. But Ram Lal Bauri, a shunter in the employ of the East Indian Railway Company, thought it his duty to do yet more. In the *London Gazette* of 25 October, 1910, we read how King George V awarded a medal for bravery to the Hindu shunter; and this is the story:-

On 14 March, 1909, Ram Lal Bauri was sitting upon the brake of the first of eight empty wagons, which were being shunted upon a colliery siding, and as the wagons went round a curve he noticed three children playing upon the line. He jumped off, ran forward, and picked up two of the children and was trying to get hold of the third when the wagon reached and killed her. The rescuer was knocked down but escaped injury.

Ram Lal Bauri had never heard of Bayard, but he understood Bayard's motto, "Do thy duty, come what may".

The shunter and Bayard were *strong* men. Is it only the strong who bravely do their duty? Let me tell you a tale of the strong and the weak; I mean strong or weak in body.

The five mighty brothers, the Pandavas, with the lady Draupadi, travelled on a long journey, and saw lakes, rivers, mountains, forests. They were beaten by stormy winds and nearly stifled by clouds of dust. Darkness fell, and in the darkness they heard the crash of falling trees.

"Are the skies coming down in ruin?" they said to one another, "and are the hills being torn to pieces?"

They took shelter in a cave, and waited till the tempest had passed by. Then they walked on, and the lady Draupadi—the black-eyed princess—dropped fainting to the earth.

"Alas!" cried Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava brothers, "alas! this is my fault! For, had I not spent my all in dice-playing, my brothers and my dear Draupadi would not have been fated to wander in this hard exile."

The lady opened her eyes. The cool breeze and the kind words of the five princes restored her. They placed her on a deer-skin and bade her rest.

Then said Yudhishtira:—

"Rugged are the mountains that lie before us, and long the road we have to go, and how shall this weak woman endure the hardships of the way?"

Said Bhima the mighty one:—

"I have a son, a Rakshasa, of immense strength. What loads can he not carry? What corner of the heavens can he not soar to? I will call him hither, and the strong one shall carry us over the land."

No sooner had Bhima thus thought of his son than the Rakshasa appeared, and, placing his hands together, asked how he might help his father and uncles. He had brought with him other Rakshasas, and all were eager to show courtesy to the noble princes.

So, at the bidding of Bhima, the flying monsters, the Rakshasas, bore the lady Draupadi and the Pandavas and their company of Brahmans over the broad country, and the

princes and their friends saw great things—forests, beasts, birds, lakes with many lotuses, and more that I cannot stay to tell.

Thus did strength fulfil its duty. The strong princes tended the weak lady, and the strong Rakshasas carried both her and the strong princes. The strong ones aided the strong ones as well as the weak one. For the five brothers, though powerful men, were not able to bear Draupadi so easily and swiftly over the Indian land as were the Rakshasas.

And now I will tell of strength that did its evil will, and had no sense of duty.

One day a Rakshasa carried away three of the Pandavas and Draupadi.

But who would have thought he was a bad monster? For some time he had taken the shape of a holy Brahman, wise in his words and grave in his looks. He was a fire smouldering under ashes. He was false.

All of a sudden he took the form of a Rakshasa, and flew up into the high air, bearing Yudhishtira and Nakula and Sahadeva and the lady Draupadi: and he was about to carry them to danger and perhaps death.

Bhima the Mighty appeared.

Sahadeva had slipped off the back of the beast, and stood on the earth shaking his weapon at the horrid Rakshasa; and the monster, strong as he was, was alarmed at the sight of a greater strength than his own, and he wheeled round and round in his confusion of mind.

Strength that was bad was face to face with strength that was good.

Each rooted up trees and flung them. Each roared like a storm. Each charged like a wild elephant. The Rakshasa sank fainting. Bhima lifted him in his arms and hurled him to the ground, and thus he died; and the Pandava brothers and Draupadi were delivered from the Evil One.

Glorious is the strength that helps; glorious is the power that does its duty.¹

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. II.

We should not expect a woman to do what the mighty Bhima did. The lady Sita—the most glorious lady in the tales of the Hindus—could not root up trees and hurl them at Rakshasas.

But for all that she could do her duty as nobly as Bhima.

The lady Sita had made up her mind to go with the lord Rama, her husband, into the forest of exile for fourteen years, for so his father Dasa-ratha had decreed. Evil would be her lot in the jungle, and weary the long way. Knowing all that, she chose rather to suffer with her lord than to enjoy the pleasures of the palaces of Ayodhya city.

Then the ladies of the court pressed round her, and begged her not to depart.

“The king,” they urged, “has not sent *you* into exile. Stay, dear soul, and be content with us.”

But these words displeased the lady Sita. The advice was meant in kindness. Nevertheless, it did not point to the way of duty, and Sita did not heed the speech of her friends¹

It was in her power to endure, to bear cold, and heat, and hunger, and the weariness of the long path in the jungle. And Sita did her duty.

What reward did she ask? She asked for nothing but the love and respect of Rama.

What reward does the mother ask? The love and respect of her children.

What reward does the captain ask? The respect of his followers.

What reward does the worker in shop[•] or field ask? The respect of his employer and his neighbours.

It is a happy ornament of life to be able to do one's duty.

It is said by the Persian poet Sadi that King Jamshid was the first to introduce the wearing of rings on the finger.

He said that the rings and other ornaments should be worn on the left arm.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, p. 46.

"Why only the left," people asked him, "and not the right?"

"The right arm has ornament enough," he answered, "simply in being the right."¹

¹ *Gulistan*, trans. by Eastwick, p. 239.



XLVI.

DUTY (2).

MORE than a thousand years ago (so we are told in a Japanese legend) the Emperor of Japan sent an officer to a forest to choose timber for the building of ships. The officer took a company of workmen to the forest, and looked closely at the trees till he found a kind that was suitable for ship-timber, and then he marked one as a token that the men were to cut it down.

The Spirit of the Tree suddenly started out, and cried :-

"This is a thunder-tree ; it must not be cut."

But the officer, brave as a lion, replied :—

"My emperor has given me a command ; and shall even the Thunder-god oppose the imperial commands? "

He offered offerings to show that he had no desire to offend the Tree-spirit ; but, for all that, nothing would prevent him from doing his duty. He bade the men cut down the tree.

A great storm arose. Rain fell in streams ; lightning glittered, and the Thunder-god rumbled.*

The officer did not quail. Drawing his sword, he lifted the bright blade and addressed the tree :—

"O Thunder-god, harm not the workmen. It is I alone whom you should injure."

Standing like a rock he waited. The thunder pealed more than ten times, but no man was hurt.

The brave Japanese officer saw a little fish that was stuck between the branches of the tree. It was the Tree-spirit

changed into something very small and very weak. The officer seized it, threw it into a fire, and calmly ordered his men to go on cutting the timber. Ere long some fine new ships were sailing the seas, and showing to many a coast and many an island the power of Japan.¹

The Spirit of Duty had defied and conquered the Spirit of Storm and Thunder. All the world knows how nobly the sons of Japan serve their Emperor and their mother-land.

Every country in the world can tell its tales of duty well done. But there are, of course, some that have become famous, and are told over and over again, just as we delight to sing a favourite song. Such is the story of the British soldiers on the steamship the "Birkenhead".

This steamship had come out from England, and was sailing along the west coast of Africa. It had on board 638 persons, including women and children. About 465 were sailors and soldiers, many of these soldiers being fresh recruits in the British army.

One night the sky was dark. The vessel was making its way through the gloom, the captain standing on the bridge, the man at the wheel guiding the ship and all the watchmen at their posts. Most of the people on board were asleep, their hearts feeling a quiet trust in captain and watchers.

At two o'clock in the morning a noise awoke every soul on board. The "Birkenhead" had struck a rock. A hole was knocked in the ship's side, and the water began pouring into the vessel through this leak. So swiftly did the sea rush in that a number of men were drowned as they lay in their beds in the lower cabins.

"All hands on deck," was the captain's order.

Women and children hastened to the upper deck. Sailors and soldiers hurried up the ladders also, but none pushed a comrade out of the way; none sought safety for himself. Each desired to live, and see his native land again; but none would behave as a coward even to save his life. So all was

¹ Aston's *Shinto, the Way of the Gods*, p. 158.

done in order and discipline, and in a very short time all the people were assembled.

Sixty men were commanded to work the pumps, so as to pump out the water from below-deck. And sixty other men were commanded to let the small boats down into the water, ready to bear the women and children to the shore.

Dark was the heaven, and dark the shadow of death ; but no man shrieked the shriek of the timid, and each did the work that he was bid.

They acted like the brave Japanese who said, " Shall even the Thunder-god oppose the imperial commands ? "

Three boats were lowered to the sea, and the women and girls and boys were quickly seated in the boats.

Somebody cried out :—

" Those who can swim should jump into the sea and hold on to the sides of the boats ! "

The captain (whose name was Wright) heard this advice.

" No," he shouted, " stay where you are ; for if you cling to the boats, you will overturn them with your weight, and the women and children will be drowned. "

Three men only leaped over the side of the ship. The rest remained.

The boats were each moment being rowed farther from the steamship.

Men are stronger than women and children, and soldiers and sailors are among the strongest of men. How easily could some of these strong men, had they so willed, have pushed aside the little ones and the women, and saved their own lives. But duty forbade. The strong gave up their chances of life to the weak.

The " Birkenhead " was sinking fast, but the hundreds of sailors and soldiers made no sound of fear. They were sinking to death, but they sank like men.

In five-and-twenty minutes the great ship was swallowed up by the Atlantic Ocean. Of 638 persons only 193 reached the shore alive.

But as the waves closed over the sailors and soldiers, each

brave fellow could at least think in the moment of death—
 “Not a woman, not a child has been lost”.

And thus steadfastly and silently, like to men that keep guard and wait for the master's command, these sons of England and Scotland gave up their valiant lives.¹

CONSCIENCE.

I. THE THIEF.

A man went to Solomon, the son of David, and complained.
 “O prophet, I have neighbours who steal my geese.” Solomon called the people of that place together for prayer, and preached a sermon to them on honesty.

“There is one among you,” he said, “who steals his neighbour's geese and then enters the mosque while the feathers are still on his head.”

A man rubbed his head with his hand.

“That,” said Solomon, “is the thief.”²

II. THE KING.

A king bade that an innocent man should be put to death.

“O king!” cried the victim, “do not hurt yourself.”

“How am I hurting myself?”

“I shall feel the pain for but a brief moment, but you will always feel the pain in your guilty conscience.”

The king set him free, and asked his pardon.³

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

● I. IN PAYING DUES.

One day little Hasan was playing in his grandfather Muhammad's presence.

A basketful of dates was brought in.

“What are they for?” asked the prophet.

¹ Full particulars of the wreck are given in A. C. Addison's *Story of the Birkenhead*. The story has been inserted in the present volume at the suggestion of Miss Margaret Noble (Sister Nivédita).

² Ad-Dimiri's, *Hayat-al-Hawayan*, p. 218.

³ Sa'di's *Gulistan*, trans. by Eastwick, p. 64.

"They are gathered as a tithe for the poor," was the reply.

"Take them now," he said, "and give them to yonder needy folk."

Little Hasan had picked one up, and placed it in his mouth. Muhammad took it out again, saying to the child:—

"The family of Muhammad may not eat of the tithes."¹

II. IN WORK.

In England a badly-built house is called "jerry" built. In such a house the wood-work cracks, the roof leaks, the bricks become loose, bells do not ring, and locks do not act. There are such houses in India also. But such houses were never built by John Rohde, who was Inspector-General of Jails till 1865. Wherever he went he built houses—good houses, true houses, honest houses. Mr. W. F. Grahame says:—

I have been in houses built by John Rohde twenty-five years before I was in them, and still every door and window fitted perfectly. "

¹ Muir's *Life of Mahomet*, Vol. IV, p. 327.

² *Carpet-weaving Industry of Southern India*, by H. T. Harris, p. 13.

XLVII.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE (1).

IN days long past three kings reigned in Yemen one after the other. The first was Shamar, and he was a mighty man, for it is said that he conquered China and wasted the country of Samarcand.

The second was Asad. He was a man of wealth and was rich in giving. He sacrificed 6000 camels at a holy place, and put a golden door at the entrance.

The third was Abu Hasan. He did nothing of any account. But he was foud of saying:—

“The king before me killed 6000 camels, and set up a golden door; and the king before the king before me conquered China and Samarcand.”¹

We only smile at this third king. He had no character, or fine quality, of his own. He simply talked about the kings before him. He counted for nothing himself. By birth, indeed, he was a king. In action he had no kingship, and no real value.

Satyakama was a far truer man than this third king.

A young man, Satyakama, watched the priests in their life, and in their service of the gods, and in their teaching of the people, and he said to himself:—

“Would that I also might be a Brahman! I will ask my mother if my family is noble enough.”

Now this happened many hundreds of years ago, and the tale is in the Chhandogya Upanishad.

¹ *Assemblies of Al-Hariri*, trans. by R. Steingass, Vol. II, p. 310.

His mother was a poor woman who could not tell of one great name among her ancestors, and did not even know who her ancestors were !

" My son," she said, " I have only been a poor servant-woman. Your name is Satyakama; mine is Jabala. There is nothing more to say."

So he went to a Brahman, and asked :—

" May I be a student, sir, and learn religious lore from you? "

" What is your family? "

" I do not know. I can only say my name is Satyakama Jabala, and my mother was a poor servant-woman."

" You have spoken honestly and candidly," said the Brahman. " Fetch some fuel for the sacrifice, and you shall begin the religious life with me."

Having become a learner, Satyakama served the teacher by minding his cattle. In the meadows and wherever he went he learned, as well as from the lips of his master. He learned from the bull of the herd, and from the fire that he lit, and from a red flamingo, and from a diver-bird, and he talked to his teacher of all that he had learned.

The Brahman said :—

" Friend, you speak well and wisely. How is it you know so much of God? "

" I learned," he replied, " from the four quarters of the world, and sun, and moon, and lightning, and fire, and from all I saw about me in the wide creation."¹

This young man was an honour to his mother. He was a man of character. He taught himself; he educated himself. He had a value in the world. If we could have read the whole story of his life, we may be sure he would have been a man of good influence.

What is influence?

It is the power which goes out from a man to other men. The sun's heat has an influence on the earth and the animals

¹ R. C. Dutt's *Civilization in Ancient India*, Vol. I, pp. 158-60,

and people in it. The water of the rivers has an influence on the farms and gardens along their banks. And the honest man in a village has a good influence on the villagers. The honest artisan has a good influence on his fellow-craftsmen. The honest official has a good influence on his fellow-workers in the office or department. The honest nation has a good influence on the other nations of the world.

In the land of Italy is a lake near the city of Perugia; and in the midst of the lake is an island. One night a small boat was rowed from the shore of the lake to this island, and in the boat were two men and two loaves of bread. Of these men, one was St. Francis, the Christian saint whose name has been loved for the past 600 years. It was the time of the year which Christian folk call Lent, which lasts forty days. Francis had resolved to fast during the whole of Lent, except that he would eat a very small portion of bread.

His companion left him alone on the island of the lake of Perugia, and the old legend tells that he entered into a thicket, where thorn-bushes had grown so thick together as to make a sort of shelter or cave, in which he dwelt all the while that Lent lasted; and he prayed, and his thoughts were on the things of heaven. Nor did he eat anything save half of one of the loaves, thus showing how a man's brave soul may conquer strong desires.

Now when the fasting and the pious courage of St. Francis became known, folk came to the island, and were happy to live on it in houses which they built; and they also set up a house for St. Francis and his brethren; and so there grew up a village on the spot made sacred by a hero's brave spirit.¹

Of this same Francis it is told that he saw trees by the wayside in Italy, and many, many birds were perched on the branches, and the music of the birds was a great delight.

Francis said to his companions:—

"I will preach to my little sisters, the birds."

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, trans. by T. W. Arnold, ch. vii.

At the sound of the saint's voice, the birds flew to the ground, and he walked in and out among them, his cloak touching but not hurting them.

"My little sisters," he said, "you neither sow nor reap, yet God feeds you, and gives you the fountains of the valley for drink, and the trees of the hills in which to make your nests. Nor can you spin or sew, yet God provides you with raiment of feathers. It is meet, therefore, that you have a thankful spirit."

With beaks wide open, the birds seemed to listen to the gentle sermon of the saint. When his speech was ended, he made the sign of the Cross of Christ, and bade them depart; whereat they arose with a flutter of a multitude of wings, and they flew away in four bands—some to the North, some to the South, some to the East, and some to the West.

The thoughts of a good man do not stay in the narrow place where his body dwells, but they go to far places of the earth, and men learn his ideas, and his teaching spreads from land to land.¹

"If," says a Tamil book, "you go near a snake because it has a ruby, it will not give you a ruby, but only bite you."²

The snake may carry a ruby in its crest (if such a thing could be), but the ruby is not part of its character; it remains all the time a deadly snake; and its influence only hurts those who come near.

¹ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, ch. xvi.

² E. J. Robinson's *Tales and Poems of S. India*, p. 248.

XLVIII.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE (2).

You will remember the snake of which we spoke at the end of our last lesson. No man loved it.

In the days of old there reigned over Benares the Yellow King, whom nobody loved, and who loved nobody. He loved neither Brahman nor merchant; neither his wives nor his sons nor his daughters. He laid heavy taxes upon the people, and cruelly tortured such as did not pay; and he crushed his subjects as sugar cane is squeezed in a sugar-mill.

The Yellow King died, and the citizens of Benares laughed, and, after his body was burned, they beat the drums for joy, and waved flags, and scattered dry corn and flowers on all sides, and sat eating and drinking in gay booths. And the new king sat under a white umbrella.

But a certain gate-keeper wept.

"Why do you weep?" inquired the king.

"Not," he replied, "because the Yellow King is dead, for each time he passed me he hit me eight blows on the head, as if with a hammer. But I fear that when he goes to the house of Yama, Lord of Death, he will strike Yama eight blows on the head; and the people in Yama's house will hate the sight of him when they see what sort of man he is, and they will send him back."

The new king smiled, and said :—

"Be assured, my friend, that he will never return from that bourne." ¹

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 240.

You may be sure the Yellow King would not have been pleased if he could have heard the things that were said of him after he had passed away.

On the other hand, how blessed is the influence of the noble man. Like the sun, he spreads light and warmth around him, cheering his fellow-men and sharing with them the good powers that dwell in his own soul and character.

Such an influence is seen in the story of Sri Krishna.

A poor Brahman named Sridama lived upon alms, and his clothes were very shabby; and his wife and he had hard work to keep the little home going. One day she said to him:—

"There is no food in the house. I have heard that the lord Krishna is kind. Go to him and he will aid you with money."

"Well," he answered, "I will go, but I must take a gift."

She called upon a neighbour and begged for a handful of flattened rice, and tied it up in a cloth, and gave it to her husband.

Sridama reached the palace, and was allowed to go through the grand halls until he entered the chamber where Krishna sat on a couch with his queen Rukmini. The lord knew the Brahman at once, and invited him to take a seat, and washed his feet, and the queen and her maids set food before him. The hungry Brahman was glad to be so well treated.

"Do you remember," said Krishna, "how you and I learned lessons together from the guru? Do you remember how we went into the forest to collect sticks for our teacher's wife, and how we were caught in a storm, and had to take shelter in a hut, and had to stay there all night; and how the guru was anxious about us two youths, and rose early in the morning and searched for us?"

Thus the master of the house chatted, and the poor Brahman was happy in his company.

"And now," said Krishna at last, "I believe you have a gift for me. Let me see what you carry there?"

But Sridama felt much shame at disclosing his wretched

gift. Krishna took it courteously and tasted it. And he even took a second portion.

"Your rice," he said, "gives me the greatest pleasure."

Thus are noble men polite to the humble.

Sridama slept in a royal bed that night.

Next day he started home. He had received no money from Krishna, but he had received politeness and grace.

When he came to the place where his mean little home used to stand, lo! it was there no more! A mansion with broad gardens and big tanks occupied the place, and serving men and maids passed to and fro; and there was a sound of music to welcome him. His wife, gaily dressed, came out to meet him; and they walked together from room to room, and admired the furniture and all the comforts which the favour of Krishna had created for them.¹

So the company of the noble gives us great benefits.

If you walk and speak with a kind and sensible man, you are better after the walk and the chat than you were before. If you play with honest and frank children, your play does you good, and you leave off, tired with the game, but more honest and frank than before because you have been in wholesome company.

If you read the books of the wise; if you learn the good thoughts of the Sacred Books—*The Vedas, The Mahabharata, The Ramayana, The Koran, The Three Baskets of the Lord Buddha, The Bible, The Zendavesta*: and if you learn the good thoughts of the poets who speak golden words—Kali-dasa, Firdausi, Shakespeare; if you learn the good thoughts of the teachers and artists of the East and West, your soul grows in the stature of manhood and womanhood, and the power of good companions makes a palace of noble thoughts for you to dwell in.

Just a word or two, spoken by good lips, may have a wonderful influence.

In the great battle of Kurukshetra, in the days of ancient

¹ *Sree Krishna*, by Moraledhur Roy, pp. 151-7.

heroes, King Duryodhana was wounded after he had bravely fought for many days.

And now at length he lost heart. With nothing but his mace in his hand he leaped into a lake, and changed the water about him, by means of a magic spell, into a fortress which closed its water-gates against all comers.

The Pandava brothers, who had defeated him in the battle, heard of his hiding-place. They stood on the border of the lake, seeking a way, but finding none, to come at him.

Then Yudhishtira tried the power of words.

"Where is your manliness?" he shouted to the prisoner in the water, "where is your pride? Where is your valour? Where is your skill in arms, that you hide yourself at the bottom of a lake? Rise up and fight. Do your duty as a Kshatriya, a true warrior!"

"I fear nothing," answered the king. "It is weariness that keeps me here, not want of courage. I have naught to live for. You have slain my brothers. You can take my kingdom."

"Verily, O king," cried Yudhishtira, "this is a new way of showing how mighty and valiant a Kuru hero can be!"

The king's soul was stung by the speech. He rose up out of the water to fight. A word had done what no weapon could do.¹

The word well spoken has an influence now, and for many days to come; and while roses fade, good words still blossom.

Listen to the story of the poet Sadi.

The spring called many a tree, shrub, and flower to new life and beauty. Nightingales sang amid the green leafage, and, at the rising of each sun, the dew shone on the red cheeks of the roses.

At such a time, the Persian poet Sadi tells us, he and a friend lodged for the night in a lovely garden, a place where tulips flourished, and fruits hung heavy on boughs, and a

¹ Monier Williams's *Indian Epic Poetry*, p. 119.

brook made a happy sound as it ran among the beds of flowers.

In the morning they prepared to go on their journey. The friend gathered an armful of roses, hyacinths, and sweet-scented herbs.

"You know," said Sadi, "how the glory of the rose soon departs, and wise men say we should not set our hearts on things that pass away so quickly."

"What things, then," he asked, "can I find to delight me and yet that will endure?"

"Suppose," said Sadi, "I make a Rose Garden in which the flowers will not decay. Suppose I put into a book the roses of my thoughts, and on the pages are written poems that folks may read years after the writer has passed away. Will not that, think you, be the right kind of Rose Garden?"

"Yes," he said, as he flung away the blossoms he had culled, "and I beg you to begin the work at once, Sadi."

And so the poet made his book and called it the *Rose Garden*. He died at Shiraz in 1291, but Persian eyes still gaze at his roses, and Persian hearts still take joy in his teachings.

ADDITIONAL STORIES OF CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

I. A JAIN LEGEND.

In the days when men, whether asleep or awake, saw angels in their dreams, there was a Jain saint whose life was so pure that the heavenly spirits came down to look upon his gracious presence. His lips did not talk much of love; but his daily actions spoke, and his smile carried the message of tenderness and forgiveness.

The angels said to God:—

"Grant this man the power to work miracles."

"It shall be as you wish," replied God, "ask him what power he wishes for."

"Should you," asked the angels, "like to have power in your hands to heal the sick?"

"No," he said ; and so also he said to other questioners from his shining friends.

"But we are resolved that you shall possess some wondrous gift," they told him.

"Then," said the man meekly, "let me do good without knowing it as I pass to and fro."

What soft charm, what gentle influence could flow from the man in such wise that he himself knew naught of the good he did ?

The angels thought of his shadow. Yes, his very shadow should bless the sad and the humble as he walked by.

His shadow fell on dry ground, and it became green with grass. It fell on faded flowers, and they bloomed anew. It fell on shallow brooks, and they swelled up in full, clear streams. It fell on pale children, and their cheeks flushed with a healthy red, and the mothers' hearts beat with joy.

The folk hastened to place themselves within the blessed shadow of the saint. They said no word of prayer to him ; they cried no cry of praise. In silence the power flitted from the man to the people ; and they called him HOLY SHADOW.

Such shadows may we all be !¹

II. CONDUCT, NOT MIRACLES.

(A Buddhist Story.)

A certain Hindu, in the days of Buddha, had a costly bowl of sandal-wood adorned with jewels. He fixed it on the top of a long pole, and set the pole up in front of his house, with writing attached :—

"If any holy man can take this bowl down without using a ladder or a hooked stick, but by means of magic power, he will receive whatever he desires."

A crowd of people came to Buddha, the Blessed One, crying :—

"Master, you are indeed great. Your disciples can work

¹ Adapted from a paper sent to the author by Musaddu Lall, Jaini.

miracles. Kashyapa, one of your followers, saw the bowl on the pole, and stretched out his hand—nothing more—and fetched the bowl down, and carried it to the monastery.”

When Buddha heard this, he went to Kashyapa, and broke the bowl to pieces, and said to his disciples :—

“I forbid you to perform miracles. If you try to use spells and charms, and make the people gape at your wonders, you have not truly understood the law of righteousness.”¹

¹ Carus's *Gospel of Buddha*, pp. 99-101.

XLIX.

EDUCATION.

EACH generation of men dies, but its thoughts and knowledge do not die. The thoughts and knowledge pass from age to age and are faithfully kept. We have to-day the *Vedas*, the *Koran*, the *Tripitaka* of the Buddhists, the *Zendavesta* of the Parsees, the *Bible* of the Christians and Jews, though these books are very old. How is it we are able to pass the thoughts and knowledge on, though we die ?

Sometimes, indeed, the noble thoughts seem to sleep in books which few people read ; and the books wait for eyes that shall love to search them again. But usually we pass them on through the child. The parent teaches the child, the school-teacher teaches. That is why we need schools and education, so that the world may keep its treasures, and even add to them.

A child learns, and by its learning it helps to guard the treasure of the world.

In the happy day that we must try to bring about, each child will be loved and prized because it is a young servant of the family, the country, and humanity.

How joyful was the city Ayodhya when the lord Rama was born as a tiny babe ! The king his sire gave cows, jewels, and gold and silver vessels to the Brahmans. The city was full of flags, troops of women sang, minstrels chanted. Musk, sandal, and saffron were flung in such plenty that the streets were covered with the sweet dust. Music was heard in all houses. And the sun, charmed at the sight of the

divine babe, forgot to set, and stayed in the sky for one whole month.¹

Nevertheless, you know that all children are not prized in this way. But we will hope that the time will come when every child in the world is cherished with love and taught with care.

What is education for? Why do we build schools, and print school-books, and take so much trouble to examine children in what they have learned? What is it all for? Let us think of King Shaddad. I want you to think whether he had learned the true aim to live for.

In times very far back, when the prophet Hud lived and taught, there was a king in Arabia named Shaddad, and the prophet told the king concerning God.

The king said, "If I worship your God what will He give me?"

"Eternal life in paradise," replied the prophet.

Shaddad smiled and said:—

"But I can make a paradise of my own."

So he got together treasures of silver, gold, musk, ambergris, and the like. He chose a place flowing with milk and honey, and watered by sweet rivers. A park was laid out, and in the park was erected a palace, the bricks being in rows of gold, then silver, then gold, and so on; the roof of gold; the pillars of crystal. The ground was spread with amber and saffron. The wall round the park had 12,000 silver towers, and it was guarded by 500 guards.

Word came to King Shaddad that the house was finished, and he marched with an army that numbered more than a host of locusts. On the road he saw a fawn that had silver feet, horns of gold, eyes of rubies, and he rode after it to seize it.

A rider met him.

"You have built a palace in a paradise," he said, "and have you found freedom from death?"

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, pp. 122-3.

"Who are you?" asked the king in fear.

"I am Azrael, the angel of death."

"What do you want?"

"Your soul."

"Oh, but wait, I pray you, till I have beheld my paradise."

But Azrael would not wait, and Shaddad fell from his horse dead; and at that hour also all his army died.

And some one asked the angel if ever he had felt pity when he took away souls.

"Yes," he said, "I felt pity for two persons. One was a baby that was born in a ship at sea, and a storm broke upon the ship, and it was wrecked, and the little babe was left upon a plank in the wide ocean; and I did not take its life. And the other was Shaddad, for he had made a palace in a paradise, and hoped to dwell at ease in it, and, at the command of Allah, I took him away."

Then a voice was heard saying:—

"O Azrael, I swear by my glory that the babe whom you saw on the plank was Shaddad; and he grew to man's estate; but for what purpose? He only grew proud of his power, and he placed his trust in things that were not true riches."¹

The child goes to school in order to learn the true riches of life; to learn to "Be a man"; to learn to "*Act from affection*, and to *think* in order to *act*". Those are three noble words.

1. Affection. 2. Thinking, or reasoning. 3. Action.

Education is like the growth of a tree of the forest. It is slow. It takes many years.

Few articles of furniture are more beautiful than the ivory boxes, chairs, brackets, frames, etc., carved by clever Indian hands in the Punjab. But what a long time is needed before a workman can make these lovely things!

A boy may begin to learn at the age of ten or twelve. For about four years he is taught freehand drawing by the head-carver or perhaps by his own father, so that he may get used

¹ Mirkhond's *Rauzat-us-safa*, Vol. I, Pt. I, pp. 107-10.

to all the little points in the figures of dogs, camels, flowers, etc. The next step is to give the lad a file and a rough lump of coarse ivory, so that he may learn to rub it smooth. He is kept at this work for about two years. The third step is to teach him to draw on ivory with a lead pencil. Later on, he will cut such pictures with his tools. He will carve men and animals, or pierce a thin piece of ivory with holes so as to produce the beautiful work known as perforated. And most likely he will not be a really skilled artist until he has been trained for twenty or twenty-five years. Then at length he makes things that give joy to the eyes of Indians, and are admired by the people of Europe and America.¹

So it is with the carving of thoughts and ideas and feelings in the mind of man. It is the finest art in the world to teach a child's soul, and make good marks, or characters, on its heart. The marks, well made in childhood, last through the whole of life.

When I speak of teaching the child's soul, I mean the souls and characters of girls as well as boys. In olden times girls were thought to be of less value than boys. To-day our ideas are broader, and we are beginning to give as much respect to girls as to their brothers, and this respect is shown in their education. In Europe, in America, in South Africa, in Japan, in Australia, good schools are built for girls, and noble women teach in them. India too has made a beginning. For instance, in 1894, a lady—Mataji Maharani Tapaswini—opened a school for thirty girls in Calcutta. In 1910 the school—the Central Mahakali Pathshala—taught to 500 girls the duties of the household, the rich learning of Indian books and history, and the precious examples of Sita and Savitri. The gracious Mataji was descended from an ancient and noble Indian family. She learned Sanskrit, and practised the simple life, living chiefly on milk and tea. The Mataji could paint well, ride well on horseback, do housework well, and talk well on the wisdom of the fathers (the Vedantic philo-

¹ Ellis's *Ivory Carving in the Punjab*, pp. 7-8.

sophy). She lived for others, and spent her wealth in works of mercy, in printing good books, and in founding the girls' school. Other noble natures and kind teachers will arise and give the blessing of education to the maidens of India, so that this great land may always have daughters as well trained and as thoughtful as their sisters in all the other countries of the world.

In the fairy tale of the *Evil Eye of Sani* we hear of the man Sribatsa who suffered many hardships in his wanderings. While on his travels he was overtaken by darkness and he climbed up into a tree as a shelter for the night. Next morning he came down and saw a Kapila-cow, which never has calves, and gives milk at all hours of the day. Having partaken of a good milk meal, he noticed that the cow-dung was of gold!

Sribatsa wrote his name in the cow-dung. It hardened into a brick—a golden brick—and his name was still preserved.

For many days he stayed in that spot, and the bricks grew in number, and made quite a pile. On every brick his name was written. The plastic, soft material—once marked with the name *Sribatsa*—retained the word even when it hardened. The impression was lasting.¹

The school tries to make lasting impressions. The school tries to do five things:—

1. To teach the young citizen to act temperately, kindly, justly; to live for others.
2. To teach the young citizen to love what is beautiful in the world about him, in forest, field, building, carving, picture, etc.
3. To teach the young citizen the store of knowledge which the Past had laid up for him as a grand treasure.
4. To teach the young citizen to think, to reason, to use his wit and common-sense.
5. To teach the young citizen to do useful service in his trade, or profession, whether he works with his hands or his head.

¹ *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, by the Rev. Lal Behari Day.

Basanti Rani Banarjee
Calcutta

L.

INDUSTRY (1).

IN a creek or lake given off by the river Kalindi lived the dreadful snake called Kaliya, who poisoned the water and thus caused death to any who drank.

One day the lord Krishna's friends came to the lake and drank, and they fell to the earth in a swoon. Soon they would have died, but Krishna found them and by a look of his divine eyes restored them to health. As they were talking of the strange thing that had happened to them, a flight of birds crossed the lake, and were overcome by the foul air above it and dropped dead in the awful waters. On the shores the trees and shrubs were dead.

When Krishna saw the evil of the lake he hated it and resolved to put an end to it. He climbed up a Kadamba tree—the only one left on the bank—and dived from it into the fatal creek and splashed noisily. The snake rapidly swam towards Krishna, bit him, and coiled round him.

The hero's friends stood on the shore raising loud cries of fear.

But some said : "Let us go to his aid".

"Not so," said Balarama, "Krishna will know how to escape."

By this time Krishna had shaken off the serpent and was swimming. The reptile followed him and kept biting till it was tired out. Krishna drew Kaliya to the shore and trod on his wriggling body and on his hood.

"Mercy," shrieked the snake, "spare me, O Krishna!"

Then the victor took pity on the reptile and let him go to

an island in the midst of the ocean, and Kaliya promised never to return. Krishna watched the snake swim away into the distant blue of the sea. Then he turned to his friends the Gopas and the Gopis, and they surrounded him and uttered joyful greetings. And ever after that the waters of the lake were sweet and the trees grew bright green.¹

Like to this story of Krishna and the snake is the tale of the Greek hero Hercules, who did battle with the Hydra. This reptile had nine heads, some say fifty and some even one hundred, and had its home in the muddy waters of Lake Lerna. Hercules shot it with his arrows. The Hydra leapt from the waters of the lake and fled into a grove, Hercules followed and smote off the head with a great club. As soon as one head was crushed, two others sprang up in its place. While he fought, the hero felt his feet bitten by a giant crab, which came to the help of the monster; for even the horrid Hydra had a friend.

But Hercules also had a friend, so it was two against two—the League of Life against the League of Death; for the Hydra had caused death to many human beings in the land around the lake.

The friend of Hercules brought a lighted torch, and as soon as the hero smote off a head, his friend scorched the neck with the burning brand, and no head could grow in the place that was seared. Soon the Hydra was killed and was no longer a danger.

The name of Hercules was held as the name of a divine person by the ancient Greeks; and the name of Krishna is sacred to-day to millions of Hindus. But as men have admired the great deeds of helpfulness in the gods, so may they feel a joy in doing and beholding like deeds of helpfulness in the world about us. What Krishna did and what Hercules did is what man has done in all parts of the earth. If you see near the village a pond that smells foul, you know that there is foul mud under its waters and foul plants drawing life from

¹ *Sree Krishna*, by Muralidhur Roy, pp. 35-38.

its slime ; that it gives off germs that cause disease and much sickness among the people. The pond should be cleaned.

And there are swamps whose waters are a den of dirt and filth, and from which rise mists that plague people with cold, and ague, and fever. Wise men called engineers are able to drain such swamps and marshes, and so kill the monsters of disease that lurk in their shallow pools.

You may know of such deadly places near the spot where you live, or your teacher can show you on the map spots where such swamps and filthy creeks once spread disease, but which are now drained by engineers.

There was once a king named Augeas who was very rich in herds. He had a stable so large that it would shelter 3000 cattle. But his servants had not done their duty ; they had let the filth of the cattle get piled up in this building until it was a stinking horror to all who came near. Hercules called on the king and said : " If you will give me a tenth of your cattle, I will cleanse your stable ". To this offer the king agreed.

Hercules had noticed a river near the stable of Augeas. He dug a trench near the river so that the waters would rush along this channel into the stable and among the stalls of the cattle. With a loud roar the waters bounded into the stable and the great tide swept away all the refuse. Hercules then turned the streams back into their courses and went to tell the king the work of cleansing was done.

And is not such cleansing done in many a city of the world to-day ? Think of such vast towns as Bombay, Calcutta, London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and Chicago. From each house in a big city such as these flows a small stream of drainage, and the little streams are gathered into large pipes, and so on, until there is a great river of dark, evil-smelling water and filth hastening away from the town. Perhaps the drainage is carried into the sea and there mingles with the wide ocean, and its power to work harm is lost. And that reminds me of the reptile Kaliya whom Krishna drew away from the lake to the far-off island where it could hurt no man. For

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indeed, the filthy matter of drainage may be very useful in another place. It may even be useful as food or manure for plants. It causes death in one place and life in another. As a wise English teacher, Professor Tyndall, said once, "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place". It is the business of man to put dirt in the right place and out of the wrong.

Or in some towns the drainage is carried to a piece of land called "a sewage farm," and it is soaked through beds of earth in such a way that the evil matter is kept back and the water runs out clear, and the sewage matter can be laid out in the fields and sink into the ground and give richness to the grass and crops.

All this is hard work.

Krishna did not enjoy the bites of Kaliya, but he was willing to bear pain in order to save humanity from a curse.

Hercules could not have found it very pleasant work killing the hydra or working among the stench of the stable of 3000 cattle.

The men who lay the pipes of the drains or who attend to the treatment of the sewage when it is carried in barges to the sea or filtered through the beds of the "sewage farm" must suffer much unpleasantness from the vile smells and foul earth. But unless they did their duty the city would not be fit to live in.

It was right that Hercules should have his reward of the tenth of the cattle.

Krishna had his reward in the love and thanks of the Gopas and the Gopis who crowded round him and caressed him after his victory over Kaliya.

To the engineers and the diggers of the drains, or "navvies," we give rewards called "salaries" or "wages". But we should give more. We should give to these brave workers in all lands—India, France, Germany, America, etc.—our thanks and kind thoughts for the toil and industry by which they drain the swamp and rid our towns of filth, and so make life triumph over death.

Shashi Mukhi
Charabarti
Naboswift

II.

INDUSTRY (2).

LIGHTNING strikes the huge tree and blackens its trunk; and man trembles at the deadly fire. Man fears the power of nature.

In the pages of the ancient Greek writer Herodotus, we read of a tribe of people in North Africa who were much troubled by the hot south wind. This wind dried up the water in their tanks and left them thirsty and despairing. The elders held a council of war. They resolved to make war upon the south wind, and they marched out with their bows, arrows, and spears. Then the south wind blew, and it brought up clouds of sand from the desert, and the sand covered the fighting men, and buried them, and thus the forces of nature conquered weak human beings.

Terrible is the might of the sea! It breaks the rocks on its shore; it overwhelms many a ship and many a fleet. And yet, little by little, man has gained in mastery. At first he feared the ocean. Now he rides upon its waves in his ocean liners.

At the festival held at the mouth of the Ganges in January, people cast gifts into the sea—cocoa-nuts, fruits, flowers, and small pearls, coral, etc., and prayers are said to the water-god.¹

At first, then, man is weak and fears nature.

He tries to fight against nature and is beaten.

He tries to please the powers of nature by offering gifts.

And does man ever conquer and master the forces of nature?

¹ Murdoch's *Hindu and Muhammadan Festivals*, p. 9.

You know the steam which is made by the boiling of water. Steam has a tremendous force. It is hot enough to kill a man. It is so strong that, even when man keeps it prisoner in a steel boiler, it will sometimes burst the boiler, and break the strong metal into pieces which slay men that are within reach. But for all that, man can master steam, and cause it to drive the machinery which moves huge engines for the drawing of trains, or for the weaving of cloth, or sawing wood, etc.

The electric force is another power of nature which man masters. He makes it fly along wires, and carry telegrams. He makes it light houses and streets, and warm rooms, and cook food, and drive trains and tram-cars and ships.

What is the secret of man's mastery over the forces of nature which once he feared?

The secret lies in the courage of his heart; the active strength of his hands; the ideas of his mind. The secret is his industry.

Wondrous is the power of man's industry. His work, his honest, noble work, changes the face of the earth. It changes the desert into a garden. It changes the barren ground into a fruitful field.

In the Backergunge district of Eastern Bengal there are still many jheels or marshes. Ages ago folk looked at these muddy waters, and, if they thought at all about the question, said :

"These marshes are of no use; they are neither good water nor good land."

But, in a certain district, where once the marshes spread their muddy pools, there is to-day land with trees and houses standing dry and sure.

Who did this work?

The Chandalas of Bengal.

Some proud people would have said :—

"Chandalas are common persons. They are far below us."

Well, but the Chandalas did a very grand thing. They turned useless marshes into useful land. They did it in two ways :—

1. They cut canals from big rivers up which the tide runs to the marshes ; and the tide, coming twice a day, brought a layer of mud or silt each time. Thus the layers of silt rose higher and higher, until there was little or no room for the water.

2. They collected a kind of weed that grew in the marshes, and made, as it were, great mats of the stuff, and laid them on the water one above the other, over and over again, month after month, year after year, until the thickness was so great that it filled up the whole depth of the water. They had *manufactured*, or made, land.¹

We should honour the useful industry of the Chandalas of Bengal.

In olden India (as in India to-day) one of the chief men in a village was the carpenter and joiner. He made bedsteads, thrones, and various kinds of seats. He made chariots for warriors to ride in to the wars.

But the village carpenter did not simply make the chariot, and let it go from his workshop ; and see it no more. No he was also the chariot-driver. Standing in the war-car, he urged on the horses into the thick of the fight. If the chariot were badly made, if the wheels were badly constructed, he would himself suffer from the bad workmanship.²

A bad chariot, a bad wheel, a bad table, a bad chair, a bad house, a bad gate, a bad dress, a bad pair of shoes, a bad tool, a bad machine, a bad boat—all bad workmanship gives trouble to somebody sooner or later ; perhaps to the maker, perhaps to other people.

If you were an ant in an ant-heap, would you not wish to be a good ant, whose work helped the ant-tribe ?

If you were a bee in a hive, would you not wish to be a good bee, whose work helped the bee-hive ?

If you are a daughter or a son of India, would you not wish to be a good Indian, whose work helps the great mother-land ?

¹ R. C. Dutt's *Civilization in Ancient India*, Vol. II, p. 89 note.

² *Art Manufactures in India*, by T. N. Mukharji, p. 230.

In the kingdom of Gandhara, in olden times, a teacher had 500 young disciples. They were sent out into the forest one day to gather fuel.

A pupil, who was very lazy, hated to take much trouble about anything, but never minded how much trouble he gave other people. He came to a large tree, from which he thought he would be able to pick plenty of dry twigs. So he first lay down and went to sleep, while his comrades worked at wood-gathering. They were already on the road home, each bearing a bundle of fuel, when the lazy pupil awoke.

He slowly climbed the tree, and snapped off a branch, but in so drowsy and careless a manner that he poked one end into his eye, and dulled his sight for the time. Then, with only one proper eye, he picked wood anyhow, anywhere—not noticing that he was getting only green and damp stuff!

This he carried to the college.

The master had received an invitation to a feast in a village some way off.

"Rise early to-morrow," he said to his pupils, "and have a rice-gruel breakfast, and then go to the village."

They rose at dawn, and bade the servant-girl prepare breakfast. She went for fuel, found the green wood which the lazy youth had laid on top of the store, and tried to make a fire. She blew, and again blew, but no fire could she raise, and no rice-gruel could she cook for the hungry students.

Time passed. The sun was well up, and the pupils had not set out.

"Why do you delay?" asked the master; and they explained.

"There, you see," said he, "how much trouble can be caused by the laziness of one person. Five hundred people are delayed in their business."¹

¹ *The Jatakas*, Vol. I. trans. by Chalmers; Story 71.

III.

INDUSTRY (3).

THERE were two brothers.

One was well dressed, and wore a golden girdle, and stood with folded arms in the presence of the Sultan.

The other had no fine girdle. He toiled with his hands.

The officer of the court said to the artisan :—

“ Why do you not enter the Sultan’s service and escape this toil ? ”

“ Rather,” replied his brother, “ why do you not labour with your hands, and become your own master ? For the Wise Man has said : ‘ It is better to eat barley-bread and sit on the ground than to gird oneself with a golden girdle and stand as a servant in the court ’.”¹

Well, let us think about these two brothers. They show us two sorts of employment. One was employed at handwork, or handicraft. The other was employed as an official, that is, a person who held an office in a royal household. One toiled with his arms. The other folded them.

Was the artisan useful ? So far as we know, he was ; though some folk work uselessly even with their hands. For instance, folk who do nothing all day but mix cheap medicines, and fill bottles with mixtures for sale, which do no good to sick persons, and may even do harm.

Was the official useful ? No doubt a good many persons who wait on kings, princes, and rich men are useless. But if it was right to have a Sultan to rule over the land, it was right to have attendants to serve the Sultan. As a great

¹ Sa’di’s *Gulistan*, trans. by Eastwick, p. 69.

English poet, John Milton, has said, "They also serve who only stand and wait". You can stand well, or badly. You can wait well, or badly. So the question is, Are you really helping other people—are you helping society—either by your handicraft or by your waiting?

It is plain that we are not all able or willing to do just the same work. Some can best serve society with their hands, others by waiting, others by the power of their thought. Each of us, therefore, should find what is the work we best can do.

I will relate to you the story of Gavah, the blacksmith of Persia.

A certain King of Persia, named Zahak, did much evil to his people, but for a long time none dared to withstand him. At last there rose up Gavah the blacksmith, who called the Persians to strike a blow against the injustice of their ruler. Now when men go forth to war they need a banner to which to rally, and Gavah took off the leather apron such as blacksmiths are wont to wear at their work, and tied it to a pole; and this was the people's banner. Many battles were fought, and the warriors of Gavah gained the victory, and the power of Zahak was almost gone.

Then Gavah the blacksmith gathered the folk together, and spoke, saying:—

"Our task is all but finished. In a short time we shall have crushed the power of the tyrant. We must find a fresh king for the throne of Persia, who shall draw unto himself the hearts of both warriors and peasants."

The nobles replied:—

"It is you, O Gavah, who merit the throne by your zeal and your courage, and we know of none that is more worthy."

But he said:—

"Nay, I do not belong to the royal seed; nor have I the mind and ability to govern a kingdom as a king should. I have been a blacksmith. My work has been among iron, forges, and bellows. I beg of you to choose a better man."

So the nobles chose Faridun, who was made King of Persia, and who reigned wisely ; and he chose Gavah to be the general of his forces, and governor of provinces. For Gavah had indeed the gift of ruling, though, in his modesty, he did not desire the first place. And it may be that he did more good to Persia by taking the second place than the first.¹

Gavah felt he could do the work of a leader when the people rose up against an unjust ruler. But when the time came to choose a king, he saw that Faridun was a better man than himself. Gavah knew what he could do, and he knew what he could not do. He was useful as a blacksmith ; he was useful as a leader of warriors ; but another man was perhaps more useful as a king.

But it often happens that the man who does not work with his hands—the official, and other such persons—despises handicraft and handicraftsmen. Noble souls in all lands, however, have shown honour to handicraft.

Of Muhammad, the prophet of Islam, it was told by his wife Ayesha that he would mend his own clothes and cobble his own shoes. He helped her in her household labours, and sometimes sewed.²

A man begged of the prophet Muhammad, and the prophet could see that the man was able-bodied and ought to be at work.

"Have you no goods at home?" asked Muhammad.

"A large carpet to cover myself when I sleep, and a wooden cup."

"Bring me the carpet and the cup," said the prophet.

Muhammad held them up before a number of people, and cried :—

"Who will buy?"

"I will, for one dirhem," answered a voice.

A dirhem was a small silver coin.

"Who will buy?" repeated the salesman.

"Two dirhems," said another voice.

¹ Mirkhond's *Early Kings of Persia*, trans. by Shea, pp. 131-3.

² Muir's *Life of Mahomet*, Vol. IV, p. 325.

So the carpet and cup were sold, and Muhammad handed the two dirhems to the beggar, saying:—

“With one dirhem buy food for your family. With the other buy a hatchet.”

The man presently brought the master an iron axe-head. To this the prophet fitted a handle.

“Go and chop wood,” said Muhammad, “and bring me the money you gain in fifteen days.”

At the end of the fortnight the beggar—no, the workman—brought the prophet ten dirhems, and, at the lord’s advice, he bought a new garment for himself, and food for his wife and children.

Laziness had been changed into industry.¹

In Krishnagar, in Bengal, lived four men named Pal—Jadu Nath Pal; Ram Lal Pal; Bakkeswar Pal; and Rakhai Das Pal; and all had a great gift for making clay figures. So well were these done that people far and near were glad to buy articles from the Pal family, and their figures were sent to exhibitions in Europe. What folk admired was the careful way in which the things of real life were copied. Men’s bodies, hair, eyes, or the bodies of fishes and other creatures were imitated in clay, so that the clay seemed alive. Here are some of the models which the Pal family made:—

Tea garden scene; Durga Puja scene; marriage procession; opium smoking; car festival; sugar-cane irrigation (watering); Brahmans talking of the gods; tax-collector’s office; village school; oil-pressing; ploughing; a collection of Bengal fishes.

What joy the workmen felt in doing all these things *truly*—in telling the truth in clay about the world they lived in; and the people who looked at the models also felt joy in the truth of them.²

The industry of the Pal brothers was the beautiful work called Art. The Pal brothers were artists. Other kinds of art are building, or architecture, as shown in the grand

¹ Syed Ameer Ali’s *Ethics of Islam*, pp. 44-6.

² *Art Manufactures of India*, by T. N. Mukharji, pp. 59-69.

temples of India, the temples of Japan and China, the mosques of the Muhammadans, the cathedrals of the Christians, and great palaces and castles in Asia and Europe; pottery; sculpture in marble or bronze, such as we see in Buddhist topes, the rock-temples of Elephanta, the statues of the Greeks and Romans; painting, whether on walls, or ceilings, or on canvas; music, such as we hear in the songs of the people, or at the theatre, or in the concert-hall, or in the churches of Christian worshippers; and poetry, such as we have in the glorious pages of the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, or the *Shah-Nameh* of the Persians, or the books of the ancient Greek Homer, or the plays of the English Shakespeare. All these—poetry, music, painting, sculpture and pottery, and architecture—are the fine arts; and they are also industries, for they manifest the power of work in the human brain and the human hand.

NOTE.—It should be a matter of pride to young Indians to know that, in spite of the increase of machine-made goods all over the world, the hand-made articles of India are admired for their beauty. At an Industrial Conference held at Lahore in December, 1909, the Maharaja of Durbhanga remarked :—

“No time should be lost in encouraging the educated youth of the country to specialize in the departments for which they were best fitted. There were multitudes of smaller industries, some of ancient origin, that were in great need of revival. In the United States, in Argentina, as well as in some of the countries in Europe, there was a great demand for fabrics of the hand-made order, as against those turned out by the power-loom, and India was the home of those manufactures. The beautiful designs of drawn-thread work on cotton and linen cloth were not nearly equal to the demand.”

Indian patriotism will strive to maintain the good name of India for the production of things of beauty.

LI. II.

WEALTH.

IN an old Arabian tale it is told that David, King of the Jews, entered a cave and found in its shadow a dead man, at whose head a tablet bore these words:—

“My name is——, and I am the son of king——. I have lived 1000 years, built 1000 towns, defeated 1000 armies. At last, I was in such need of bread that I sent a basket of coins to buy just one loaf, and could not get it. Then I sent a basket of precious stones, and still I could not get a loaf. Then I piled up the stones and crushed them, and flung their dust to the four winds, and died in this spot. He who has a loaf and thinks any man is richer than himself deserves to die as I have died.”¹

Thus it appears that though this man had armies, had ruled cities, and possessed loads of coins, he died through want of bread.

Shall we call him wealthy? Surely not; for, with all his possessions, he could not maintain life.

Yet vast numbers of men would consider a person wealthy who had such things in such plenty.

In the old days, when Brahmadatta was King over Benares, a forester caught a monkey in the Himalaya country. The forester gave the animal to the king, and for some years it dwelt in the royal gardens, and was made a pet of by all the courtiers and servants.

At last the king said to the forester:—

“This monkey has been good and loyal to me for years,

¹ *Al-Mostatrafa*, trans. into French by G. Rat, Vol. II, p. 102.

and I will reward him by giving him his liberty. Carry him back to the Himalayas."

When the monkey was set free, he sat on a rock, and many of his old friends came round him and asked him questions as to what had happened to him in the world of men and women.

"What are men like? How do they live?"

"Oh, do not ask me how they live."

"Why not? We wish to know."

"Well, then, I must tell you that all of them, prince or priest, keep crying out, Mine, mine!"

He meant that the men he had met were eager to get more property for themselves—more things that they could call *theirs*.

"Stop!" cried the monkeys of the Himalayas, "we do not want to hear more about men!"¹

Foolish ideas of wealth were in the mind of Ravan, the demon-king of Lanka (Ceylon). This Ravan did a foul deed which the old poets of India tell of in the *Ramayana*. It was Ravan who carried off the lady Sita, the lotus-eyed wife of glorious Rama. Ravan, however, had a splendid city. Its four walls were of gold, and they were adorned with jewels. There were market-places, bazaars, and great streets. Hosts of elephants, horses, and mules, and crowds of footmen and chariots swarmed in all the ways. Grand were the groves and gardens and pastures, the ponds and wells and deep tanks. Wrestlers wrestled for the pleasure of the demons who sat at tables and feasted.²

Yet the place was a nest of evil and death. It was not a place of true wealth; for the thoughts of Ravan were bent on wrongdoing and injury to his fellow-creatures. His treasures did no good to the world.

Hear the parable of the sandalwood.

The sandalwood-tree is the pride of India. Its sweet scent pleases the sense of smell. Its oil is used for healing sickness.

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 219.

² *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. IV, p. 27.

Its wood is the substance from which are carved the lovely screens, cabinets, and boxes, which all the world admires. The sandalwood-tree takes many years to grow ere it is fit for these uses.

Sandalwood articles are cut by the clever Gudigars, a caste in Mysore. With simple tools these carvers produce the ornaments that are cut so fine and small that folk wonder how human hands can create such work.

Alas! it is too small and fine for the eyesight of the carvers. Toiling year after year at such work, the eyes of the Gudigars become weaker, and it is said that the sight of many a Gudigar is lost at an early age. And thus the beautiful carving is made at the cost of the health of the workers.

Surely it is not right to let the sandalwood-tree grow year after year for such an end. Surely it is not right to let the young artist's eyes—more precious than sandalwood—be injured by his work. Things are not entirely beautiful that hurt the workers that make them.¹

So we have learned two things :—

1. Jewels, lands, money are not true wealth, since a man may have them and yet starve unless some one's labour provides his bread.
2. An object may seem rich and beautiful, but there is something wrong about it, and it is not true wealth if the making of it injures the health of the worker.

Do you suppose I mean that we should despise money and other things that are usually called wealth?

No; but everything depends upon the use to which these things are put.

We are born into a world where stone, and metals, and plants, and many other things wait the touch of industry, so that they may be turned into wealth.

The wealth of the world is created by men's labour of hand, and eye, and brain; and the things made by human labour in field, factory, and workshop should be a blessing to the

¹ E. Thurston's *Wood-carving in Southern India*, p. 4.

workers and the users ; otherwise they are not wealth in the right sense.

Wealth should keep men in health and fitness so that they may serve one another in daily service ; for every person in the world should serve the common good.

Wealth should keep men in health and fitness so that they may be able to see and love the beautiful things—buildings, carvings, pictures, poetry, holy hymns and music, and the fair scenes of our mother-earth.

Wealth should keep men in health and fitness so that they may have clear minds and keen wits to understand the world, and make good use of it, and do their duty in it.

Wealth should keep men in health and fitness so that each may work at some useful employment in the family, the village, the city, or the State.

Wealth is not a heaping up of treasure in one man's store while his neighbours perish.

Wealth is only wealth when it supports life and health and brotherhood ; and money is only of use in ministering to life and health and brotherhood.

A narrow road near the city of Benares ran between two high banks ; and at this awkward spot two chariots met, and neither driver was willing to give way to the other.

In one chariot sat the King of Kosala ; in the other the King of Benares.

"Get out of the way !" shouted one man. "In my car sits the great King of Benares."

"No ; you yourself must get out of the way !" bawled the other. "In my car is the great King of Kosala."

"Well," said the driver of the King of Benares, "let the younger prince give way."

But it appeared both kings were the same in age !

"Well, let the king with the smaller realm give way !"

But it appeared each had a kingdom 300 leagues long.

Also, each was the same in rank, in wealth, in power.

"Well," said the Benares driver, "let the king with the

nobler character pass first. What have you to say about your master?"

"My master," said the Kosala driver, "is rough to the rough, and mild to the mild, good to the good, and bad to the bad."

"And mine," replied the Benares driver, "overcomes evil with goodness."

Then the King of Kosala gave way to the King of Benares.¹

The King of Benares was truly a man of wealth. He had the rich treasure of a generous heart.

Let us be clear. Let me say again, I am not telling you that you should not work for money. Certainly you should—every man should, who is not sick or weak-minded—work for a livelihood, and so gain money, and supply the needs of the body and the mind. But the only good use of money for anyone in the world—prince, or official, or landlord, or craftsman, or peasant—is to support him in health and strength so that he may serve the world he lives in.

The motto of the Prince of Wales (the eldest son of the Emperor of India and King of England) is, "I serve".

¹ *The Jataka*, Vol. II, trans. by Cowell; Story 151.

LIV.

PROGRESS (1).

THE city of Ayodhya, in the days when Rama reigned after his fourteen years' banishment, was a place of great glory and peace.

The balconies were encrusted with gold and jewels; the pavements laid in many colours; the walls of the towers brightly painted. Pinnacles glittered and mounted towards the sky. Lattices gleamed with rich stones. Every gate was fitted with folding-doors of gold adorned with diamonds. And in every house was a picture gallery, showing the deeds of Rama the hero. Every house had its flower-garden, and in each garden the bees hummed, and birds sang, and on the roofs of the arbours the peacocks and pigeons were a pretty sight. Children taught parrots and mainas to speak the name of Rama. And the river flowed by the city, clear as crystal, and no banks of mud gave ugliness to the scene. Groves of trees encircled the temples, and many-hued lotuses covered the tanks and pools.¹

We love to think of the beautiful city which is pictured for us by the poet of the *Ramayana*. We do not fear that such cities will never be seen again. We keep the idea of happy cities in our mind. And, in time, if men work together, they will make the earth happy even as the city of Ayodhya once was. They will do this step by step. That is what is meant by *progress*—the getting better, the improvement.

¹ Quoted, with modifications, from Tulsi Das' version of the *Ramayana*, Bk. VI, pp. 178-80; trans. F. S. Growse.

The Sultan Mahmud was one day crossing the great square of the city of Ghazni, and he saw a man bearing a very heavy stone towards the palace. The poor fellow tottered under the weight, and was like to break his back.

"Porter," said the Sultan kindly, "lay the stone down, and leave it here."

The man gladly did so.

For a long time the big stone lay in that spot, right in the midst of the open road, and many a horse shied at the strange object.

Some nobles spoke to the Sultan :—

"Sir, you remember you bade a man put down a stone in the great square. It is still in the same place, and is a stumbling-block to horses that go that way. Will you not, therefore, have it taken away?"

"No," answered the Sultan. "My orders were, Porter, lay down the stone; and having once given an order, I must not recall my words, and have the stone taken up again. Kings should not change their minds."

So the stone stayed in the square of Ghazni all the days of Mahmud; and after his death also, for his children, out of respect to his memory, would not let the block be moved.¹

This was not progress. The Sultan and his folk left the stone unmoved. The old style of things was left untouched. The stone was of no use. It would have been better out of the way. But the king had no wish to change, and many a horse and many a man stumbled over the useless block of stone.

The famous Rishi (teacher) Manu had stood on one leg and uplifted one hand for 10,000 years in the forest, and so earned the favour of the gods. One day, as he thus stood beside a river, a little fish swam near to him, and said :—

"Rishi, I beg of you to protect me. In this stream the strong prey upon the weak, and I am small and in peril of my life."

¹ *Akhlaki Mulsini*, trans. by H. G. Keene.

Manu had pity on the fish, and placed it in an earthen vessel of water, and carefully shielded it from harm.

It grew large. Manu moved it to a tank.

Yet larger it grew, till there was no room to hold it suitably in the tank.

"Throw me," said the great fish, "into the Ganges, the river which is beloved of the ocean."

Manu took hold of the enormous fish and flung it into the Ganges.

The river was too small for it, and it found no rest till it reached the mighty sea.¹

As with Manu's fish, so should it be with each boy, each girl, each village, each city, each nation. It should make progress. I do not mean in mere size. A man or a woman only grows to a certain stature, and then stops; but each can go on learning. India cannot become larger, for its borders are the mountains on the north and the ocean on the east and west; but it can make progress; it can become a yet nobler country; and so can all countries.

Let us think of the different kinds of progress:—

A boy at first knows little of the world and of the ways of men; then he learns his letters, he reads words, he studies books, he writes, he uses tools, he makes articles, he teaches others.

Man at first knew nothing of the art of sailing; then he made rough canoes, then rowing-boats, then sailing ships, then steamships, and now the great ocean-liners can cross from Europe to America in four days, carrying hundreds of sailors and passengers.

Man at first wandered from place to place in search of precious water; then he learned to dig wells, to make tanks, to cut canals, to construct immense reservoirs from which water could be drawn to moisten or irrigate the farmer's thirsty land, and so turn the waste soil into a fruitful field.

¹ J. C. Oman's *Great Indian Epics*, pp. 134-5.

The people of a village may be careless of their own health, and let filth and refuse lie in heaps, and allow ponds to get filled with evil drainage, and so on. Then they think of better ways. They cleanse the street; they cleanse yards and houses; they turn drainage into proper drain-pipes instead of into stagnant ponds; they let fresh air into their houses; they keep sick-rooms sweet, clean, quiet. Thus they make progress in sanitation.

Women and girls at one time were thought to be of less worth than men and boys. But as time goes on the people of all the world are thinking new and better thoughts. They respect the sister and the daughter more than in olden days. Women and girls are treated as citizens and fellow-workers with men and boys. Girls are being taught in schools the same as the boys—taught to read, to write, to reason; not that they may be proud of their learning, but that they may be nobler servants of their family and their country, even as the lady Sita was a noble helper to all about her. This is progress.

The nations of the earth assist each other in their progress. The English people learn worthy things from the people of India. The Indian people learn worthy things from the people of England. We teach each other by going to each other's cities and each other's countries. We read each other's books and newspapers. In these books and papers our thoughts, our ideas, are carried from shore to shore.

New thoughts run from land to land.

Even as the thoughts that were carried by the Cloud-messenger.

In the grove of Ramgiri, in the heart of India, a Yaksha man was sadly looking at the sky. He had served the king of the Yakshas on the giant hills of Himalaya, and the king, thinking him idle or thoughtless, had banished him to far-off Ramgiri. The Yaksha saw a dark cloud coming from the south. It was the time of the great rain.

"Ha!" he said to himself, "if the cloud would take a message for me to my wife!"

The Yaksha held up some jasmine blossoms.

"Pray, hear me, Cloud!" he cried.

And the kind Cloud listened to his call. The Yaksha's heart was full of joy. He told the Cloud of the forests, the rivers, the cities it would sail over on the long journey to the snow-capped Himalayas. It would cross the holy Ganges, and at length come to the city of Alaka. It would see the Yaksha's wife, and speak to her; and she would gaze upwards in surprise at the sound of the Cloud's voice, and hearken to the message from her husband in the grove of Ramgiri.

And the lord Kuvera heard that the Cloud had carried the message, and he forgave the servant, and let him return, and husband and wife again dwelt happily in their house at Alaka.¹

Like the Cloud, the ideas of men go from land to land, carrying new messages, new learning, new science. And so we shall make progress, and try to make India, England, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia—all the earth—a place of peace and goodwill like the city of Ayodhya.

¹ Kalidasa's *Meghadutam*, or *Cloud-messenger*. trans. by S. C. Sarkar.

LV.

PROGRESS (2).

A CHILD has limbs, brain, heart, liver, stomach, bowels, spleen, lungs, bladder; he has eyes, ears, tongue, nose, and skin. That is to say, he has a bodily frame, and the organs (or instruments) of the five senses.

A man has the same sort of bodily frame, and the same number of organs of sense. The plan or *Order* of each is the same.

But what has happened between childhood and manhood? The child has grown. Out of the child-body has grown the man-body. Out of the child-organs have grown the adult-organs. The order has become enlarged. It has gone forward. It has made *Progress*. Therefore, an English poet, Wordsworth, says, "The child is father of the man".

A man stops growing in height at about the age of 18, 20, or 21; and though, after that, the increase of fat may make him stouter, he is not growing in the same way as in the passage from childhood to manhood.

Well, then, does a man cease to grow in every way? Not at all. He may grow in thought, in feeling, in character. He may learn more. He may make progress in wisdom. He may go on in this growth, or progress, to the very end of life. One of the grandest sculptors in Europe was Michael Angelo. He was nearly ninety years of age when a friend met him walking slowly along a street which was white with a fall of snow.

"Where are you going?" asked his friend.

"To the Art School to study," said Angelo.

The grand old man was eager to study, and to make progress right up to his last year.

But as we change ourselves in our progress, our body and mind do not lose order. The body and limbs and organs have to do their orderly work. Health is the proper and orderly working of the mind and body.

So order is good ; and progress is good.

I have spoken of the child and the man. But the same things may be said of animals, of plants, of villages, towns, countries, and of mankind and humanity. Each has its order ; and each should, in some way or other, grow or make progress towards the Better Life. Each should improve.

For instance :—

In former times the Sikhs allowed a certain Khan, or chief, to keep his power in a corner of the Punjab, so long as, every year, he brought them twenty heads of the Afridi tribe.¹

To-day no people in the world, except a few savage tribes in Africa, would pay tribute in this way ; and in less than fifty years not a tribe on the whole earth will do such a thing. The old order will be thought cruel and bad. The world's heart makes progress in goodness, and the world's mind makes progress in common-sense.

Again, about a hundred years ago (say about 1820) any large Indian village was walled round more or less by a hedge of prickly pear-tree. This wall was to ward off robbers by night. To-day the wall is not needed.²

So also in the cities of Europe one may still sometimes see walls and gates. But the gates are not closed at night ; and the walls are either in broken ruin, or are used as pleasant airy paths and roadways, from which folk may take a view of the town and the country around.

Again, the fathers of India drank water from gourd-shells, and poured out water for the Shining Gods from a rhinoceros horn, and ate food from plates made of leaves. Then the plate of leaf gave way to the plate of stone. And

¹ Lee Warner's *Citizen of India*, p. 35.

² *Ibid.*, p. 5.

then wise heads found a way to use clay for vessels, and the stone plate gave way to the clay plate. And then the wooden plate came; and then the wonderful metals were discovered, and copper plates were made; and still later, silver plates and gold plates, and brass plates (made of copper and zinc), or bell-metal plates (four parts of copper to one of zinc). Thus even in the plates used for meals we see progress.¹

In old times Indians would carry loads in carts made of split bamboos or rough planks and logs. To-day loads are borne by railways (steam and electric), steamships, etc. But sometimes the old bamboo carts are still seen carrying goods to the railway stations, ready to be borne away in the swift trains.

Once upon a time the man-eating tiger was shot by arrows from a bamboo bow, and many centuries later he was shot by bullets from rifles. But the bamboo bow was still used.²

Thus the old and the new work together. Order goes on, while progress carries us to new ideas and new works.

We see progress in four great ways:—

1. In health. By taking care of the body, by care in food, drink, exercise, breathing fresh air, cleanliness of skin, teeth, clothing, etc., we render our bodies better able than the bodies of our forefathers to stand against weather, disease, etc. And people live longer to-day on the average than people of old. That is, each person has a better chance of living to middle age or old age.
2. In right conduct. Men fight and envy each other, but not so much as formerly. There is less cruelty, less deceit, less war. There is more love, more honour, more useful service one of another. Nations behave more kindly towards each other. The strong nations act more humanely towards the weaker nations.

¹ *Art Manufactures of India*, by T. N. Mukharji, pp. 156-7. It should, however, be observed that some Parsees still think the leaf better than the plate.

² *Ibid.*, p. 213.

Slavery is nearly gone out of the world. And though poverty is most dreadful in many lands, yet the heart of the people is more and more moved at the sight of it, and so more ready to try and get rid of it. For indeed mankind has the power to get rid of poverty in India, in Europe, and in every place.

3. In reason, in thinking-power. Savages can scarcely count four; they think evil spirits haunt every bush, and cave, and stream; they know nothing of the true nature of sun, moon, stars, comets. But civilized man understands the sun, moon, stars, and comets; he does not fear eclipses of sun or moon; he can cause even the lightning to pass down a metal rod or conductor. He reads and writes; he builds schools, and colleges, and universities; he sends his books and newspapers abroad over all the earth; he studies the laws of nature, and puts together his knowledge in science—the science of number and measure (mathematics), the science of astronomy, the science of weight, and heat, and light, and sound (physics), the science of chemistry, the science of living plants and animals, (biology), and so on. Next year he will know more than now. Our children will know more than we do.
4. In arts and crafts and business and government. I have shown you how the gourd-shell has given way to the drinking-cup of glass, etc., the bamboo cart to the train, and so on. Men learn to build better, to carve and paint better, to make better ships, to improve their balloons into flying-machines or aeroplanes, to compose finer music, to invent lovelier colours for dyeing cloth, etc. They learn to make things more quickly by machinery, to carry goods from place to place more easily and rapidly; to trade more smoothly by land or water, from land to land; to prevent waste better; to save wealth (capital) more wisely for use again in making more wealth. They learn to govern.

their villages, and towns, and provinces, and countries better. They understand citizenship better.

Are all the folk on earth on the side of progress? Do all men and women strive to grow in good ways?

We cannot say that. But in every school there are children who are eager to improve. In every village there are some folk who would like the place to be sweeter and happier. In every town there are citizens who want better order and more comfort in the public places. In every country there are men and women who try to join with others to improve the lot of the people, and improve the government.

The friends of progress may at times look round and say, "How few of us there are!" But if we could see the friends of progress in all schools, villages, towns, and countries, we should see a very great multitude.

An old woman in the city of Sialkot was in distress, for the king had cut off the head of her son— a good youth who would not deny the faith of Islam. And she started to walk to Mecca, the holy city, to ask for help in avenging the death of her lad. But her feeble limbs would never have carried her there if it had not been for Pir Panjabi, an old man with a white beard, who appeared to her in a dream, and offered to bear her through the air all the way to Arabia.

So when she reached the Grand Mosque at Mecca, she told the rulers of the city of her grievance, and they sent the hero Rasalu to deal out justice on her enemies. But as she started on the road back, she found but five horsemen with her— Rasalu and four others!

This was but a poor army to conquer a city.

So she said to Rasalu :—

"You are very few. What is the use of your marching against Sialkot?"

"Do not worry, mother," he answered.

"I will not," she said; "for all that, I cannot help seeing you are only five."

"Shut your eyes," said one of the horsemen.

She shut her eyes and then opened them, and behold! the

plain was covered with a host that seemed countless, and the trampling of their horses was like the sound of many thunders.

Thus she saw that the few were not few, for they were part of a great multitude who all fought on the same side.¹

¹ *Romantic Tales of the Punjab*, trans. by C. Swynnerton, pp. 149-51.

LVI.

PAST AND PRESENT.

At some places in the valley of the river Nerbudda are found small onyx-stones. They glisten in different colours. Men dig them up from a depth of some inches. They can be used for making necklaces and other ornaments. People call them "Solomon's beads," and they say that once Solomon sat on his throne, and rode through the air across India, and many onyx-stones dropped from his great throne into the soil of India, and thus the treasures of the Past ages are found by the eyes and hands of the Present.¹

The Past drops its treasures into the heart and mind of mankind, and the treasures are passed on to future days.

What are these treasures ?

Treasures of religion ; the teachings of great gurus ; the teachings of holy books.

Treasures of knowledge about the world ; the science of number, astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, and animal life (biology), physiology, and so on. We add new knowledge every year to this old store. But a vast deal of our science was found for us by men who died, and whose names belong to the roll of the past. We pick up the beads which they dropped.

Treasures of beautiful things, such as paintings, statues, pottery, carved ivory, temples, noble bridges, etc. Even when some of these ancient buildings are in ruins, we reverence the ruins for the sake of the fathers who built them.

Have you heard of Sita's spangles ?

¹ *Art Manufactures of India*, by T. N. Mukharji, p. 269.

Who would trouble to pick up small spangles that had dropped from a woman's dress? A child might; but you would not expect a man to do so.

But Prince Bharat did. It was when he was travelling in the track of lord Rama, who had passed from his home into the forest of exile. He came to a tree where Rama and his dear Sita had rested on a couch of grass one night. On the ground he found two or three spangles that had adorned the dress of the princess. He carefully picked them up, and fastened them on his head as keepsakes of Sita. With tears in his eyes he said:—

"They have lost their brightness because Sita has lost them."¹

The spangles were precious because they had belonged to Sita. So also ancient cities are precious; ancient temples; ancient churches; and places where great men and women lived; the places where the ashes of the lord Buddha were preserved; the place where the prophet Muhammad was buried at Medina; the place where the Jews of old dwelt, and which they call the Holy Land; and sacred places like Westminster Abbey in London, where so many of the famous sons of England were buried. Age may dim the brightness of the places, as the spangles of Sita were dimmed; but they are prized by the people of the Present out of love for the Past.

For eighteen days the famous battle of Kurukshetra was waged. Dead were now the vast hosts that had gone forth, at the opening of the war, so full of strength and so noble in array.

Old King Dhrita-rashtra retired to the forest with his queen. They lived in a quiet hermitage by the waters of the Ganges; and there, in the lonely woods, the king would think of the sons he had lost, the soldiers who were no more, and of the heroic struggles of his captains in the fight with the five Pandava brothers, and Arjuna, and Krishna.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, p. 111.

One day the five brothers paid him a visit. He had been their foe. They now were friends. They sat in his forest house, and talked of the events of the wonderful battle.

While they spake, there entered the aged teacher Vyasa.

"You talk," he said, "of those whom you think you cannot see again. To-night you shall behold them—sons, friends, and comrades in arms."

The king and his companions bathed in the holy river.

The sun set. Deep was the shadow of the jungle. The river rolled towards the sea.

Vyasa the sage stood on the bank of the Ganges, and cried with a loud voice:—

"Appear!"

The river began to foam and bubble. A murmur of voices was heard; and the murmur grew into the roar of a multitude that was past numbering. And then the scene became clear to the eyes of Dhritarashtra and his companions. All the warriors of the plain of Kurukshetra were seen in their bright armour, holding their weapons in their hands; and elephants and horses marched by, and the wheels of many thousands of chariots rumbled and glittered.

But there was no war. Men that once were foes were now friends. And no blood was spilled. And singers and dancing-girls sang and sported among the soldiers, and the whole army—for it was not two armies—was glad. Thus the hours slipped by, and, as the morning light made the sky grey in the east, the vision fled away, and naught was beheld but the rushing stream and the tall trees of the mighty jungle.

So do we, children of to-day, look back upon the folk—our fathers—in the story of the long past. They fought each other. They were divided into parties. But we feel respect for the honest men in all parties, and on all sides. To us, they seem as one host, making ready the earth for our dwelling. We sorrow for their wars, but we honour their good qualities.¹

¹ J. C. Oman's *Great Indian Epics*, pp. 175-6, and P. C. Roy's *Mahabharata*, Vol. X.

But though we do well to honour the noble Dead, that is not enough. Much have they given to us. Precious are the treasures they have left us. But we must use these treasures. We must carry on the work begun by the Past. If they builded well, we must keep the buildings in repair, and build more. If they studied the laws of nature, we also must study in school, in workshop, in field, in forest, and enlarge the store of the world's knowledge.

When the great Lord Buddha died between the two shal trees at Kusinagara in the north of India, the people gathered perfumes and garlands, and musical instruments, and came to the shal grove where the body of the Buddha lay in peace.

They danced, and sang hymns, and wore garlands and scattered perfumes, and burned the body of Buddha as if it were the body of a king.

It is said also that neither sun nor moon shone, and the streams swelled with floods, and the earth quaked, and a great wind shook the forest.

But were not all these things signs and wonders in the outside world only? And the gifts which the people brought—were they not things which could be handled with the hands?

Devaputra thought of a yet grander way of doing honour to the memory of Buddha. He said to the multitude that stood round the pyre:—

“Behold, O brethren, the remains of the Blessed One. But the truth which he taught lives in our minds, and makes us pure. Let us then go out into the world, in the Master's spirit of pity and mercy, and preach to all living beings the four Noble Truths, and the Eightfold Path of Righteousness.”¹

¹ Carus's *Gospel of Buddha*, pp. 223-4.

LVII.

WAR AND PEACE (1).

HERE is war pictured by the poet of old in his tale of the battle between the ten-headed demon-king and heroic Rama and his army of monkeys and bears :—

Hanuman and Angad thundered aloud on the field of battle, and at the sound of their warring the demons fled. But the bears and monkeys seizing them in their flight, dashed them to the ground, performing wonders of valour, or, catching them by the leg, hurled them into the sea, where alligators, serpents, and fish snapped them up and devoured them.

When the day broke, the monkeys again assailed the four gates and fiercely surrounded the tall fortress. There was a confused noise in every part of the town, as the demons had weapons of all kinds and hurried forward and began hurling down masses of rock from the ramparts. Thousands of them hurled down masses of rock ; missiles of every kind were sent flying ; the shock was as when a bolt is shot from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of the clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys joined in close combat. Their bodies were hacked in pieces. Though mangled they fainted not. They seized the rocks and hurled them against the fort wherever the demons were.

Mounting up into the air the demon Meghnad rained down a shower of firebrands, while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of many shapes danced and shouted, “ Kill, tear in pieces ”. Now fell a shower of filth, blood, hair, bones ; and then a shower of stones and ashes.

Lakshman, taking with him Angad and the other monkeys, marched forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand, with blood-shot eyes, and mighty chest and arms, his body of red hue like the Mount Himalaya.

On the other hand, Ravan the demon sent out his champions,

who took up their armour and their weapons and hastened forth. With mountains and huge trees for missiles, the monkeys rushed forth to meet them, shouting "Victory for Rama"! They all closed in the fray equally matched with one another, and both equally sure of success. After hurling the rocks and mountains at the foe, the monkeys next fell upon them with blows of the fist, and kicks, and rendings of the teeth. "Seize, seize, seize, kill, kill, kill, tear off his arm"! Such were the cries which filled the air and the nine continents of the world, while headless bodies, still full of fury, kept running to and fro. From heaven above, the gods beheld the scene, now in dismay and now in joy.¹

Such is war.

Who but men with hearts worse than the hearts of lions or tigers could feel pleasure in such scenes?

And here is peace as the poet pictures it in the story of the blessed Rama who, after his fourteen years of exile, came back to the city of Ayodhya, and reigned over a happy land:—

The people walked in the path of the Vedas, each—whether student, or householder, or mendicant, according to his caste or state of life, enjoying perfect happiness, without fear or sorrow or disease. In the whole land of Rama there was none that suffered from trouble of any kind, whether of the body, or from the hand of heaven, or the attacks of foes. Every one was in charity with his neighbour, and dwelt content. The four pillars of religion—truth, purity, mercy, and charity—stood firm in all the world, and none dreamed of evil. None died too soon, none were sick, and all were handsome and healthy. None were poor, and none were unfortunate. A rod was never seen except as a staff for the Sage: and the word "to beat" only meant to beat time for the dancer on the stage. The elephant and the lion lived in peace together, and no bird preyed upon its feathered comrades.

Such was the time of peace in Rama's days.²

We have seen what is called "a contrast"; that is, two things, or two ideas placed opposite each other—war and peace—so that we may observe the difference.

Baber, the famous Emperor of Hindustan, was brave and

¹ Quoted with slight alterations from Bk. VI of the *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse.

² *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, pp. 174-6.

even generous, though he delighted in war, but, alas! he could be cruel after the manner of his age. Once when he believed that poison had been put in his food, he ordered the taster, Ahmed, to be cut to pieces, the cook to be flayed alive, a woman to be trampled to death by an elephant, and another shot.

This same man had the power to bless instead of to curse. He tells us in his account of his life how he visited the land of Cabul, where he found grapes, pomegranates, pears, apples, damsons, apricots, almonds, walnuts, growing. He adds, "I caused the acid cherry tree and the sugar cane to be planted there".¹

Thus, again, we see a contrast—the contrast between the power to hurt and the power to bless.

In the wonderful history of mankind, in the wonderful Karma in which the evil spirit gets less and the good spirit grows, we see the one struggling against the other. In battle passion has its free sway, or it seems to. But as time goes on, even in battle, men learn more and more to control the spirit of cruelty.

Would a boy or man care to be called ?

1. A glutton.
2. A bull without horns.
3. A slave to dice.
4. A better dancer than fighter.
5. A frog in a well.

Yet in the *Mahabharata* read of great princes who listened to a man that called them such names, and they never raised a hand to strike him.

The princes were the five Pandava brothers, who were preparing for the battle with their foes at Kurukshetra.

The five Pandavas and Krishna were in the camp.

A messenger from the enemy was announced. It was Uluka, and he had come to defy the princes in the name of his master Duryodhana. But you see he was only a spokesman for another.

He said to the princes :—

¹ *Life of Baber*, by R. M. Caldecott, pp. 196-7 and 78.

"Let me speak my message. But I am only an ambassador. You will not, I am sure, hurt me because of the hard words I say."

"Speak on," said the Pandavas.

Then Uluka gave the message. He called Bhima a glutton, and a bull without horns, one who could cook, but not fight.

He called Arjuna a slave to dice, and said that though he could teach girls to dance, he could not act the part of warrior; and like a frog in a well he did not know what was going on in the world, and did not know how strong the enemy was.

It is true that when the Pandavas were in exile, and in disguise, they had to do things that princes are not wont to do. Bhima had cooked, and Arjuna had taught dancing. But, of course, they were still brave men. They felt deeply insulted by the words of Uluka.

But they kept their word. They did not injure him. He was sent back in safety to the enemy's camp.

Thus, in the midst of war, men may learn self-control. They may observe their promise. They respect what are called "the laws of war". They do not injure the wounded. They do not fire on the hospitals, or on the ambulance that carries the red-cross flag. They do not attack persons who are not in uniform, and are taking no part in the war. And when warriors practise this self-control they are beginning to practise the way of peace even in war.

War—peace.

War passes—peace succeeds.

War shall be no more. Peace shall last as long as humanity lasts.

On the plains of Kurukshetra, in the days of yore, how many warriors met in fierce conflict? Were there not (so poets say) seven Akshauhini on the one side, and eleven Akshauhini on the other, eighteen Akshauhini in all? So that in that famous war there were 393,660 chariots with their drivers and horses and fighting men; 393,660 elephants with their drivers and riders; 1,968,300 foot-soldiers, and 1,180,980 horse-soldiers. We must add the camp-followers, bards,

artisans, singers, traders, women, surgeons, spies. The wagons were in piles and heaps, hills of arrows, hundreds of darts, scimitars, lances, axes. Great vessels were filled with hot oil, treacle and sand to be flung at the enemy. Earthen pots contained deadly snakes, which were to be let loose in the ranks of the enemy.

Such is the picture of the wars of the days gone by, not only in India, but in all parts of the earth. Cannons and bombs might take the place of arrows and axes, but the terrible meaning of the war was the same.

War passes.

Go to Kurukshetra to-day, and what shall you see?

A traveller visited the scene of the great battle. He went there in December, 1892. The town of Thanesar was, in great part, a ruin of brick buildings. But people still dwelt in some portions of the city; and temples rose high towards heaven; and the boys learned their lessons in the school. Monkeys played gaily in the ruins. In the distance were seen the lofty peaks of the Himalayas. Near the city stretched the lake overgrown with weeds. On one side of this lake encamped the five Pandava brothers and their host; on the other the Kaurava warriors.

All was now peaceful. Bathing ghats adorned the banks of the lake, and trees drooped their branches over the water. No sound of war was heard. People would come to bathe in the sacred pool, and walk on the spot once trampled by the men and elephants in the tremendous battle. The fight of the Kurukshetra is a far-off memory, awakened only by the songs of poets—in the verses of the *Mahabharata*.

And so, in the days to come, shall the wide world be at peace, even as the waters of the lake of Thanesar. And men will remember the wars of the past—the wars of Greeks and Romans, of Europe and Napoleon, of India, China, Japan, America—as dreams of awful times in the history of mankind, but times that will never come again.¹

¹ See J. C. Oman's *Great Indian Epics*, for an account of a visit to Thanesar.

LVIII.

WAR AND PEACE (2).

IN the times of the Pandavas, when the battle of Kurukshetra was about to be fought, the prince Arjuna rode in his chariot, and the driver of the chariot was the lord Krishna.

"Drive. O brave sir!" said Arjuna, "to yonder open space where we can see both armies."

So Krishna, holding the reins of the white horses, drove the car to the spot whence could be seen, on the one side the army of Yudhishthira and his brothers, and on the other, the army of Bhishma and Karna and their noble comrades.

Blasts were blown on the white conchs. Trumpets blared. Drums and cymbals and gongs sounded. Warriors grasped weapons; and the earth shook under the tread of the thousands and thousands and thousands.

"Krishna," said Arjuna, the prince, "I have come here to fight. But now that I set eyes upon the foe, my limbs tremble, my tongue is dry. For who are they that stand opposed to us on this wide plain? Are they not our kin? I see brothers, sons, elders, friends. What shall I gain by slaying any of these our own flesh and blood? Will the plunder that we get in the hour of victory repay us for the loss of men who are bound to us by ties of family? Rather would I let fall my bow, and receive the darts and arrows of the enemy on my unshielded breast."

And so saying Arjuna sank upon the seat of the chariot, and laid down his bow and arrows, and sat in grief.

"Arjuna," said Krishna the lord, "wake, rise to the work of the soldier."

"I will not fight," answered Arjuna.

"People will think you held back not because you loved them, but because you feared them. You are here, Arjuna, face to face with the foes of our kingdom. It is your duty to fight, not indeed, for plunder, but because it is right to defend your land. Act, then, and play the man."

The battle was joined, and dreadful then was the shedding of blood, and many were the dead, and Arjuna was among the bravest of the brave.

Yes, it was in the days of old. But ours are the new days ; and the world is learning the way of peace on earth, goodwill among nations. Arjuna did right to shoot as heroes shoot ! But there were things that lord Krishna said which were meant for us in these days. Krishna taught of gentler manners and of a happier age.

"The path to the Heavenly Birth," said Krishna, "is known by these signs—the will to be wise ; the hand that kindly gives ; the modest life that hurts no neighbour ; the truthful life ; the soul that does not quickly become angry ; the love that is not hasty to see other people's faults ; the tenderness that pities all that suffer pain ; the manhood that is strong to bear whatever must be borne, and that is too noble to take revenge. Such are the signs, O Prince, of him whose feet tread the path that leads to the Heavenly Birth!"¹

So we see the two ways, War and Peace. We see that the lord Krishna took part in war and yet looked forward to the days of peace. In the history of mankind we see :—

1. In the early ages, war—always war.
2. In later times, less war, more and more peaceful industry in house and field.
3. In our own age, war sometimes ; but there is far more peace than war in the nations.

Let me name some of the famous wars in man's history :—
The war with wild beasts which threatened to crush man out of the world. We know that many animals are precious friends of humanity, but there are others which

¹ Sir Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial (Bhagavadgita)*.

could not live in peace with our race, and in many parts of the earth they have now been removed for ever.

The war of the Greek people against the Persian king who came with a million men to conquer the little land where so many wise men lived, and so many beautiful poems were composed, and so many lovely temples were built.

The war of the Romans against the tribes round about their Republic, who were so much ruder and wilder than themselves.

You know how Rama fought Ravan, the demon king of Lauka (Ceylon). You know how the poets of old say that when the gods slew evil men and demons the souls of the slain went to heaven. For though the war seemed necessary, the gods had no real hatred for their foes. And so we may look back upon the wild beasts that were slain, and Persians who were defeated by the Greeks, and the barbarians who were conquered by the Romans, and we may think of them with pity, and believe that their deaths would really help in the progress and improvement of the world.

We can do what the old Greeks and Romans could not do. We can live side by side with other nations in peace. And even our wars are not so bitter as the wars of past ages.

Was there ever a greater battle than the battle of Kurukshetra? It lasted for eighteen days. On the one side was the terrible King Duryodhana, in command of millions of warriors; on the other side five Pandav heroes and the lord Krishna and millions of men. At the close of the awful fray only ten persons were left alive :—

Strewed with skulls and clotted tresses, darkened by the stream of
gore,
With the limbs of countless warriors was the red field covered o'er.
Elephants and steeds of battle, ear-borne chiefs untimely slain,
Headless trunks and heads dissevered filled the red and ghastly
plain.

And the long-drawn howl of jackals o'er the scene of carnage rings,
And the vulture and the raven flap their dark and loathsome wings.

And yet, before the battle began, something happened that it is a pleasure to read in the old tale.

Men from each side met and talked, and they agreed that they could not fight like the beasts of the jungle, slaying and rending without pity and without thought. No, they would fight like men, and obey law even in the midst of wrath. So they resolved to observe these five rules of war:—

1. After each day's fight there should be peace all the night.
2. No unfair fighting should be allowed. (Just as men in Europe say that boxers should "not hit below the belt," that is, below the waist.)
3. A warrior should fight only a warrior of his own rank—a horseman with a horseman; elephant-rider with elephant rider; charioteer with charioteer.
4. Stray soldiers who were found apart from their comrades, should not be hurt.
5. Drivers, bearers, drummers, and trumpeters should not be attacked.

It is true that in the lust of war, the armies on both sides at Kurukshetra, forgot their own laws, and fought as if no agreement had been made.¹

Yet it was good to talk of these laws; for the idea, the memory of them would be handed down from one generation to another. And to-day, in the twentieth century, the laws of warfare are really kept. The rulers of the nations send their messengers to the little town of The Hague, in Holland, and there these men speak to one another in quiet conversation and agree upon rules which shall be observed by all who take part in war. And then, step by step, more and more rules will be made, until in some happy day the nations shall cease to slay their brothers.

The Court of Peace at The Hague in Holland is called the Peace Tribunal. It is a Court of International Arbitration—that is, for the peaceful ending of disputes between nations who agree to accept the judgment of the Court. Take your

¹ *Sree Krishna*, by Moraledhur Roy, pp. 3, 8-9 and 352-3.

atlas and find Holland and The Hague. You should find that place as readily as you find the Ganges, or the Himalayas.

Of course, when we say (and also sing in our hymns and songs) that peace will take the place of war, we do not expect that all men will always agree with each other. People go to different temples and churches. People foolishly dislike those of another colour, or language, or those who wear a different dress or those who eat different food. And people in a manner even fight almost about their politics; that is, about their ideas of how a city or country should be governed. They talk eagerly, they argue, they divide into "parties," they "attack" each other in speeches at elections, they are "defeated," they gain what they call "victories," but it is by the tongue, by the newspaper, by voting. It is true that the words used in the battle of politics are often bitter and unbrotherly, but this kind of war is more humane than the old way of torture and putting to death, or sending into slavery.

At the Burwa Mangal festival the people of Benares assemble by the sacred river, and seem to engage in war, crowd against crowd, army against army, Indians against Indians.

But what do they fight with? They snatch up handfuls of rose-leaves from great trays, and sling them at the people around, and the rose-leaves are flung back at the throwers.¹ This is a war of joy and smiles.

And so in the days to come, we may be sure that, as a noble guru of the Hebrews said :

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

And the wars of words about government and religion, and trade and industry and taxes will be less and less bitter, because the rule of life will be the rule of King Asoka :—

I consider the welfare of all people as something for which I must work.²

¹ Murdoch's *Hindu and Muhammadan Festivals*, p. 44.

² Rock Inscriptions of Asoka (edict 6).

Akarna Bala Nandi
Rongapur

LIX.

SOCIETY.

IN Southern India, at the joyful season of the Pongal, women boil rice in milk in the open air, to be used in the festival of Ganesa. When the people visit one another, and ask the question, "Has the milk boiled?" the answer comes cheerful and ready. "It has boiled."¹

The people do not boil the milk in loneliness. It would be a dull feast if no one passed by, and asked, "Has it boiled?" The neighbours are all interested together. Mind answers to mind, and heart to heart.

"None of us," says the Bible, "lives for himself."

We are members of *Society*. We speak together, we boil the milk together, we worship together, we suffer together.

The prophet Muhammad heard that the tribe of Tai would not accept the faith he preached, and were an unclean people. Against them, therefore, he sent his warriors, and a battle was fought, and many of the folk of Tai were taken prisoners.

"Slay them," said the prophet.

Now among the captives was a woman who cried to the victors :—

"I am the daughter of Hatim, a just and good man, whom your commander knew. Spare me for my father's sake."

When Muhammad heard this prayer, he said :—

"Let her bonds be loosed, and set her free."

The man with the sword went on slaying.

When the woman saw one person after another falling

¹ Murdoch's *Hindu and Muhammadan Festivals*, p. 11.

under the sword, she was like to break her heart, and she cried :—

"Son, this is no boon to me to spare me and leave me alone while my people perish."

When the prophet heard these words he said in his grace :—

"Let the people be given to her." *Given to her* ; that is, spared for her sake, and as signs that the prophet had perceived the goodness of her heart.¹

The daughter of Hutin had no love of life unless her friends and companions were with her. She had the social spirit.

So also had the hero Husain.

On the plain of Karbala by the river Euphrates, the comrades in battle of the hero Husain all lay dead, and Husain was left alone in the camp, with the mourning women who, dressed in black, lifted up cries of lamentation for the slain.

And the angels saw the woes of Husain, and they prayed.

"See, O lord !" said one, "how Husain stands alone."

"See, O lord !" said another, "how Husain, grandson of the prophet Muhammad, has only weeping women for his army."

"Why, O angels," asked Gabriel, who came upon the company as they screamed, "why do you thus raise the voice of grief ?"

Then said the angel Futrus :—

"O brother Gabriel, Husain leans upon his spear on the plain of Karbala, and he sheds tears for the dead, and the women are attired in black. Let us go to his aid."

"Go," replied Gabriel.

So Futrus flew down to the world, even to the plain of Karbala ; and he said :—

"Husain, your cries have risen to heaven ; and I have come to succour you ; and, if you so will, I will shake the land, and destroy your foes."

¹ *The Bustan of Sadi*, trans. by Clarke, pp. 154-5.

"I desire no vengeance upon mine enemies."

"Will you not let us fight on your behalf?"

"Come, O Futrus! and look at the field of slaughter. See my dear comrades slain. This is my rose-garden, and my roses are all plucked."

"Then, O Husain! let the wings of the angels wave upon your enemies, and deal out death."

"Nay," said Husain, as he mounted his horse, "even if the crown of the kingdom of east and west were placed on my head: even if kings like Alexander the Great obeyed me, and Solomon the prophet were my door-keeper, I would not care to live; and the crown of the king would feel like a pan of fire on my head. I thank you, O Futrus; but my heart is touched rather by the death of my beloved, than by rage against my enemies. The blows they receive shall be only such as my own arm can deal."

So saying he rushed upon the foe.¹

It is the nature of man to join with his fellow-man in work, play, war, worship, sorrow, joy. He is a social being. He has showed this all the time he has lived on the earth. I will tell you the steps he has taken. First, he joined with others in a small society, then larger, then larger, and larger still; thus:—

1. *The Horde*.—A few savage men or women go together, in jungle, or on plain, in search of food, and helping each other against wild beasts.
2. *The Family*.—The father protects the mother and her children, and builds a hut for them, or makes a cave comfortable for them, and fetches them food and clothing.
3. *The Tribe*.—This is a society in which the people know each other as blood-relations. They have uncles, cousins, etc., whom they meet day by day, and each person in the tribe is known to them as one of their kindred.

¹ Sir Lewis Pelly's edition of the *Miracle-play of Hasan and Husain*,
SCENE XX.

4. *The Village*.—No longer do the tribe roam from place to place, hunting, or pasturing flocks and herds. They dwell in one settled place. Their houses stand on each side of the street. They worship the same gods. They till the same land.
 5. *The City*.—Now there are many streets, and temples, and barracks, and forts, and walls, and gates. The folk do not know each other as kindred, but as fellow-citizens, who are ready to defend their beloved city, and the land round about. Such cities were Benares and Delhi in India; Athens in the land of the Greeks; Rome in Italy; Jerusalem in the land of the Jews; London in England; and so on.
 6. *The Nation*.—The people of the cities join with other cities; and the people in the cities join with the people in the open fields, and the villages; and they obey one government; and, if any city is injured, all the nation feels the hurt; and if the harvests are good, and the traders do good trade, and the rains fall at the right time, all the nation is glad; for they are members one of another.
 7. *Humanity or Mankind*.—The nations are beginning to join with each other. If one nation suffers famine, the others are sorry. If one nation suffers flood or earthquake, the others are sorry; and they help each other. Not indeed always; for the nations still make war. But as the years go on, nations become more and more one society.
- All nations are not alike; all cities are not alike; all villages are not alike; all tribes are not alike; all families are not alike. In human society it is good that we are different from each other, and yet work together. If you look round your village, or your town, or the whole world, how many differences you will see. But all these various people combine to make one family of mankind.

Here is a fable:—

"Society is like a dish of food," said a servant-maid.

A learned man asked :—

"Whatever do you mean? How do you know what society is?"

"If," she said, "you will sit down to dinner, I will show you."

He sat down, and she placed on the table some salt.

"Eat," she said.

But he had no mind to dine on salt.

Taking the salt away, she placed pepper on the table.

"Eat," she said.

But he had no mind to dine on pepper.

Taking the pepper away, she placed something else in the same way; and so on; and each time he would not eat.

At length she placed on the table curried fish, and he ate with pleasure.

"Well," he said, "you have not yet proved to me that society is like a meal."

"Indeed. I have."

"How?"

"You have dined on fish, pepper, salt, and other things, all mingled in a savoury dish. Each of the things in the dish I placed before you separately, and it seemed worthless; but when combined, they were grateful to your taste. So it is with the people who make up society. Alone, they are valueless. Combined, they are of value."

"True," said he.¹

¹ *Indian Fables*, by Ramaswami Raja, pp. 101-2.

LX.

HUMANITY (1).

IT is the nature of stars to shine, of elephants to trumpet, of horses to neigh, of children to play. Each according to its nature.

Man has a nature of his own. There are things which a true man does. We say to a boy :—

“Be a man!”

We mean that we want him to act according to a true man's nature. If he follows the maxim “Be a man!” he will keep away from certain thoughts, certain speech, certain actions. He will hate to be inhuman. He will love to show that he belongs to the true mankind, to humanity.

For instance :—

To kill men in their sleep is against the sense of humanity. It is against nature. It is unnatural.

When Aswatthaman was about to do such a deed, when he approached the camp of the Pandava army one night, bearing the dreadful Brahma weapon, what did he see at the gates?

Strange figures appeared—unnatural figures—beings with blazing mouths and eyes; with faces of hares, boars, camels, horses, jackals, cows, bears, cats, tigers, leopards, crows, apes, parrots, tortoises, alligators; some had no heads, some had a thousand eyes, some had four tongues.¹

In this picture of the demons the poet makes us feel that the act of Aswatthaman was against nature, and the air round about the unnatural man was filled with unnatural figures.

Man's nature is humanity, not the nature of the brute. It

¹ *Mahabharata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. VII.

is true men often act like the ignorant beasts of field and forest ; but their souls cannot stay in the lower life ; they try to rise to better things, though the rising is slow and painful.

In a village in Burma lived a young man who got tired of field work—tired of ploughing, sowing, reaping, gathering fruit. Up in the hills, where forests were thick and dark, were strange people, and wild beasts, and things unknown. He longed to go and mix in that world of savage life. One day he was missed, and for two years the villagers saw him not.

Then he came back with a wife—a young woman whom he had met among the people of the hills. Her eyes and hair, and her shy looks made her seem different from the women of the valley. The village women did not treat her as a friend. She did not care for their fellowship. And so, at last, she and her husband went and made a home some way out of the village, and there she worked at her spinning-wheel and loom, and made clothes for her husband, herself, and their little baby girl.

But at times her husband grew weary of the lonely hut. He spent much time in the village. Often he stayed there all day, and only came home very late at night.

The baby fell sick of a fever and died ; and the mother and father were sore grieved. Very lonely now was the hut. No child's voice laughed and cried. The mother had no one to talk to through the long day.

One night the man found her not. He called, and there was no answer. He searched in the forest, and saw no trace of his wife ; and he lay on the ground in sorrow, and for hours said no word. He had not always been thoughtful towards his wife, but now his heart longed for her, and she was gone he knew not whither.

He made up his mind to go to the town and ask the priests in the temple what to do. Down the river he floated on a raft, and he saw the temple that had towers and spires of gold that shone yellow in the light of the sun. And after he had listened earnestly to the advice of a wise man he set out

on his raft again, and returned to the village, and then climbed to the hill country, and journeyed deep into the forest till he saw a cave in a dark place.

Now this cave was the den of a tigress. The man hid himself and watched for her to come out. She appeared at the mouth of the cave. Her eyes glared. Her red tongue was ready to lick blood. She leaped into the forest, and roamed in search of prey.

The story says that the tigress was the man's wife who had taken the shape of a beast.

Now, how could he win her back to her woman's ways, and to human life and human love?

He had brought with him the spinning-wheel and the loom which she had used in the old home near the village. The tigress goes forth to hunt for food for herself, caring naught about others. The woman sits at the loom, making garments for the comfort of the beings that are dear to her.

The man hid himself again, and waited and watched. The tigress came back, licking her teeth with her red tongue.

She saw the spinning-wheel, and she saw the loom. She thought of her husband, and of her little dead babe, and love woke again in her breast, and she became a woman, and lost the skin and fangs of the beast, and went away with her husband, and dwelt in peace with him in the village.¹

So we are agreed—are we not? that the life of the true man rises above the life of brutal thoughts and feelings and actions. The true life is that of humanity.

But which men are humanity? Is it the Indian, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the other people of Asia? Is it the black race of Africa? Is it the white race of Europe, America and Australia?

- Humanity, like Krishna, has many forms. Let me tell you a short story of Krishna.

Krishna sat on a couch with his wife, Rukmini, attended by 1000 maids of the same age and wearing like dresses;

¹ Adapted from Fielding Hall's *Inward Light*, ch. v.

and Narada came to see him in his glory. Then rose Krishna and bade him sit on the couch while he washed his feet.

"What can I do for you, Narada?" he asked.

"Lord, I have come to behold your bright presence and your power; and I desire to walk through your palace of many mansions!"

Narada entered another chamber of the great house, and, there he saw Krishna playing at dice with one of his wives.

"O Narada," said Krishna, "so you have come to pay me a visit, and I am pleased to see you."

In silent wonder Narada withdrew and passed into another room, and there he beheld Krishna playing with happy children.

And he walked away and went into another apartment, and found Krishna about to bathe.

And wherever he went, he met Krishna in every room.¹

And so also, wherever we go on the earth, we see humanity in every room—the room of Asia, the room of Africa, the room of Australia, the room of Europe, the room of America.

I have just named the room of Africa, that is the land of the negro race. It is with sorrow I remind you that the negroes have been too often ill-used by other children of humanity. I will tell you an incident in the life of Muhammad.

Muhammad, the prophet of Islam, had no disrespect for a black skin, and negroes were among his faithful disciples. Listen to the story of Bilal, his negro servant.

The prophet was wondering which would be the best way to call folk to prayer. He did not care for the bell, such as Christians used, nor for the trumpet of the Jews.

His friend Abdallah came to him and said:—

"I have had a dream. I met a man in a green garment, and he carried a bell, and I offered to buy it, so that I might, by ringing it, summon the faithful to prayer. But the man in the green garment said there was a better way; and that was to let a crier cry aloud, 'Great is Allah! Great is Allah!'

¹ *Sree Krishna*, by Muralidhur Roy, pp. 149-50.

I bear witness that there is no God but Allah ; I bear witness that Muhammad is the prophet of God ; come unto prayer ; come unto happiness ; God is great ; there is no God but Allah ! ' "

On hearing this dream, the prophet bade his negro servant Bilal act as the crier.

Before the break of day Bilal climbed to the roof of a tall house next to the Mosque at Medina, and he watched for the dawn. As soon as light appeared, the son of Africa raised his voice aloud, and uttered the call to prayer. And this he did five times each day ; and the Muezzin cries the call to prayer to-day after the manner of the honest negro.¹

It is the soul that makes humanity, not the shape, the colour, and the stature. Of Edris, or Enoch, the old history tells that he had a handsome face, a brown complexion, large moustache and beard. His stature was tall ; his body well shapen ; his bones strong, his flesh not too stout. He spoke slowly, and was often silent. When he walked he looked downwards, as if in thought. When he spoke he moved the forefinger, as one whose words should command attention. A man might appear stately in the way thus described, and yet his speech might not be worthy. But the speech of Edris was good ; and when one asked him how the respect of other people might be gained, he replied :—

“ By dealing honestly and courteously towards all.”²

That is the spirit of humanity, the spirit of honesty and courtesy towards all. This spirit may move the heart of the Asiatic, the negro, and the European.

¹ Muir's *Life of Mahomet*, Vol. III. pp. 53-5.

² Mirkhond's *Ilauzat-us-Safa*, Vol. I, Pt. I, p. 72.

HUMANITY (2).

A YOUNG woman, named Kisagotami, had a little boy-babe and it died, and she carried the dead child on her hip from house to house, asking folk if any had medicine that would bring her beloved one to life. And people wondered at her strange prayer.

Somebody said to her :—

“Go to Para Taken (the lord Buddha). He has medicine.”

She saluted the Lord Para Taken, and begged him to help her.

The Lord said :—

“I could help you if you could fetch me a handful of mustard seed.”

She offered to fetch it.

“You must find it,” said Para Taken, “in a house where no child, husband, wife, or slave has died.”

From house to house she walked asking for mustard seed.

“But,” she said, “has anyone died here?”

“Yes,” they replied, “a son, a husband, a daughter, a wife, a kinsman, a slave.”

Everywhere it was the same. Death had knocked at all doors.

Kisagotami left her baby in a forest, and returned to the lord, and told him all that had happened.

“Ah,” said Para Taken, “you thought you alone had lost a treasure; and now you know that all mankind suffer alike.”¹

¹ *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, trans. by T. Rogers, pp. 100-1.

Because men and women and children suffer the same sorrows, they should be linked by friendship.

What worth has the sun and what worth has all that is fair on earth if with the shining of the sun and the beauty of the earth we cannot also have the friendship of man?

Rama the noble was exiled by his father the king from the city of Ayodhya. And his brother Lakshman went with him, and his wife Sita. When he was gone, all the place seemed dull to the folk who loved him. The city was as dark as the dark night of death; the people looked at one another as if they were wild beasts of wood or desert; the home was like the grave, and the servants flitted like ghosts, and neighbours were as the angels of death. The trees and the creeping plants in the gardens withered away, or seemed to; and the streams and pools were like to horrid swamps. All the horses, elephants, tame deer, cattle, cuckoos, peacocks, swans, parrots, herons, flamingoes, and partridges stood stricken with woe at the going of lord Rama; they stood still like statues.¹

What the poet means is, that the law of sympathy should be obeyed by all humanity, and he is so sure of the goodness and greatness of the law that he pictures the very trees and animals as taking part in the sorrows of Rama and of humanity.

We feel for our fellow-man. We ought also to respect him. We should feel it an unnatural thing that any of the children of men should be fed, or clothed, or housed in a mean and wretched manner.

For him who is worthy we like to see a worthy dwelling provided.

Maya built a palace for the Pandava princes. For this purpose he fetched his treasure of jewels and gems which he had hidden on Kailasa mountain. In fourteen months the great house was made, and the princes took up their abode therein.

The famous Rishi, Narada, visited this mansion.

¹ *Ramayana* (by Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, p. 49.

"Have you ever," he was asked, "seen so fine a palace as this?"

Then he told how he had seen the palaces of the gods.

Indra's palace was 150 yojanas in length, 100 in breadth, and 5 in height. It could move itself, and shone even as the sun.

Yama's palace gleamed like gold. Neither hunger nor thirst, neither sorrow nor old age was seen within its walls.

Varuna's palace was pure white, and in its vast space wore four oceans and many rivers.

Kuvera's palace floated on the clouds, and music always sounded in its happy chambers.

Brahma's palace was made of flashing gems. Here lived the four Vedas; here lived Day, Night, the Months, the Years, the Ages, and all the folk of heaven came here to bow before the father of the gods.¹

So said the Rishi. The gods, he thought, must needs dwell in splendid dwellings.

And if we think of all men, women, and children as our brethren; if we believe there is good in their hearts; if we respect the humanity in each of them, shall we not dream like the Rishi, Narada, and, in our dream, shall we not see them all sheltered in fair mansions? Not indeed palaces, but in well-built cottages and houses, so that none may be unsheltered from wind and rain, hail and frost, and the fierce heat of the sun.

You know that "Jagannath" means Lord of the Universe, and the Universe is the All. You know how the Temple of Jagannath overlooks the great sea which joins all lands by its waters. You know that numberless Hindus go to this temple from all quarters of India. Tall and many-wheeled is the car of the god. Massive is the tower of the sacred house. But I think the most wonderful thing at Puri is the Mahaprasad—the precious food cooked within the walls of the Temple.

These cooks are of the lowest caste. But when the food is prepared, and has been offered to the god, how eagerly the people buy this Mahaprasad.

"This food," say the worshippers, "will even bless the gods who partake of it. It is good for the Brahman; good for the lowly Chandala; good for rich and poor, clean and unclean; even the thief of holy images, or the killer of cows may come and eat, and he will receive benefit from the Mahaprasad."

Thus at Puri by the Orissan Sea the noble idea comes into the minds of the pilgrims that, though they differ in caste, and dress, and manners, yet all belong to one humanity, and all eat as brethren in a family.

But this does not mean that each nation feels that it is so noble and so skilful that it has nothing to learn from its sister nations. A brother may learn from a sister, a sister from a brother, and without any shame at being taught. It is honourable to learn and to teach, both in a man and a nation.

The game of chess—the game of pawns, knights, castles, queens, and kings, who walk to and fro on the squares of the board—was invented in India.

I admire the steam-engine, and the airship, and the wireless telegraph. I admire also the wit that could invent so fine a game, which has charmed the world for many hundreds of years, and will always give pleasure to our hours of ease.

Nushirvan, the King of Persia, sat in glory one day, and soldiers filled the hall.

An ambassador from India had arrived. Over his head was a parasol. Many elephants were in his train, and horsemen of Sind. After greeting Nushirvan, the Indian gave him gifts from the Raja—the parasol that had gold and precious stones worked into its material; silver, musk, amber, fresh wood of aloes, Indian swords, etc. All these presents were put away in the king's treasury. Last of all, the ambassador handed to Nushirvan a letter written on silk, and a

beautiful chess-board and a set of chess-men. The letter said :—

“May you always prosper! Cause your most clever subjects to study this chess-board and the pieces used in the game. Let them find out how to move the pawn, knight, castle, queen, and king. And if any of them light on the secret, I will pay you whatever tribute you demand. If they cannot, you will pay tribute to me.”

The King of Persia gazed at the pieces a long time. Half were of ivory, half teak-wood.

“Give me seven days,” he said, “and I will answer you on the eighth.”

Many a sage looked at the board and the men, and moved the pieces from square to square, but could make nothing of them and their meaning.

The king was sore displeased. At length Buzurjmihir came and said that he would try.

For a whole day and night he bent over the board, moving the ivory and teak pieces to right and left, wrinkling his forehead with deep thought, and taking no rest.

At last he found out the game, and hurried to tell the king of his success.

The Indian ambassador was summoned, and courtiers stood around while Buzurjmihir set the men in order on the board—king and queen in the middle on each side, pawns in a row in front, and so on, and then he showed how they were moved in the game.

The Indian agreed that the Persian sage had discovered the secret, and Nushirvan showed his delight by giving the Wise Man a fine dress, a cup filled with jewels, much money, and a beautiful horse and harness.¹

We need not, of course, believe in the strict truth of this tale from the poem of the Persian writer Firdausi; but it represents to us the pride which a nation may take in men who invent and men who find out the secret of the invention

¹ S. Robinson's *Persian Poetry for English Readers*, pp. 75-83.

of others. Nations may rightly strive to be as quick in wit and skill as other nations, not that one nation may gain tribute from others, or advantage over them, but rather that all may help together to render the world happier and better for its multitude of inventions.

Nilima prava Ray

Ullahpara . P.O.

Pabanas . Dist

LXII.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

A POOR man (so runs a tale told by the Santals of Chota Nagpore) had no land, and no tools to till land with. But he braced up his mind to help himself, and he took his two goats, and made a little plough, and they drew this new plough for him, and so he tilled a piece of waste land. On this he sowed the husks of rice which a friend gave him, and, though it was not proper seed, it grew into a good crop of rice.

One night wild buffaloes came and ate all his rice, and at dawn he saw his loss and was very wretched.

He went into the forests and followed the track of the buffaloes' feet till he came to the wide clearing where they slept at the close of each day. The sleeping-place was very dirty. With twigs the man made a broom and swept the ground clean, and then he hid himself in a hollow tree.

Much pleased were the buffaloes at finding the place so sweet and clean.

Next day the man did the same thing. At night the wild buffaloes wondered who could have swept the place a second time. A lame buffalo stayed behind and watched, but as he fell asleep in the heat of the day, he saw nothing.

Next time a blind buffalo was left on guard, and though he could not see he could hear; and he heard the swish of the broom, and the steps of the man retreating to the tree; and he told the herd, and they fetched the man out.

"We will treat you as a friend," they said, "if you will serve us. Sweep our place clean each day, and we will give you food."

The man agreed.

The buffaloes rushed upon a party of merchants in the jungle; the merchants fled, leaving stores of goods and food on the ground; and these the friendly buffaloes brought home on their horns, and so their human comrade had what he needed.

Also, they gave him two cast-off horns, on which to blow and give an alarm if ever he wanted their help.

As he bathed in a river one day the horns, which he had left on the bank, were picked up by crows and carried away.

He sat on the bank, combing his long hair, which streamed below his waist. A fancy came into his head to put one of his long hairs into a fruit which he cut open. Closing the fruit, he flung it into the stream. It floated down till it reached the spot where a princess bathed. She opened it, and behold! the hair lay inside.

"Father!" she said to the Rajah when she returned home, "I will marry no one but the man to whom this hair belongs."

Willing to please her, the Rajah sent far and wide to search for the long-haired man, and he was found in the buffalo jungle and brought to the palace, and he married the princess; and all went well.

One day some birds flew across the courtyard of the palace. They were crows. Two of them dropped buffalo horns to the earth below. At once the princess's husband picked them up and blew a loud blast, and a noise as of thunder was heard, and a swarm of buffaloes came charging upon the town, as if to deliver their old comrade from peril.

"Halt!" he shouted, "I am safe. Do no harm to this city."

The herd came to a stop; and the people brought corn, and the buffaloes had a good meal; and then all went away into the forest except two, and from these two were descended all the tame buffaloes which are such a help and blessing to the Santals and other folk of India.¹

In such legends the people of Chota Nagpore express their

¹ *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, by C. H. Bompas, pp. 457-9.

kind thought of the animals who have been so precious a help to man in his struggle for life.

Need I ask the children of India to be kind to animals? India shows the rest of the world a good example in paying respect to the good creatures that are so useful to mankind—the cow, the deer, the elephant, and so on. It is true that some animals are the foes of man, and must needs be slain, though they should be slain with as little pain to them as possible. The Government of India has done a great work in shielding men and women and children from the attacks of wild beasts and serpents. In 1890 as many as 23,872 persons and 68,480 cattle were killed by snakes and wild beasts, and in that same year the number of snakes killed was 510,659, and wild beasts 14,604, rewards being paid to the brave slayers.¹

We are glad, however, to think of the animals who have been the friends of man, and who have really been like members of the human family all over the world. For example:—

In the cold regions of the North the sledges are drawn by the Eskimo dogs or the reindeer over the snow; and the reindeer yields milk, flesh, bone, skin, horn, etc., to its owners.

In Arabia the camel has for thousands of years borne the loads of its masters across the sandy plains of the desert, and the noble prophet Muhammad was himself, in youth, a camel-driver.

The ox has drawn the ploughs of Europe for centuries and centuries, and even to-day carries on this labour in some parts of that continent; and the cow is a favourite animal of European painters. They love to paint this helpful creature and milk-giver standing by the river-side or feeding in the green meadows.

The horse has served mankind in many countries both in war and on the farm and in the busy street. "Its neck," says the Bible, "is clothed with thunder"—meaning that, in its

¹ Hunter's *Indian Empire*, ch. xxiv.

headlong charge in battle, it seemed to fling itself upon the enemy with a power as of lightning and thunder.

The sheep feeds in countless valleys, and on the sides of hills and mountains; and the shepherd is the beloved subject of poets. Among the Christian people the name of shepherd is holy because the Lord Christ is himself known as the Good Shepherd, watching over his dear followers as a shepherd watches over his sheep.

In England no dumb creature is more honoured than the dog, the companion of the villager or townsman, the guardian of houses by night, the playmate of children, the subject of many a painting in the people's homes or in public galleries. And this leads me to tell of a custom observed by the folk of Denmark, in the North-West of Europe.

On Christmas Eve (so they say)—the day before the birthday of Christ—the cattle all rise up, of their own accord, in the stalls of their stables. On that day the cows and horses are fed with the best food, and they enjoy feasts of hay, corn, and beans.

Towards the close of the afternoon, the housewife goes to the courtyard where the dog—honest guardian of the home by night and day—has his kennel. She takes off his chain, for it is Christmas time, and hearts are warm, and men and animals are pleasant comrades.

She brings the dog into the house, cuts off a slice of bread from the big brown loaf, and gives it to him saying :—

“This is from my husband and from me.”

He eats in content. Then she cuts more, and says :—

“This is from the children.”

When this also is eaten, she gives him his usual supper, and at last says :—

“Now, good dog, you may run loose to-night, and no chain shall bind you; for it is the night of peace and friendship, when none will harm you and me, and you will not need to harm the midnight wanderer.”

Ah, would that all days and all nights, the world over, might be as free from hatred and hurt!

Great is the debt which man owes to the animal world. Miserable indeed would have been the lot of man without the aid of ox, ass, horse, sheep, camel, elephant, and many other four-footed and two-footed helpers.

Can we say that men have always treated the animals with the kindness they deserve? If the animals of the forest, plain, and river, and air, could speak, would they say, "Yes?"

The people of modern times have learned to love dumb creatures more than their forefathers did. Girls and boys now love to read books of Natural History,* and to observe the ways of birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles and insects. A happier day has come for our animal friends. Man is learning to ease his labour by means of machines. The tram-car moved by electric force, and the motor-car moved by petrol, are most useful aids to man in carrying him and his burdens. As such machines are more and more used, man has less and less need to put strain and loads upon his dumb comrades. Thus may man and animal together reap the blessing of the machine, and live in peace and brotherhood one with the other.

Good Night

THE END. •

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